

# THE SHADOW OF A MAN

A COMPLETE NOVEL. BY E. W. HORNING.

GREAT BATTLES OF THE WORLD:" NEW ORLEANS

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

## LIPPINCOTT'S

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# THE SHADOW OF A MAN

BY

E. W. HORNUNG

AUTHOR OF "THE AMATEUR CRACKSMEN"



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MARCH, 1900

## THE SHADOW OF A MAN

BY E. W. HORNUNG

*Author of "The Amateur Cracksmen"*

### I.

#### THE SHADOW OF A MAN.

"AND you're quite sure the place doesn't choke you off?"  
"The place? Why, I'd marry you for it alone! It's just sweet!"

Of course it was nothing of the kind. There was the usual galaxy of log huts; the biggest and best of them, the one with the verandah in which the pair were sitting, was far from meriting the name of house which courtesy extended to it. These huts had the inevitable roofs of galvanized iron; these roofs expanded in the heat, and made the little tin thunder that dwellers beneath them grow weary of hearing, the warm world over. There were a few pine trees between the buildings and the white palings of a well among the pines, and in the upper spaces a broken but persistent horizon of saltbush plains burning into the blinding blue. In the Riverina you cannot escape these features; you may have more pine-trees and less saltbush; you may even get blue-bush and cotton-bush, and an occasional mallee forest; but the plains will recur, and the pines will mitigate the plains, and the dazzle and the scent of them shall haunt you evermore, with that sound of the hot complaining roofs, and the taste of tea from a pannikin and water from a water-bag. These rude refinements were delights still in store for Moya Bethune, who saw the bush as yet from a comfortable chair upon a cool verandah and could sing its praises with a clear conscience. Indeed, a real enthusiasm glis-



tened in her eyes. And the eyes of Moya happened to be her chief perfection. But for once Rigden was not looking into them, and his own were fixed in thought.

"There's the charm of novelty," he said. "That I can understand."

"If you knew how I revel in it—after Melbourne!"

"Yes, two days after!" said he. "But what about weeks, and months, and years? Years of this verandah and those few pines!"

"We could cover in part of the verandah with trellis work and creepers. They would grow like wildfire in this heat, and I'm sure the owners wouldn't mind."

"I should have to ask them. I should like to grow them inside as well, to hide the papers!"

"There are such things as pictures."

"They would make the furniture look worse."

"And there's such a thing as chintz; and I'm promised a piano; and there isn't so much of their furniture as to leave no room for a few of our very own things. Besides, there's lots more they couldn't possibly object to. Curtains. Mantel-borders. I'm full of ideas on the subject; you won't know the place when I've had it in hand for a week. Shall you mind?"

He did not hear the question.

"I don't know it as it is," he said; and indeed for Rigden it was transformation enough to see Moya Bethune there in the delicious flesh, her snowy frock glimmering coolly in the hot verandah, her fine eyes shining through the dust of it like the gems they were.

His face said as much in the better language which needs no words.

"Then what's depressing you?" asked Moya brightly.

"I dread the life for you!"

"But why?"

"I've been so utterly bored by it myself."

Her hand slid into his.

"Then you never will be again," she whispered, with a touching confidence.

"No, not on my own account; of course not," said Rigden. "If only——"

And he sighed.

"If only what?"

For he had stopped short.

"If only you don't think better of all this—and of me!"

The girl withdrew her hand, and for a moment regarded Rigden critically, as he leant forward in his chair and she leant back in hers. She did not care for apologetic love-making, and she had met with more kinds than one in her day. Rigden had not apologized when he proposed to her the very week they met (last Cup-week) and, what was

more to his credit, had refused to apologize to her rather formidable family for so doing. Whereupon they were engaged, and all her world wondered. No more Government House—no more parties and picnics—but “one long picnic instead,” as her brother Theodore had once remarked before Moya, with that brutal frankness which lent a certain piquancy to the family life of the Bethunes. And the mere thought of her brother accounted for so much in her mind, that Moya was leaning forward again in a moment, and her frank, strong, little hand was back in its place.

“I believe it’s Theodore!” she cried suspiciously.

“I—I don’t understand,” he said, telling the untruth badly.

“You do! He’s been saying something. But you mustn’t mind what Theodore says; he’s not to be taken seriously. Oh, how I wish I could have come up alone!” cried Moya, with fine inconsistency, in the same breath. “But next time,” she whispered, “I will!”

“Not quite alone,” he answered. And his tone was satisfactory at last. And the least little wisp of a cloud between them seemed dispersed and melted forever and a day.

For Moya was quite in love for the first time in her life, though more than once she had been within measurable distance of that enviable state. This enabled her to appreciate her present peace of mind by comparing it with former feelings of a less convincing character. And at last there was no doubt about the matter. She had fallen a happy victim to the law of contrasts. Society favorite and city belle, satiated with the attractions of the town, and deadly sick of the same sort of young man, she had struck her flag to one who might have swum into her ken from another planet; for the real bush is as far from Toorak, and Hawthorn, and The Block in Collins Street as it is from Hyde Park Corner.

It may be that Moya saw both bush and bushman in the same rosy light. To the impartial eye Rigden was merely the brick-red, blue-eyed type of Anglo-Saxon: a transparent character, clean of body and mind, modest but independent, easy-going in most things, immovable in others. But he had been immovable about Moya, whose family at its worst had failed to frighten or to drive him back one inch. She could have loved him for that alone; as it was it settled her, for Moya was of age, and the family had forthwith to make the best of her betrothal.

This they had done with a better grace than might have been expected, for the Bethunes had good blood in them, though some of its virtue had been strained out of this particular branch. Moya none the less continued to realize the disadvantages of belonging to a large family when one wishes to start an exceedingly small one. And this reflection inspired her next remark of any possible interest to the world.

“Do you know, dear, I’m quite glad you haven’t got any people?”

Rigden smiled a little strangely.

"You know what I mean!" she cried.

"I know," he said. And the smile became his own.

"Of course I was thinking of my own people," explained Moya. "They can't see beyond Toorak—unless there's something going on at Government House. And I'm so tired of it all—wouldn't settle there now if they paid me! So we're out of touch. Of course I would have loved any one belonging to you; but they mightn't have thought so much of me!"

If she was fishing it was an unsuccessful cast. Rigden had grown too grave to make pretty speeches even to his betrothed.

"I wish you had known my mother," was all he said.

"So do I, dear, and your father too."

"Ah! I never knew him myself."

"Tell me about them," she coaxed, holding his sunburnt hand in one of hers, and stroking it with the other. She was not very inquisitive on the subject herself. But she happened to have heard much of it at home, and it was disagreeable not to be in a position to satisfy the curiosity of others. She was scarcely put in such a position now.

"They came out in the early days," said Rigden, "both of the colony and of their own married life. Yet already these were numbered, and I was born an orphan. But my dear mother lived to make a man of me; she was the proudest and the poorest little woman in the colony; and in point of fact (if this matters to you) she was not badly connected at home."

Moya said that it didn't matter to her one bit; and was unaware of any insincerity in the denial.

"I don't tell you what her name was," continued Rigden. "I would if you insisted. But I hate the sound of it myself, for they treated her very badly on her marriage, and we never used to mention them from one year's end to another."

Moya pressed his hand, but not the point, though she was sorely tempted to do that too. She had even a sense of irritation at his caring to hide anything from her, but she was quick to see the unworthiness of this sentiment, and quicker to feel a remorse which demanded some sort of expression in order to restore complete self-approval. Yet she would not confess what had been (and, as a matter of fact, was still) in her mind. So she fretted about this trifle in your true lover's fashion, and was silent until she hit upon a compromise.

"You know—if only anybody could!—how I would make up to you for all that you have lost, dearest. But nobody can. And I am full of the most diabolical faults—you little know!"

And now she was all sincerity. But Rigden laughed outright.

"Tell me some of them," said he,

She hesitated. No; she would not admit the curiosity; it happened to be the only fault that she was acutely conscious of just then.

"I have a horrible temper," she said at length.

"I don't believe it!"

"Ask Theodore."

"I certainly shouldn't believe him."

"Then wait and see."

"I will; and when I see it I'll show you what a real temper is like."

"Then——"

"Yes?"

"Well, I suppose I've had more attention than I deserve. So I suppose you might call me unreasonable—exactng—in fact, selfish!"

This was more vital; hence the hesitation.

"When I do," said Rigden, solemnly, "you may send me about my business."

"It may be too late!"

"Then we won't meet our troubles half-way," cried the young man, with virile common sense. "Come! We love each other; that's good enough to go on with. And we've got the station to ourselves; didn't I work it well? So don't let's talk through our necks!"

The bush slang made the girl smile, but excitement had overstrung her finer nerves, and neither tone nor topic could she change at will.

"Shall we always love each other, darling?"

And there was the merest film of moisture upon the lovely eyes that were fixed so frankly on his own.

"I can only answer for myself," he said, catching her mood. "I shall love you till I die."

"Whatever I do?"

"Even if you give me up!"

"That's the one thing I shall never do, dearest."

"God bless you for saying it, Moya. If I knew what I have ever done or can do to deserve you!"

"Don't dear . . . you little dream . . . but you will know me by and by."

"Please Heaven!"

And he leant and kissed her with all his might.

"Meanwhile—let us promise each other—there shall be no clouds between us while I am up here this week!"

"I'll kiss the book on that."

"No shadows!"

"My dear child, why should there be?"

"There's Theodore——"

"Brother Theodore!"

"And then there are all those faults of mine."

"I don't believe in them. But if I did it would make no difference. It's not your qualities I'm in love with, Moya. It's *you*! So there's an end of it."

And an end there was, for about Rigden there was a crisp decisiveness which had the eventual advantage of a nature only less decided than his own. But it was strange that those should have been the last words.

Still stranger was it, as they sat together in a silence happier than their happiest speech, and as the lowering sun laid long shadows at their feet, that one of these came suddenly between them, and that it was not the shadow of pine-tree or verandah-post, but of a man.

## II.

## INJURY.

It was not Theodore either. It was a man whom Moya was thankful not to have seen before. Nor was the face more familiar to Rigden himself, or less unlovely between the iron-grey bristles that wove a wiry mat from ear to ear, over a small head and massive jaws. For on attracting their attention the man lifted his wideawake, a trick so foreign to the normal bushman that Rigden's eyebrows were up from the beginning; yet he carried his swag as a swag should be carried; the outer blanket was the orthodox "bluey," duly faded; and the long and lazy stride that of the inveterate "sundowner."

"Eureka Station, I believe?" said the fellow, halting.

"That's the name," said Rigden.

"And are you the boss?"

"I am."

"Then Eureka it is!" cried the swagman, relieving himself of his swag, and heartily kicking it as it lay where he let it fall.

"But," said Rigden, smiling, "I didn't say I had any work for you, my good fellow!"

"And I didn't ask for any work."

"Travellers' rations, eh? You'll have to wait till my storekeeper comes in. Go and camp in the travellers' hut."

Instead of a thank-you the man smiled—but only slightly—and shook his iron-grey head—but almost imperceptibly. Moya perceived it, however, and could not imagine why Rigden tolerated a demeanor which had struck her as insolent from the very first. She glanced from one man to the other. The smile broadened on the very unpleasant face of the tramp, making it wholly evil in the lady's eyes. So far from dismissing him, however, Rigden rose.

"Excuse me a few minutes," he said, not only briefly, but without even looking at Moya; and with a word to the interloper he led the way to the station store. This was one of the many independent buildings,



but the most substantial of them all. The tramp followed Rigden, and in another moment a particularly solid door had closed behind the pair.

Moya felt at once hurt, aggrieved, and ashamed of her readiness to entertain any such feelings. But shame did not remove them. It was their first day together for two interminable months, and the afternoon was to have been their very, very own. That was the recognized arrangement, and surely it was not too much to expect when one had come five hundred miles in the heat of January (most of them by coach, too) to see one's fiancé in one's future home. This afternoon at least they might have had to themselves. It should have been held inviolate. Yet he deserted her for the first uncleanly sundowner who came along! After first telling the man to wait, he showed his strength by giving in and attending to the man himself, his devotion by leaving her alone on a verandah without another soul in sight or hearing! It might only be for the few minutes mentioned with such offhand coolness. The slight was just the same.

Such was the first rush of this young lady's injured feelings and too readily embittered thoughts. They were more bitter, however, in form than in essence, for the notorious temper of the Australian Bethunes was seldom permitted a perfectly direct expression. They preferred the oblique ways of irony and sarcasm, and their minds ran in those curves. A little bitterness was in the blood, and Moya could not help being a Bethune.

But she had finer qualities than were rife—or at all events conspicuous—in the rank and file of her distinguished family. She had the quality of essential sweetness which excited their humorous contempt, and she was miraculously free from their innate and unparalleled cynicism. At her worst she had warm feelings, justly balanced by the faculty of cold expression. And at her best she was quick to see her faults and to deplore them, a candid and enthusiastic friend, staunch at your side, sincere to your face, loyal at all costs behind your back.

It was this loyalty that came to her rescue now; she stood suddenly convicted of a whole calendar of secret crime against the man whom she professed to love. Did she love him? *Could* she love him and so turn on him in an instant, even in her heart? Oh, yes, she did! She was a little fool, that was all; at least she hoped it was all. To think that her worst faults should hunt her up on the very heels of her frank confession of them! So in a few minutes sense prevailed over sensibility. And for a little all was well.

But these minutes mounted up by fives and then by tens. And the verandah was now filled to blindness and suffocation by the sunken sun. And there sat Moya Bethune, the admired of all the most admirable admirers elsewhere, baking and blinking in solitary martyrdom, and, with

a grim and wilful obstinacy, waiting the pleasure of a back-block overseer who preferred a disreputable tramp's society to hers!

The little fool in her was uppermost once more. There was perhaps some provocation now. Yet a little fool it indubitably was. She thought of freckles. Let them come. They would be his fault. Not that he would care.

Care!

And her short lip lifted in a peculiar smile; it was the war-smile of the Bethunes, and not beautiful in itself, but Moya it touched with such a piquant bitter-sweetness that some of her swains would anger her for that very look. Her teeth were white as the wing of the sulphur-crested cockatoo, and that look showed them as no other. Then there was the glitter it put into her eyes; they were often lovelier, but never quite so fine. And a sweet stormlight turned her skin from pale rose to glowing ivory, and the short lip would tremble one moment to set more unmercifully the next. Even so that those who loved and admired the milder Moya, feared and adored her thus.

But this Moya was seldom seen in Toorak, or, for that matter, anywhere else; and, of course, it was never to show itself any more, least of all at Eureka Station. Yet it did, this first, this very afternoon, though not all at once.

For the next thing that happened she took better than all that had gone before, though those were negative offences, and this was a positive affront.

It was when at last the store door opened, and Rigden went over to the kitchen for something steaming in a pannikin, and then to his room for something else. He passed once under Moya's nose, and once close beside her chair, but on each occasion without a look or a word.

"Something is worrying him," she thought. "Poor fellow!"

And for a space her heart softened. But it was no space to speak of; curiosity cut it very short.

"Who can the horrid man be?"

The question paved the way to a new grievance and a new resolve.

"He ought to have told me. But he shall!"

Meanwhile the dividing door was once more shut; and now the better part of an hour had passed; and the only woman on the station (she might remain the only woman) had brought tea through the verandah and invited Moya to come and take it indoors. Moya declined. But no one ever sat in the sun up there. Moya said nothing; but at length gave so short an answer to so natural a question that Mrs. Duncan retreated with an inevitable impression, false for the moment, but not for so many moments more.

For presently through the handful of pines, red-stemmed and resinous in the sunset, there came the jingle of bit and stirrup, to interrupt

the unworthiest thoughts in which the insulted lady had yet indulged. She was thinking of much she had missed in town by coming up country in the height of the season; she was wishing herself back in Toorak. There she was somebody; in Toorak, in Melbourne, they would not dare to treat her thus.

Her fate was full of irony. There she could have had anybody, and, rightly or wrongly, she was aware of the fact. No other girl down there—or in Melbourne, for that matter—was at once a society belle, a general favorite, and a Bethune. The latter title smacked indeed of the contradiction in terms, but their equal truth merely emphasized the altogether exceptional character of our heroine. That she was herself aware of it was not her fault. She had heard so much of her qualities for so many years. But all her life it had been impressed upon her mind that the Bethunes, as a family, were in a class by themselves in the southern hemisphere. In moments of chagrin, therefore, it was only natural that Moya should aggravate matters by remembering that she also was a Bethune.

A Bethune engaged to a bushman who dared to treat her thus!

Such was the pith and point of these discreditable reflections when the jingle of approaching horse put a sudden end to them. Moya looked up, expecting to see her brother, and instinctively preparing to wear a mask. She forgot it was in the buggy that Theodore had been got out of the way, and it was with sheer relief that her eyes lit upon a sergeant and a trooper of the New South Wales mounted police, with fluttering puggarees and twinkling accoutrements, and a black fellow riding bareback in the rear.

They reined up in front of the verandah.

"We want to see Mr. Rigden," said the sergeant, touching the shiny peak of his cap.

"Oh, indeed!"

"Is he about?"

Moya would not say, and pretended she could not. The sudden apparition of the police had filled her with apprehensions as wild as they were vague. The trooper had turned in his saddle to speak to the black fellow, and Moya saw the great Government revolver at his hip. Even as she hesitated, however, the store door opened, and Rigden locked it behind him before sallying forth alone.

"Yes, here he is!" said Moya, and sat like a statue in her chair. Yet the pose of the statue was not wholly suggestive of cold indifference and utter unconcern.

"Glad to find you in, Mr. Rigden," said the sergeant. "We're having a little bit of sport, for once in a way."

"I congratulate you. What sort?" said Rigden.

"A man-hunt!"

And there were volumes of past boredom and of present zest in the sergeant's tone.

"That so?" said Rigden. "And who's the man?"

The sergeant glanced at the young lady. Rigden did the same. Their wishes with respect to her were only too obvious. Moya took the fiercer joy in disregarding them.

"I'd like to have a word with you in the store," said the sergeant.

"No, no!" said Rigden, hastily. "Sergeant Harkness—Miss Bethune."

It was a cold little bow, despite this triumph.

"Miss Bethune will be interested," added Rigden, grimly. "And she won't give anything away."

"Thank you," said Moya. And her tone made him stare.

Harkness touched his horse with the spurs, and rode up close to the verandah, on which Rigden himself now stood.

"Fact is," said he, "it oughtn't to get about among your men, or it's a guinea to a gooseberry they'll go harboring him. But it's a joker who escaped from Darlington a few days ago. And we've tracked him to your boundary—through your horse-paddock—to your horse-paddock gate!"

Rigden glanced at Moya. Her eyes were on him. He knew it before he looked.

"Seen anything of him?" asked the sergeant inevitably.

"Not to my knowledge. What's he like?"

"Oldish. Stubby beard. Cropped head, of course. Grey as a coot."

"Height 5 ft. 11 in.," supplemented the trooper, reading from a paper; "hair iron-grey, brown eyes, large thin nose, sallow complexion, very fierce-looking, slight build, but is a well-made man."

A dead silence followed; then Rigden spoke. Moya's eyes were still upon him, burning him, but he spoke without tremor, and with no more hesitation than was natural in the circumstances.

"No," he said, "I have seen no such man. No such man has been to me!"

"I was afraid of it," said Harkness. "Yet we tracked him to the boundary, every yard, and we got on his tracks again just now near the home-paddock gate. I bet he's camping somewhere within a couple of miles; we must have another look while it's light. Beastly lot of sand you have from the home-paddock gate right up to the house!"

"We're built upon a sandhill, you see," said Rigden, with a wry look into the heavy yellow yard; "one track's pretty much like another in here, eh, Billy?"

The black tracker shook a woolly pate.

"Too muchee damn samé," said he. "Try again longa gate."

"Yes," said the sergeant, "and we'll bring him here for the night when we catch him. You could lend us your traveller's hut, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes."

"So long then. Don't be surprised if you see us back to supper. I feel pretty warm!"

And the sergeant used his spurs again, only to rein up suddenly and swing round in his saddle.

"Been about the place most of the afternoon?" he shouted.

"All the afternoon," replied Rigden; "between the store and this verandah."

"And you've had no travellers at all?"

"Not one."

"Well, never mind," cried the sergeant. "You shall have four for the night."

And the puggarees fluttered, and the stirrup irons jingled, out of sight and earshot, through the dark still pines, and so into a blood-red sunset.

### III.

#### INSULT.

RIGDEN remained a minute at least (to Moya it seemed five) gazing through the black trees into the red light beyond. That was so characteristic of him and his behaviour! Moya caught up the *Australasian* (at hand but untouched all this time) and pretended she could see to read. The rustle brought Rigden to the rightabout at last. Moya was deep in illegible advertisements. But the red light reached to her face.

Rigden came slowly to her side. She took no notice of him. His chair was as he had pushed it back an age ago; he drew it nearer than before, and sat down. Nor was that the end of his effrontery.

"Don't touch my hand, please!"

She would not even look at him. In a flash his face was slashed with lines, so deep you might have looked for them to fill with blood. There was plenty of blood beneath the skin. But he obeyed her promptly.

"I am sorry you were present just now," he remarked, as though nothing very tragical had happened; there was none the less an underlying note of tragedy which Moya entirely misconstrued.

"So am I," said she; and her voice nipped like a black frost.

"I wanted you to go, you know!" he reminded her.

"Do you really think it necessary to tell me that?"

All this time she was back in her now invisible advertisements. And her tone was becoming more and more worthy of a Bethune.

"I naturally didn't want you to hear me tell a lie," explained Rigden, with inconsistent honesty.



"On the contrary, I'm very glad to have heard it," rejoined Moya.  
"It's instructive, to say the least."

"It was necessary," said Rigden, quietly.

"No doubt!"

"A lie sometimes is," he continued calmly. "You will probably agree with me there."

"Thank you," said Moya, promptly; but no insinuation had been intended, no apology was offered, and Rigden proceeded as though no interruption had occurred.

"I am not good at them as a general rule," he confessed. "But just now I was determined to do my best. I suppose you would call it my worst!"

Moya elected not to call it anything.

"That poor fellow in the store——"

"I really don't care to know anything about him!"

"——I simply couldn't do it," concluded Rigden, expressively.

"Is he the man they want or not?"

The question came in one breath with the interruption, but with a change of tone so unguardedly complete that Rigden smiled openly. There was no answering smile from Moya. Her sense of humour, that saving grace of the Bethunes as a family, had deserted her as utterly as other graces of which she had more or less of a monopoly.

"Of course he's the man," said Rigden at once; but again there was the deeper trouble in his tone, the intrinsic trouble which mere results could scarcely aggravate.

And this time Moya's perceptions were more acute. But by now pride had the upper hand of her. There was some extraordinary and mysterious reason for Rigden's conduct from beginning to end of this incident, or rather from the beginning to this present point, which was obviously not the end at all. Moya would have given almost anything to know what that reason was; the one thing that she would not give was the inch involved in asking the question in so many words. And Rigden in his innocence appreciated her delicacy in not asking.

"I can't explain," he began in rueful apology, and would have gone on to ask her to trust him for once. But for some reason the words jammed. And meanwhile there was an opening which no Bethune could resist.

"Have I asked you for an explanation?"

"No. You've been awfully good about that. You're pretty rough on a fellow, all the same!"

"I don't think I am at all."

"Oh, yes, you are, Moya!"

For her tongue was beginning to hit him hard.

"You needn't raise your voice, Pelham, just because there's some one coming."

It was only the Eureka jackeroo (or "Colonial experimenter"), who had the hardest work on the station, and did it "for his tucker," but so badly as to justify Rigden in his bargain. It may here be mentioned that the manager's full name was Pelham Stanislaus Rigden; it was, however, a sub-conscious peculiarity of this couple never to address each other by a mere Christian name. Either they confined themselves to the personal pronoun, or they made use of expressions which may well be left upon their lovers' lips. But though scarcely aware of the habitual breach, they were mutually alive to the rare observance, which was perhaps the first thing that made Rigden realize the breadth and depth of his offence. It was with difficulty he could hold his tongue until the jackeroo had turned his horse adrift and betaken himself to the bachelors' hut euphemistically yept "the barracks."

"What have I done," cried Rigden, in low tones, "besides lying as you heard? That I shall suffer for, to a pretty dead certainty. What else have I done?"

"Oh, nothing," said Moya impatiently, as though the subject bored her. In reality she was wondering and wondering why he should have run the very smallest risk for the sake of a runaway prisoner whom he had certainly pretended never to have seen before.

"But I can see there's something else," persisted Rigden. "What on earth is it, darling? After all I did not lie to you!"

"No," cried Moya, downright for once; "you only left me for two mortal hours alone on this verandah!"

Rigden sprang to his feet.

"Good Heavens!" he cried; and little dreamed that he was doubling his enormity.

"So you were unaware of it, were you?"

"Quite!" he vowed naïvely.

"You had forgotten my existence, in fact? Your candor is too charming!"

His candor had already come home to Rigden, and he bitterly deplored it, but there was no retreat from the transparent truth. He therefore braced himself to stand or fall by what he had said, but meanwhile to defend it to the best of his ability.

"You don't know what an interview I had in yonder," he said, jerking a hand towards the store. "And the worst of it is that I can never tell you!"

"Ah!"

"God forgive me for forgetting or neglecting you for a single instant!" cried Rigden, solemnly. "I can only assure you that when I left you I didn't mean to be gone five minutes. You will realize that what I eventually undertook to do for this wretched man made all the

difference. It did put you out of my head for the moment; but you speak as though it were going to put you out of my life for all time!"

"For the sake of a man you pretended never to have seen before," murmured Moya, deftly assuming what she burned to know.

"It was no pretence. I didn't recognize him."

"But you do now," pronounced Moya, as one stating a perceptible fact.

"Yes," said Rigden, "I recognize him—now."

There was a pause. Moya broke it softly, a suspicion of sympathy in her voice.

"I am afraid he must have some hold over you!"

"He has, indeed," said Rigden, bitterly; and next moment his heart was leaping, as a flame leaps before the last.

She who loved him was back at his side, she who had flouted him was no more. Her hot hands held both of his. Her quick breath beat upon his face. It was now nearly dark in the verandah, but there was just light enough for him to see the tears shining in her splendid eyes. Rigden was infinitely touched and troubled, but not by this alone. It was her voice that ran into his soul. She was imploring him to tell her all; there must be no secrets between them; let him but tell her the worst and she would stand by him, against all the world if need be, and no matter how bad the worst might be. She was no child. There was nothing he could not tell her, nothing she could not understand and forgive, except his silence. Silence and secrecy were the one unpardonable sin in her eyes. She would even help him to conceal that dreadful man, no matter what the underlying reason might be, or how much she might disagree with it, if only the reason were explained to her once and for all.

It was the one thing that Rigden would not explain.

He entreated her to trust him. His voice broke and the words failed him. But on the crucial point he was firm. And so was she.

"You said you were unreasonable and exacting," he groaned. "I didn't believe it. Now I see that it is true."

"But this is neither one nor the other!" she cried. "Goodness! If I were never to exact more than your confidence! It's my right. If you refuse——"

"I do refuse it, in this instance, Moya."

"Then here's your ring!"

There was a wrench, a glitter, and something fell hot into his palm.

"I only hope you will think better of this," he said.

"Never!"

"I own that in many ways I have been quite in the wrong——"

"In every way!"

"There you are unreasonable again. I can't help it. I am doing what I honestly believe——"

His voice died away, for a whip was cracking in the darkness, with the muffled beat of light, unshod hoofs in the heavy sand. They sat together without a word, each waiting for the other to rise first; and thus Theodore found them, though Moya's dress was all he could descry at first.

"That you, Moya? Well, what price the bush? I've been shooting turkeys; they call it sport; but give me crows to-morrow! What, you there too, Rigden? Singular coincidence! Sorry I didn't see you sooner, old chap; but I'm not going to retract about the turkeys."

He disappeared in the direction of the barracks, and Moya held out her hand.

"Lend me that ring," she said. "There's no reason why we should give ourselves away to-night."

"I think the sooner the better," said Rigden.

But he returned the ring.

#### IV.

##### BETHUNE OF THE HALL.

THEODORE BETHUNE was a young man of means, with the brains to add to them, and the energy to use his brains. As the eldest of his family he had inherited a special legacy in boyhood; had immediately taken himself away from the Church of England Grammar School, and booked his passage to London by an early boat. On the voyage he read the classics in his deck chair, asked copious questions in the smoking room, and finally decided upon Cambridge as the theatre of his academical exploits.

Jesus was at that time the College most favoured by Australasian youth: this was quite enough for Theodore Bethune. He ultimately selected Trinity Hall, as appearing to him to offer the distinction of Trinity without its cosmopolitan flavor, and a legal instead of an athletic tradition. In due course he took as good a degree as he required, and proceeded to be called at the English bar before returning to practice in Melbourne. In connection with his University life he had two or three original boasts. He had never been seen intoxicated, never played any game, and only once set foot in Fenner's (to watch the Australians); on the other hand, he had added appreciably to his income by intelligent betting on Newmarket course.

Temperament, character, and attainment, seemed to have combined to produce the perfect barrister in Theodore Bethune, who was infinitely critical but himself impervious to criticism, while possessed of a capital gift of insolence and a face of triple brass. The man, however, was not so perfect; even the gentleman may exhibit certain flaws. Of these one of his sisters had latterly become very conscious; but they came out as a boon to her on the second evening of this visit to Eureka Station, New South Wales.

For in conversation Bethune was what even he would formerly have called "a terror," an epithet which he still endeavoured to deserve, though he no longer made use of it himself. Captious, cocksure, omniscient, he revelled in the uses of raillery and of repartee. Nothing pleased him more than to combat the pet theories of persons whom he had no occasion to conciliate. He could take any side on any question, as became the profession he never ceased from practicing. He destroyed illusions as other men destroy game, and seldom made a new acquaintance without securing a fair bag. Better traits were a playful fancy and an essential geniality which suggested more of mischief than of malice in the real man; the pose, however, was that of uncompromising and heartless critic of every creature of his acquaintance, and every kingdom in which he had set foot.

The first night he had behaved very well. Moya had made him promise that he would not be openly critical for twenty-four hours. He had kept his word like a man and a martyr. The second night was different. Theodore was unmuzzled. And both Moya and Rigden were thankful in their hearts.

Sir Oracle scarce knew where to begin. There were the turkeys which a child could have hit with a pop-gun; there were the emus which the Queen's Prizeman could not have brought down with his Lee-Metford. But Theodore had discovered that there was no medium in the bush. Look at the heat! He had been through the Red Sea at its worst, but it had not fetched the skin from his face as this one day in Riverina. Riverina! Where were their rivers? *Lucus a non lucendo*.

The storekeeper winked; he was a humourist himself, of a lower order.

"No good coming it in Greek up here, mister."

The jackeroo was the storekeeper's hourly butt. The jackeroo was a new chum who had done pretty badly at his public school, and was going to do worse in the bush, but he still knew Latin from Greek when he heard it, and he perceived his chance of scoring off the storekeeper.

"Greek is good," said the jackeroo. "Greek is great!"

"Ah, now we have it!" cried the storekeeper, who was a stout young man with bulbous eyes, and all the sly glances of the low comedian. "'Tis the voice of the scholar, I heard him explain! He comes from Rugby, Mr. Bethune; hasn't he told you yet? Calls himself an Old Rug; sure it isn't a plaid shawl, Ives? Oh, you needn't put on side because you can draft Greek from Latin!"

Ives the jackeroo, a weak youth wearing spectacles, had put on nothing but the long-suffering smile with which he was in the habit of receiving the storekeeper's grape-shot. He said no more, however, and a brief but disdainful silence on the part of Bethune made an awkward pause which Rigden broke heroically. Hitherto but little talking had



been required of him or of Moya. The aggressive Theodore had been their unwitting friend, and he stood them in better stead than ever when the young men adjourned to smoke on the verandah.

This was the time when the engaged couple would naturally have disappeared; they had duly done so the previous evening; to-night they merely sat apart, out of range of the lamp, and the young men galled them both by never glancing their way. Nothing had been noticed yet; nor indeed was there anything remarkable in their silence after so long a day spent in each other's exclusive society. From time to time, however, they made a little talk to save appearances which were incriminating only in their own minds; and all the time their eyes rested together upon the black stack of logs and corrugated iron which was the store.

Once the storekeeper approached with discreet deliberation.

"I've lost my key of the store, Mr. Rigden; may I borrow yours?"

"It's I who've lost mine, Spicer, so I took yours from your room. No, don't bother about your books to-night; don't go over there again. Look after Mr. Bethune."

He turned to Moya when the youth was gone.

"One lie makes many," he muttered grimly.

There was no reply.

Meanwhile Bethune was in his element, with an audience of two bound to listen to him by the bond of a couple of his best cigars, and with just enough of crude retaliation from the storekeeper to act as a blunt cutlass to Theodore's rapier. The table with the lamp was at the latter's elbow, and the rays fell full upon the long successful nose and the unwavering mouth of an otherwise rather ordinary legal countenance. There was plenty of animation in the face, however, and enough of the devil to redeem a good deal of the prig. The lamp also made the most of a gleaming shirt-front; for Theodore insisted on dressing ("for my own comfort, purely,") even in the wilderness, where black coats were good enough for the other young men, and where Moya herself wore a high dress.

"But there's nothing to be actually ashamed of in an illusion or two," the jackeroo was being assured, "especially at your age. I've had them myself, and may have one or two about me still. You only know it when you lose them, and my faith in myself has been rudely shattered. I've gone and shed one thundering big illusion since I've been up here!"

The Rugby boy was not following; he had not expressed a sufficiently real regret at not having gone up to Cambridge himself; and he was wondering whether he should regret it the less in future for what this Cambridge man had to say on the subject. On the whole it did not reconcile him to the university of the bush, and for a little he had a deaf ear for the conversation. A question had been asked and answered ere he recovered the thread.

"Oh, go on," said the storekeeper. "Give the back blocks a rest, Bethune!"

"I certainly shall, Mr. Spicer," rejoined Theodore, with the least possible emphasis on the prefix, "once I shake their infernal dust from my shoes. Not that I'd mind the dust if there was anything to do in it. Of course, this sort of thing's luxury," he had the grace to interject; "in fact, it's far too luxurious for me. One rather likes to rough it when one comes so far. Anything for some excitement, some romance, something one can't get nearer home!"

"Well, you can't get this," said the loyal storekeeper.

"I never was at a loss for moonlight," observed Theodore, "when there happened to be a moon. There are verandahs in Toorak."

Spicer lowered his voice.

"There was a man once shot dead in this one. Bushrangers!"

"When was that?"

"Oh, well, it was before my time."

"Ten years ago?"

"Ten to twenty, I suppose."

"Ten to twenty! Why, my good fellow, there was a black fellows' camp in Collins Street, twenty years ago! Corrobbarees, and all that, where the trams run now."

"I'm hanged if there were," rejoined Spicer, warmly. "Not twenty years ago, no, nor yet thirty!"

"Say forty if it makes you happy. It doesn't affect my argument. You don't expect me to bolt out of this verandah because some poor devil painted it red before I was breeched? What shall it profit us that there were bushrangers once upon a time, and blacks before the bushrangers? The point is that they're both about as extinct as the plesiosaurus——"

"Kill whose cat?" interposed the storekeeper with a burst of his peculiar brand of badinage. "He's coming it again, Ives; you'll have another chance of showing off, old travelling-rug!"

"And all you've got to offer one instead," concluded Bethune, "besides the subtleties of your own humor, is a so-called turkey the size of a haystack, that'll ram its beak down your gun-barrel if you wait long enough!"

The Rugbeian laughed outright, and Spicer gained time by insulting him while he rummaged his big head for a retort worthy of Bethune; it was worthier of himself when it came.

"You want adventure, do you? I know the place for you, and it's within ten miles of where you sit. Blind Man's Block!"

"Reminds me of the Tower," yawned Bethune.

"It'll remind you of your sins if ever you get bushed in it! Ten by ten of abandoned beastliness; not a hoof or a drop between the four

fences; only scrub, and scrub, and scrub of the very worst. Mallee and porcupine—porcupine and mallee! But you go and sample it; only don't get too far in from the fence. If you do you may turn up your toes; and you won't be the first or the last to turn 'em up in Blind Man's Block!"

"What of?" asked Bethune, sceptically.

"Thirst," said Spicer; "thirst and hunger, but chiefly thirst."

"In fenced country?"

"It's ten miles between the fences, and not a drop of water, nor the trace of a track. It's abandoned country, I'm telling you."

"But you could never be more than five miles from a fence; surely you could hit one or other of them and follow it up?"

"Could you?" said the storekeeper. "Well, you try it, and let me know! Try it on horse-back, and you'll see what it's like to strike a straight line through mallee and porcupine; and after that, if you're still hard up for an adventure, just you try it on foot!"

"Don't you, Theodore," advised Rigden from his chair. "I'm not keen on turning out all hands to look for you, old chap."

"But is the place really as bad as all that?" inquired Moya, following him into the conversation for the look of the thing.

"Worse," said Rigden, and leaned forward, silent. In another moment he had risen, walked to the end of the verandah, and returned as far as Bethune's chair. "Sure you want an adventure, Theodore? Because the Assyrians are coming down in the shape of the mounted police, and it's the second time they've been here to-day. Looks fishy, doesn't it?"

Listening, they heard the thin staccato jingle whose first and tiniest tinkle had been caught by Rigden; then with one accord the party rose, and gathered at the end of the verandah, whence the three black horsemen could be seen ambling into larger sizes, among the tussocks of blue-bush, between the station and the rising moon.

"What do they want?" idly inquired Bethune.

"A runaway convict," said Rigden, quietly.

"No!" cried Spicer.

"Is it a fact?" asked Ives, turning instinctively to Miss Bethune.

"I believe so," replied Moya, with notable indifference.

"Then why on earth have you been keeping it dark, both of you?" demanded Bethune, and he favoured the engaged couple with a scrutiny too keen for one of them. Moya's eyes fell. But Rigden was equal to the occasion.

"Because the police don't want it to get about. That's why," said he, shortly.

And Moya admired his resource until she had time to think; then it revolted her as much as all the rest. But meanwhile the riders were

dismounting in the moonlight. Rigden went out to meet them, and forthwith disappeared with Harkness among the pines.

"No luck at all," growled the sergeant. "We're clean off the scent, and it beats me how he gave you such a wide berth and us the slip! We can't have been that far behind him. None of the other gentlemen come across him, I suppose?"

"As a matter of fact I've only just mentioned it to them," replied Rigden, rather lamely. "I thought I'd leave it till you come back. You seemed not to want it to get about, you know."

"No more I do—for lots of reasons. I mean to take the devil, alive or dead, and yet I don't want anybody else to take him! Sounds well, doesn't it? Yet I bet you'd feel the same in my place—if you knew who he was!"

Rigden stood mute.

"You won't cut me out for the reward, Mr. Rigden, if I tell you who it is, between ourselves? You needn't answer; of course you won't! Well—then—it's good old Bovill the bushranger!" And the sergeant's face shone like the silver buttons of the sergeant's tunic.

"Captain Bovill?" gasped Rigden, but only because he felt obliged to gasp something.

"Not so loud, man!" implored the sergeant, who had sunk his own voice to the veriest whisper. "Yes—yes—that's the gentleman. None other! Incredible, isn't it? Of course it wasn't Darlinghurst he escaped from, but Pentridge; only I thought you'd guess if I said; it's been in the papers some days."

"We get ours very late, and haven't always time to read them then. I knew nothing about it."

"Well, then you knew about as much as is known in Victoria from that day to this. The police down there have lost their end of the thread, and it was my great luck to pick it up again by the merest chance last week. I'll tell you about that another time. But you understand what it would mean to me?"

"Rather!"

"To land him more or less single-handed!"

"I won't tell a soul."

"And don't you go and take the man himself behind my back, Mr. Rigden!" the policeman was obliged to add, with such jocularly as men feign in their deadliest earnest.

But Rigden's laugh was genuine and involuntary.

"I can safely promise that I won't do that," said he. "But ask the other fellows if they've seen the kind of man you describe; if they haven't, no harm will be done."

No need to give the result of this inquiry, held in Moya's presence, who abruptly disappeared, unable to bear any more and still hold her

peace. Thereupon Rigden breathed more freely, and offered supper with an improving grace; the very tracker was included in the invitation, which was accepted with the frank alacrity of famished men.

"And it's not the last demand we shall have to make on you," said Harkness, as he washed in Rigden's room; "we've ridden our cattle off their legs since we were here in the afternoon. We must hark back on our own tracks first thing in the morning. Beds or bunks we shall want for the night, and fresh horses for an early start."

Rigden thought a moment.

"By all means, if you can stand the travellers' hut. It's empty, but in here we're rather full. As for horses, I've the very three for you. I'll run 'em up myself."

The storekeeper came to him as he was pulling on his boots. He was not a particularly attractive young man, but he had one huge merit. His devotion to Rigden was quite extraordinary.

"Why not let one of us run up those horses, sir?"

"One of you! I like that. Hand me those spurs."

"Well, of course I meant myself, Mr. Rigden. The new chum wouldn't be much use."

"I'm not sure that you'd be much better. You don't know the paddocks as I know them, nor the mokes either. Nobody does, for that matter. But I don't want the men to get wind of this to-night."

"I'll see that they don't, Mr. Rigden."

"Now I'm ready, and I'll be twice as quick as anybody else. What's the time, Spicer?"

"Just on ten."

"Well, I'll be back by eleven! Now go in and see they've got everything they want, and give Mr. Bethune a drink. That's your billet for to-night, Spicer; you've got to play my part and leave the store to take care of itself. Now I'm off."

But it was some minutes before he proceeded beyond the horse-yard; indeed, he loitered there, though the jackeroo had the night-horse ready saddled, until the verandah showed empty against the lighted ladders which were French windows closed by Rigden without rhyme or reason as he passed.

"Hang it, I'll have my dust-coat," he cried when about to mount. "Hold him while I run back to the barracks."

"Can't I go for you, sir?"

"No, you can't."

And the Rugby boy thought wistfully of Cambridge while Rigden was gone; for he was an absent-minded youth, who did not even notice how the pockets of the dust-coat bulged when Rigden returned.

Only Moya, from her dark but open door on that same verandah, had seen the manager slip from the barracks over to the store, and remain

there some minutes, with the door shut and the key inside, before creeping stealthily out and once more locking the door behind him.

## V.

## A RED HERRING.

RIGDEN cantered to the horse-paddock gate, and on and on along the beaten track which intersected that enclosure, and which led ultimately to a wool-shed pitched further from the head-station than wool-shed ever was before or since. Rigden rode as though he were on his way thither; he certainly had not the appearance of a man come to cut out horses in a horse-paddock. His stock-whip was added to the bulging contents of the dust-coat pockets, instead of being ready as a lance in rest. The rider looked neither right nor left as he rode. He passed a mob of horses in the moonlight, not without seeing them, but without a second glance.

Suddenly he left the track at a tangent; but there was no symptom of the sudden thought. Rigden sat loosely in his saddle, careless but alert, a man who knew every inch of the country, and his own mind to an irreducible nicety. A clump of box rose in his path; a round-shot would have cut through quicker, but not more unerringly. Rigden came out on the edge of a chain of clay-pans, hard-baked by the sun, and shining under the moon like so many water-holes.

Rigden rode a little way upon the nearest hard, smooth surface; then he pulled up, and, looking back, could see scarce a trace of his horse's hoofs. He now flung a leg across the saddle, and sat as the ladies while his quiet beast stood like bronze. A night-horse is *ex officio* a quiet beast.

Rigden wondered whether any man had ever before changed his boots on horse-back. When he proceeded it was afoot, with his arm through the reins, and the pockets of the dust-coat bulging more than ever. From his walk it was manifest that the new shoes pinched.

But they left no print unless he stamped with all his might. And that was a very painful process. Rigden schooled himself to endure it, however, and repeated the torture two or three times on his way across the clay-pans. On such occasions the night-horse was made to halt (while the stamping was done under its nose) and to pirouette in fashion that must have astonished the modest animal almost as much as each fresh inspiration astonished Rigden himself.

On the sandy ground beyond he merely led the horse until a fence was reached. Here some minutes were spent, not only in strapping down the wires and coaxing the night-horse over, but in some little deliberation which ended in the making of mock footprints with the other pair of boots, without, however, putting them on. Rigden had still



another mile to do in the tight shoes for this his sin. It brought him to the pouting lips of a tank (so called) where the moon shone in a mirror of still water framed in slime. Here he gave his horse a drink, and, remounting, changed his boots once more. A sharp canter brought him back to the fence; it was crossed as before; the right horses were discovered and cut out with the speed and precision of a master bushman; and at half-past eleven exactly the thunder of their hoofs and the musketry of Rigden's stock-whip were heard together in the barracks, where the rest had gathered for a final pipe.

"Good time," said the sergeant, who was seated with his subordinate on the storekeeper's bed.

"Not for him," said Spicer. "He said he'd be back by eleven. He's generally better than his word."

"A really good man at his work—what?"

Bethune had been offered the only chair, and was not altogether pleased with himself for having accepted it. It was rather a menagerie, this storekeeper's room, with these policemen smoking their rank tobacco. Theodore had offered them his cigars, to put an end to the reek, but his offer had come too late. He hardly knew why he remained; not even to himself would he admit his anxiety to know what was going to happen next. A criminal case! It would teach him nothing; he never touched criminal work; none of your obvious law and vulgar human interest for Theodore!

"Good man?" echoed Spicer the loyal. "One of the best on God's earth; one of the straightest that ever stepped. Don't you make any mistake about that, Bethune! I've known him longer than you."

The testimonial was superfluous in its warmth and fullness, yet not uncalled for if Bethune's tone were taken seriously. It was, however, merely the tone in which that captious critic was accustomed to refer to the bulk of humanity; indeed it was complimentary for him. Before more could be added, "the straightest man that ever stepped" had entered, looking the part. His step was crisp and confident; there was a lively light in his eye.

"Have a job to find them?" inquired his champion.

"Well," said Rigden, "I found something else first."

"The man?" they all cried as one.

"No, not the man," said Rigden, smiling. "Where's your tracker, sergeant?"

"Put him in your travellers' hut, Mr. Rigden."

"Quite right. I only wanted to ask him something, but I dare say you can tell me as well. Get that track pretty plain before you lost it this afternoon?"

"Plain as a pikestaff, didn't we?" said the sergeant to his sub.

"My oath!" asseverated the trooper, who was a man of few words.



"Notice any peculiarity about it, Harkness?"

"Yes," said the sergeant.

"What?" pursued Rigden.

"That," said Harkness; and he produced a worn heel torn from its sole and uppers.

"Exactly," said Rigden, nodding.

The sergeant sprang from the bed.

"Have you struck his tracks?"

"I won't say that," said Rigden. "All I undertake is to show you a distinct track with no left heel to it all down the line! No, I won't shake hands on it. It may lead to nothing."

All was now excitement in the small and smoky bedroom. The jackeroo had appeared on the scene from his own room, to which his sensitive soul ever banished him betimes. All were on their feet but Bethune, who retained the only chair, but with eyes like half-sheathed blades, and head at fullcock.

"Did you follow it up?" asked the sergeant.

"Yes, a bit."

"Where did you strike it?"

"I'll tell you what: you shall be escorted to the spot!"

"Um," said the sergeant; "not by all hands, I hope?"

"By Mr. Spicer and nobody else. I'd come myself, only I've found other fish to fry. Look here, Spicer," continued Rigden, clapping the storekeeper on the shoulder; "you know the clay-pans in the horse-paddock? Well, you'll see *my* tracks there, and you'd better follow them; there are just one or two of the others; but on the soft ground you'll see the one as plain as the other. You'll have to cross the fence into Butcher-boy; you'll see where I crossed it. That's our killing-sheep paddock, Harkness; think your man could kill and eat a sheep?"

"I could kill and eat you," said the sergeant, cordially, "for the turn you've done me."

"Thanks; but you wait and see how it pans out. All I guarantee is that the tracks are there; how far they go's another matter. I only followed them myself as far as the tank in Butcher-boy. And that reminds me: there'll be a big muster to-morrow, Spicer! The tank in Butcher-boy's as low as low; the Big Bushy tanks always go one worse; we'll muster Big Bushy to-morrow, whether or no. I've been meaning to do it for some time. Besides, it'll give you all the freer hand for those tracks, sergeant; we shall be miles apart."

"That's all right," said the sergeant. "But I should have liked to get on them to-night."

"The moon's pretty low."

Harkness looked out.

"You're right," he said. "We'll give it best till morning. Come, mate, let's spell it while we can."

The rest separated forthwith. Bethune bade his brother-in-law good-night without congratulation or even comment on the discovery of the tracks. Rigden lingered a moment with his lieutenants, and then remarked that he had left his coat in the harness-room; he would go and fetch it, and might be late, as he had letters to write for the mail.

"Can't I get the coat, sir?" asked the willing jackeroo.

Rigden turned upon him with unique irritation.

"No, you can't! You can go to bed and be jolly well up in time to do your part to-morrow! It's you I'm studying, my good fellow," he made shift to add in a kindlier tone; "you can't do your work unless you get your sleep. And I want you to round up every hoof in the horse-paddock by sunrise, and after that every man in the hut!"

## VI.

## BELOW ZERO.

"MAY I come in?"

It was her brother at Moya's door, and he began to believe she must be asleep after all. Theodore felt aggrieved; he wanted speech with Moya before he went to bed. He was about to knock again when the door was opened without a word. There was no light in the room. Yet the girl stood fully dressed in the last level rays of the moon. And she had been crying.

"Moya!"

"What do you want?"

"Only to speak to you."

"What about?"

"Yourself, to begin with. What's the trouble, my dear girl?"

He had entered in spite of her, and yet she was not really sorry that he had come. She had suffered so much in silence that it would be relief to speak about anything to anybody. Theodore was the last person in whom she could or would confide. But there was something comfortable in his presence just there and then. She could tell him a little, if she could not tell him all; and he could tell her something in return.

She heard him at his match-box, and shut the door herself as he lit the candles.

"Don't speak loud, then," said Moya. "I—I'd rather they didn't hear us—putting our heads together!"

"No fear. We've got the main building to ourselves, you and I. Rather considerate of Rigden, that."

Indeed it was the best parlor that had been prepared for Moya, for in your southern summers the best parlor of all is the shadiest verandah. Theodore took to the sofa and a cigarette.

"Do you mind?" he said. "Then do please tell me what's the matter with you, Moya!"

"Oh, can't you see? I'm so unhappy!"

Her eyes had filled, but his next words dried them.

"Had a row with Rigden?"

And he was leaning forward without his cigarette.

Moya hated him.

"Is that all that occurs to you?" she asked cuttingly. "I'm sorry to disappoint you, I'm sure! I should have thought even you could have seen there was enough to make one unhappy, without the consummation you so devoutly desire——"

"Good, Moya! That's all right," said her brother, as he might have complimented her across the net at lawn-tennis.

"It's quite unpleasant enough," continued Moya, with spirit, "without your making it worse. The police in possession and a runaway convict goodness knows where!"

"I agree," said Theodore. "It is unpleasant. I wonder where the beggar can be?"

"It's no use asking me," said Moya; for the note of interrogation had been in his voice.

"You didn't see any suspicious-looking loafers, I suppose? I mean this afternoon."

"How could I? I was with Pelham all the time."

She would never marry him, never! That was no reason why she should give him away. She would never marry a man with discreditable secrets which she might not share, not because they were discreditable, but for the other reason. Yet she must be a humbug for his sake! Moya felt a well-known eye upon her, felt her face bathed in fire; luckily her explanation itself might account for that, and she had the wit to see this in time.

"I mean," she stammered, "one was on the verandah all the afternoon. Nobody would have come without our seeing them."

"I don't know about that. Love is blind!"

His tone carried relief to Moya. The irony was characteristic, normal. It struck her as incompatible with any strong suspicion. But the ground was dangerous all the same.

"If we are made uncomfortable," said Moya, shifting it, "what must it be for Pelham! It's on his account I feel so miserable."

And she spoke the truth; indeed, a truism; but she would be still more miserable if she married him. She would never marry a man—the haunting sentence went for once unfinished. Theodore was favouring her with a peculiar scrutiny whose import she knew of old; she was on her guard just in time.

"You haven't heard the latest development, I suppose?"

"Has there been something fresh since I came in here?"

And even Theodore did not know that she was holding her breath.

"Something as fresh as paint," said he, dryly. "Rigden thinks he's got on the fellow's tracks."

Moya had braced herself against any sudden betrayal of alarm; she was less proof against the inrush of a new contempt for her lover.

"You don't mean it!" she cried with indignation.

"Why not?" asked Theodore, blandly.

"Oh, nothing. Only it's pretty disgraceful on the part of the police, I think that—that they should spend hours looking for what a mere amateur finds at once!"

The brother looked at her beneath lowered lids. He was admiring her resource.

"I agree," he said, slowly, "*if*—our friend is right."

"Whom do you mean?" inquired Moya, up in arms on the instant.

"Rigden, of course."

"So you think he may be mistaken about the tracks, do you?"

"I think it's possible."

"You know a lot about such things yourself, of course! You have a wide experience of the bush, haven't you? What do the police think?"

"They're leaving it till the morning. They hope for the best."

"So everybody is pleased except my brilliant brother! I want to know why—I want to know more about these tracks."

He told her more with unruffled mien; he rather enjoyed her sarcasm; it both justified and stimulated his own. Sarcasm he held to be the salt of intercourse. It was certainly a game at which two Bethunes could always play.

"But we shall see in the morning," concluded Theodore; "the heathen is to be put upon the scent at dawn; if he passes it, well and good."

"Meanwhile you don't?"

"No, I'm hanged if I do," said Theodore, bluntly.

"Because you haven't been to see?"

Theodore smiled.

"Because you wouldn't know a man's track from a monkey's if you went?"

Theodore laughed.

"Why drag in Darwin?" said he. "No, I've not been to look and yet I'm not convinced. I just have my doubts, and a reason or so for them; then I haven't your admirable ground of belief in the infallibility of our host's judgment. He may be mistaken. Mistakes do get made by moonlight. Let's put it at that."

But Moya knew that he was not putting it at that in his mind, and she made up hers to learn the worst of his suspicions.

"If the tracks are not his, whose are they?" she demanded, as though it mattered. "If the creature is not somewhere about the run, where is he?"

And this did matter.

"If you ask me," said Theodore, with great gravity for him, "I should say that he was within a few yards of us all the time!"

"A few yards?"

"I should say," repeated Theodore, "that he was somewhere about the homestead, not the run. And you know perfectly well that you agree!"

"I?"

She jumped up in a fury.

"How dare you say that to me? How dare you, Theodore?"

"My dear Moya, I'm at a loss to understand you!" and his eyebrows underlined the words into largest capitals. "How on earth have I offended? I'm quite sure that you have the same suspicion—not to call it fear—that I entertain myself. If not why be in such a state? Why not go to bed and to sleep like a rational person? I confess I don't feel like doing so myself, with the chance of waking up to find an escaped criminal on your chest! I prefer to sit up and keep watch. I'm convinced he's somewhere about; all these huts afford far better cover than the open paddocks, bless you! He could easily have slipped among them without either of you seeing him, and the chances are he has."

"If you think that," said Moya, "why didn't you suggest it?"

"I did—to Rigden. Wouldn't listen to me; so, of course, I can't expect you to be so disloyal as to do so either."

But Moya had no more of that kind of fight in her. "So you intend to sit up and watch?" was her sole rejoinder.

"I do."

"Then so do I!"

Theodore looked dubious, but only for an instant.

"You begin to think there may be something in my theory?" he cried.

"I think there—may be."

"Then I'll tell you more!" he exclaimed with decision: "I believe the fellow's over yonder in that store!"

His eyes were waiting for her face to change. But it changed very little. Moya was beginning to wonder whether her terrible brother did not already know all. One moment she thought he did, the next that he did not; indifference was creeping over her with the long-drawn strain of the situation. What did it matter if he did know? It would make no difference between her and Pelham. That was at an end, in any case; all that was at an end forever.

Meanwhile she humoured Theodore just a little, particularly in the matter of her sitting up. He begged her not to do so, and she feigned consent. One of his objects in sitting up himself was to secure her safety. He might be wrong in all his conjectures, and Rigden might be

right. Theodore was none the less virtuously determined not to give a chance away.

"And if I am right I'll nab him the moment he shows his nose; and the credit will belong to your humble brother. It isn't as if I hadn't mentioned my general ideas to Rigden; otherwise it might be rather much to take upon one's self; but as it is I have no scruples. If nothing happens, I've simply been sleeping on the verandah, because it's cooler there, and that long chair's as good as any bed. By the way, Moya, do you mind doing something for me?"

"What is it?"

"My room's at the back as you know; do you mind keeping a look-out while I go round and get into my pyjamas?"

"No, I don't mind."

"Particularly the store, you know!"

"Yes, I know."

"If anything happens come straight to me, but as quietly as possible."

"Very well."

"I mean if you see anybody."

"Yes."

"But I shan't be many minutes."

And he was gone.

At last!

Moya flung herself upon the bed, and lay for a few seconds with closed eyes. Her forehead was wondrous white; the fine eyebrows and the long lashes seemed suddenly to have gone black; the girl was fainting under the triple strain of fear and shame and outraged love. Yes, she was in love, but she would never marry him. Never! It was the irony of her fate to love a man whom she would rather die than marry, after this! Yet she loved him none the less; that was the last humiliation of women whom she had scorned all her days for this very thing, only to become one of them in the end.

But she at least would never marry the man she loved and yet despised. That would be the only difference, yet a fairly essential one. And her strength was renewed with her resolve, so that she was up and doing within the few seconds aforesaid; her first act was to blow out the candle; her next, to open the door an inch and to take her stand at the opening.

Nor was she much too soon. It was as though Rigden had been only waiting for her light to go out. Within a minute he appeared in the sandy space between the main building and the store. He was again wearing the yellow silk dust-coat of which enough has been heard; it was almost all that could be seen of him in the real darkness which had fallen with the setting of the moon.



Moya heard his key in the heavy door opposite. Should she tell him of Theodore's suspicions, or should she not? While she hesitated, he let himself in, took out the key, and once more locked the door behind him. Next moment a thread of light appeared upon the threshold; and, too late, Moya repented her indecision.

Theodore would return, and then——

But for once he was singularly slow; minute followed minute, and there was neither sign nor sound of him.

And presently the store door opened once more; the figure in the dust-coat emerged as it had entered; and vanished as it had appeared, in the direction of the horse-yard.

Once more the door was shut; but, once more, that thread of incriminating light burnt like a red-hot wire beneath. And this time Moya could not see it burn: the red-hot wire had entered her soul. Theodore had been so long, he might be longer; risk it she must; and take the consequences. Two steps carried her across the verandah; lighter she had never taken in a ball-room, where her reputation was that of a feather. Once in the kindly sand, however, she ran desperately, madly, to the horse-yard. And she was just in time to hear the dying beat of a horse's canter into infinity.

Then she must inform the wretch himself, the runaway ruffian in the store! One sob came, and then this quick resolve.

She gained the store, panting; and instinctively tried the door before knocking. To her amazement and alarm it was open! She stood confounded on the threshold, and a head bending over the desk, beside the lamp, behind the counter, was suddenly transformed into a face. And it was not the runaway at all; it was Rigden himself!

"I saw you come out!" she gasped, past recrimination, past anger, past memory itself in the semi-insensibility of overwhelming surprise. He looked at her very gravely across the desk.

"No, that was the man who has wrecked my life," he said. "I've got him through them at last, I do believe!"

And his eyes flashed their unworthy triumph.

"You could actually give him your horse!"

"I wish I could! It would be missed in a minute. No, he's only just to run the gauntlet on it, and I shall find it at the first gate. But what is it, Moya? You came for something?" and he was a miserable man once more.

"I'm ashamed to say why I came—but I will!" cried Moya in a low voice. "I did not want you to be found out through my own brother. He suspected the man was in here—I don't know why. He was going to watch the store all night, and I was watching it for him while he changed, and the light under the door——"

Rigden held up his hand.



"Hush!" he said. "Here is your brother."

Theodore was more than decent; he was positively gorgeous in striped and tasselled silk. He stood in the doorway with expressive eyebrows and eloquent nostrils, looking from Moya to Rigden until his gaze settled upon the latter. It was almost an innocuous gaze by then.

"So it was you in here!" he said. Rigden nodded. "Do you know who I was ass enough to think it was?" continued Theodore, using a word which Moya had never heard him apply to himself before, even in fun. "Has Moya told you?"

"She has."

"I saw the light," said Moya, in elliptical explanation. Theodore continued to address his host.

"I oughtn't to have interfered," he said, with a humility which was already arousing Moya's suspicions. "I should have minded my own business, Rigden, and I apologize. I'd got it into my head—I can't tell you why. Will you forgive me? And have you any whisky?"

"I've nothing to forgive," said Rigden, sincerely enough. "But a drink we'll have; that's an excellent idea."

But the counter was between them, and Theodore was the first to leave the store; but on the threshold he stopped, and just turned to Moya for an instant.

"By the way, you *didn't* see anybody else, I suppose?" said he.

There was an instant's pause. Then Moya committed her sin.

"Of course I didn't," were the words.

Theodore strolled over to the verandah. Moya waited behind as in devotion while Rigden locked that fatal door for the last time.

"You see what you've brought me to!" she hissed. "But don't think it's because I care a bit what happens to you—once I'm gone. And I *hate* you for it—and always shall!"

"Thank you," he said.

And that was all.

## VII.

### A CAVALIER.

MOYA went to bed like one already in a dream. She smiled when she realized what she was doing; there would be no sleep for her that night. Yet she went through with the empty form, even to putting out the light to rest her aching eyes. And in five minutes her troubles ceased for as many hours; she had passed that pitch of excitement which is another name for insomnia; she had reached the stage of sheer exhaustion, and she reaped the recompense.

Spurred feet treading gingerly nevertheless awoke her towards dawn. It was a bitter awakening. Further sleep was impossible, further rest intolerable; besides, something must be done at once. It was an ordeal

to face, but sooner or later Theodore must be told, and then—good-bye! Obviously the sooner the better, since the thing was settled between the two whom it concerned; and Moya had the temperament which prefers to precipitate the absolutely inevitable; but temperament for once was not her lord. It was too hard!

Character came to the rescue. It must be done. And Moya dressed by candle-light with a craven but a resolute heart. Meanwhile the cautious footsteps and the low voices died away; and the girl found a bare verandah, chill and silent as a vault in the twilight of early morning. A lamp was burning in the dining-room; but the chairs were pushed back, crusts left, and tea-cups hardly emptied. The tea-pot was half full; she took a cup and a bite before going to see whether Theodore was awake. If not, she must wake him, for she could not wait. But his room was deserted; his very boots were gone; and the craven heart leapt, for all its resolution.

Moya returned to the verandah in time to see the new chum, Ives, coming at a canter through the pines. She cut him off at the barracks, where, however, he flung himself from the saddle and almost into her arms.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Bethune! Forgotten something as usual, you see!"

Hurry and worry were behind his smile. Yet Moya had the heart to detain him.

"Good morning, Mr. Ives. Where's everybody?"

"Gone mustering."

"Not my brother?"

"No; he's gone with the police."

"The police!"

"You know, they've gone to follow up some tracks——"

"Oh, yes, I know!" cried Moya.

So Theodore was hand-and-glove with the enemy! Not that the police were the enemy at all; they were only *his* enemies; but the fact remained that Theodore was one of them. Very likely he had already made them a present of his suspicions; nothing likelier, or more fitting, than the exposure of her "lover" through her own brother's agency. It will be seen that her bitterness against one was rapidly embittering Moya's view of all and sundry. She was not original in that.

"I forgot my water-bag," the jackeroo reminded her. "Just like me! I shall have to gallop to catch them up."

But he was too polite to move.

"Must you catch them up?" inquired Moya, in flattering dumps; but indeed it would be deadly at the station all day, and such a day, without a soul to speak to!

"Well, they won't wait for me, because they told me what to do," said Ives on reflection.

"And what have you to do?" asked Moya, smiling.

"Go down the fence; it's easiest, you know."

"But what are you all going to do? What does this mustering mean?"

Ives determined in his own mind to blow the odds. He was not only a gentleman; he was a young man; and Miss Bethune should have all the information she wanted and he could give. Ives began to appreciate her attractions, and Rigden's good-fortune, for the first time as they deserved. It would rather be another place after the marriage; she was charming when you got her to yourself.

Aloud he explained the mustering as though he had the morning to spare. It meant sweeping up all the sheep in a given paddock, either to count them out, or to shift them altogether if feed or water was failing where they were. A big job in any case, but especially so in that of Big Bushy, which was by far the largest paddock on Eureka; it was seven miles by seven.

"And do you generally go mustering at a night's notice?"

"No, as a rule we know about it for days before; but last night the boss—I beg your pardon——"

"What for?" said Moya. "I like to hear him called that."

And she would have liked it, she hardly knew why. But he was not her boss, and never would be.

"Thanks awfully. Well, then, the boss found a tank lower than he expected in Butcher-boy, that's the killing-sheep paddock, and it's next door to Big Bushy, which is stocked with our very best. If the tanks were low in Butcher-boy, they might be lower still in Big Bushy——"

"Why?" asked Moya, like a good Bethune.

"Oh, I don't know; only the boss seemed to think so; and of course it wouldn't do to let our best sheep bog. So we've got to shift every hoof into Westwells, where there's the best water on the run."

Moya said no more. This seemed genuine. Only she was suspicious now of every move of Rigden's; she could not help it.

"And why must you have a water-bag?" she asked, for asking's sake.

"Oh, we never go without one in this heat. The boss won't let us. So of course I went and forgot mine! I'm no good in the bush, Miss Bethune!"

"Not even at mustering?" asked sympathetic Moya.

"Why, Miss Bethune, that's the hardest part of the lot, and it's where I'm least use. It's my sight," said the young fellow, ruefully; "I'm as blind as a mole. You ought to be able to see sheep at three miles, but I can't swear to them at three hundred yards."

"That's a draw-back," said Moya, looking thoughtfully at the lad.

"It is," sighed he. "Then I haven't a dog, when I do see 'em; altogether it's no sinecure for me, though they do give me the fence; and—and I'm afraid I really ought to be making a start, Miss Bethune!"

The outward eye of Moya was still fixed upon him, but what it really saw was herself upon that lonely verandah all day long—waiting for the next nice development—and waiting alone.

"I have excellent eyes," she observed at length.

"To say the least!" cried her cavalier.

"I meant for practical purposes," rejoined Moya, with severity.

"I am sure that I could see sheep at three miles!"

"I shouldn't wonder," said he, enviously.

"And I see you have a spare horse in the yard."

"Yes, in case of accidents."

"And I know you have a lady's saddle."

"It was got for you."

Moya winced, but her desire was undiminished.

"I mean to be the accident, Mr. Ives," said she.

"And come mustering?" he cried. "And be my—my——"

"The very eyes of you," said Moya, nodding. "I shall be ready in three minutes!"

And she left him staring, and bereft of breath, but flushed as much with pleasure as with the rosy glow of the Riverina sunrise which fell upon him even as she spoke; she was on the verandah before he recovered his self-possession.

"Your horse'll be ready in two!" he bawled, and rushed to make good his word. Moya had to remind him of the water-bag after all.

First and last she had not delayed him so very long, and the red blob of a sun was but clear of the horizon when they obtained their first unimpeded view of it. This was when they looked back from the gate leading into Butcher-boy; the homestead pines still ran deep into the red, and an ink-pot would still have yielded their line.

In Butcher-boy, which was three miles across, there was nothing for them to do but to ride after their shadows and to talk as they rode, neck and neck, along the fluted yellow ribbon miscalled a road, between tufts of sea-green and saltbush and far-away clumps of trees.

"I wish I wasn't such a duffer in the bush," said Ives, resolved to make the most of the first lady he had met for months. "The rum thing is that I'm frightfully keen on the life."

"Are you really?" queried Moya, and she was interested on her own account, for what might have been.

"Honestly," said Ives, "though I begin to see it isn't the life for me. The whole thing appeals to one, somehow; getting up in the middle of the night (though it was an awful bore), running up the horses

(though I can't even crack a stock-whip), and just now the station trees against the sunrise. It's so open and fresh and free, and unlike everything else; it gets at me to the core; but, of course, they don't give me my rations for that."

"Should you really like to spend all your days here?"

"No; but I shouldn't be surprised if I were to spend half my nights here for the term of my natural life; I shall come back to these paddocks in my dreams. I can't tell why, but I feel it in my bones; it's the light, the smell, the extraordinary sense of space, and all the little things as well. The dust and scuttle of the sheep when two or three are gathered together; it's really beastly, but I shall smell them and hear them till I die."

Moya glanced sidelong at her companion, and all was enthusiasm behind the dusty spectacles. There was something in this new chum after all. Moya wondered what.

"You're not going to stick to it, then?"

Ives laughed.

"I'm afraid it won't stick to me. I can't see sheep, I'm no real good with horses, and I couldn't even keep the station books; the owner said my education had been sadly neglected (one for Rugby, that was!), when he was up here the other day. It's only through Mr. Rigden's good-nature that I'm hanging on, and because I—can't tear myself away!"

"And what do you think of doing eventually?"

"Oh, I don't know. I shall go home again, I suppose; I only came out for the voyage. After that, goodness knows; I was no real use at school either."

Insensibly the rocking-chair canter of the bush horses had lapsed into the equally easy amble which is well-nigh their one alternative; and the shadows were shortening, and the back of the neck and the ears were beginning to burn. The jackeroo was sweeping the horizon for pure inexplicable delight in its dirty greens and yellows; but he had quite forgotten that he ought already to have been scouring it for sheep.

"And so the boss is good-natured, is he?" said Moya, she could not have told herself why; for she would not have admitted that it could afford her any further satisfaction to hear his praises.

"Good-natured?" cried the jackeroo. "He's all that and much more; there's not a grander or a straighter chap in Riverina, and we all swear by him; but—well, he is the boss, and let's you know it."

A masterful man; and Moya had wanted her master all these years! She asked no more questions, and they rode a space in silence, Ives glancing sidelong in his turn, and in his heart congratulating Rigden more and more.

"By Jove," he cried at last. "I think I shall have to get you to use your influence on my behalf!"

"For what?" asked Moya, wincing again.

"Another chance! They mustn't give me the sack just yet—I must be here when you come. It's the one thing we need—a lady. It's the one thing *he* needs to make him as nearly perfect as it's comfortable for other people for a man to be. And I simply must be here to see."

"Let's canter," said Moya. The blood came rushing to his face.

"I apologize," he cried. "It was horrid cheek of me, I know."

Moya's reassuring smile was all kindly, and not all forced; indeed the tears were very close to the surface, and she could not trust herself to say much.

"Not cheek at all," was what she did say, with vigour. "Only—you'll change your mind."

With that her eyes glistened, for an instant; and young Ives loved her himself. But neither of them was sorry when another gate grew large above the horses' ears, with posts and wires dwindling into perspective on either side to mark the eastern frontier of Big Bushy.

#### VIII.

##### THE KIND OF LIFE.

"Now what do we do, Mr. Ives?"

He had shut the gate and joined her on a sandy eminence, whence Moya was seeking to prove the excellence of her eyesight at the very outset. But the paddock had not got its name for nothing; it was overrun with the sombre scrub, short and thick as lichen on a rock; and from the open spaces no sheep swam into Moya's ken.

"Turn sharp to the left, and follow the fence," replied the jackeroo.

"But I can't see a solitary sheep!"

"No, because you're looking slap into the paddock; that's the ground the others are going over, and they've already cleared it as far as we can see for the scrub. Each man takes his own line of country from this gate to the one opposite—seven miles away—and collects every hoof on the way. My line is the left-hand fence. Got to keep it in sight, and drive everything down it, and right round to the gate."

"Well, my line is yours," said Moya, smiling; and they struck off together from the track.

"It's the long way round, but we can't miss it," said Ives; "all we have to do is to hug the fence. Slightly inglorious, but I'd rather that than make a fool of myself in the middle."

"Is it so very difficult to ride straight through the bush?"

"The most difficult thing in the world. Why, only the other week——"

"I see some!"



The girl was pointing with her riding-switch, to make other use of it next instant. Her mount, a shaggy-looking roan mare, as yet imperfectly appreciated by Moya, proved unexpectedly open to persuasion, and found her gallop in a stride. Ives followed, though he could see nothing but sand and saltbush in the direction indicated. Sheep there were, however, and a fair mob of them, whose behavior was worthy of their kind. In all docility they stood until the last instant, then broke into senseless stampede with the horses at their stubby tails.

"Round them up," cried Ives, "but look out! That mare can turn in her own length, and will when they stop!"

The warning was timely to the very second; almost simultaneously the sheep stopped dead, and round spun both horses as in the air. Moya jerked and swayed, but kept her seat. Ives headed the mob for the fence, and for the moment the nonsense was out of them.

"Bravo Miss Bethune!" said he. "You'll make a better bushman than ever I should."

Moya clouded like an April sky; the instant before she had been deliciously flushed and excited. Her companion, however, was happily intent upon his sheep.

"That's the way to start," he said, "with fifty or sixty at one swoop; you can work a mob like that; it's the five or six that give the trouble. I have reason to know! There's a corner of one of the paddocks in our South Block where a few of the duffers have a meet every morning, just because there's some water they can smell across the fence; won't draw to their own water, at the opposite corner of their own paddock, not they! No, there they'd stick and die of thirst if one of us wasn't sent to rout them out. It was my billet every day last week, and a tougher one I never want. One time there was less than half-a-dozen of 'em; think of driving five weak sheep through eight or nine miles of scrub without a dog! It would be ten miles if I followed both fences religiously; but I'm getting so that I can cut off a pretty fair corner. Yes, it's pretty hard graft, as they say up here, a day like that; but your water-bag holds nectar, while it lasts; and may your wedding-cake taste as good as the bit of brownie under a pine, Miss Bethune!"

"What's brownie?" asked Moya, hastily.

"Raisins and baking-powder," said Ives, with a laugh; "but I've got enough for two in my pocket, so you shall sample it whenever you like. By the way, aren't you thirsty yet?"

Moya was.

"It's the dust from the sheep, which you profess to relish, Mr. Ives!"

"Only because it's like no other dust," explained the connoisseur. "And water-bag water's like no other kind."

The canvas bag was wet and heavy as he detached it from the saddle



and handed it to Moya after drawing the cork from the glass mouth-piece; and from the latter Moya drank as to the manor born, the moist bag shrinking visibly between her hands.

"Steady!" cried Ives, "or we shall perish of thirst before we strike the gate. Well, what do you think of it?"

"A little canvassy, but I never tasted anything cooler; or more delicious," said Moya in all sincerity, for already the sun was high, and the dry heat of it stupendous.

The jackeroo sighed as he replaced the cork after a very modest sip.

"Ah!" said he, "I wish we were taking sheep to water in the paddock I was telling you about! Long before you get to *their* water, you strike a covered-in tank, that is if you cut off your corner properly and hit the other fence in the right place. It's really more like a well, without much water in it, but with a rope and a bucket with a hole in it. That bucket's the thing! You fill it a bumper, but it runs out faster than it comes up, and you're lucky if you can pour a wine-glassful into the crown of your hat; but that wine-glassful's sweeter than the last drop from the bag; it's sweeter than honey from the honeycomb, and I shall say so all my life!"

The boy's enthusiasm was very hard on Moya. It pricked every impression deep in her heart forever; she caught the contagion of his acute receptivity, upon which the veriest trifles stamped themselves with indelible definition; and it was the same with her. She felt that she should never quite lose the sharp sensations of this one day of real bush life, her first and her last.

Down the fence they fell in with frequent stragglers, and the mob absorbed them in its sweep; then Moya made a sortie to the right, and Ives lost sight of her through the cloud of dust in which she rode, till the beat of hoofs came back with a scuttle of trotters, and the mob was swollen by a score at least, and the thickening cloud pierced by Moya radiant with success. Her habit was powdered as with sullen gold, and the brown gold streamed in strands from her adorable head. Ives worshipped her across the yellow gulf between their horses.

"Where's the dog?" she asked. "I'm certain that I heard one barking!"

He turned his head, and she heard it again, while the lagging rear-guard broke into a run.

"Yet you say you are no bushman!" remonstrated Moya. "No wonder you can do without a four-wheeled dog!"

"It's my one worthy accomplishment," said the barker, modestly; "picked it up in that other paddock; simply dumb with it, sometimes, when I strike the covered-in well I was telling you about. But here we are at the corner; there's a seven-mile fence to travel now, and then as much again as we've done already. Sure you can stand it, Miss Bethune?"

"Is there any water on the way, in case we ran short?" queried Moya. Ives considered.

"Well, there's an abandoned whim in the far corner, at the end of this fence; the hut's a ruin, but the four-hundred-gallon tank belonging to it was left good for the sake of anybody who might turn up thirsty. Of course it may be empty, but we'll see."

"We'll chance it, Mr. Ives, and have another drink now!"

For it was nearing noon, and beyond the reek of the travelling mob, now some couple of hundred strong, the lower air quivered as though molten metal lay cooling in the sand. Moya had long since peeled off her riding-gloves, and already the backs of her hands were dreadfully inflamed. But the day would be her first and last in the real bush. She would see it through. She never felt inclined to turn back, but once, and that was when a sheep fell gasping by the way, its eyes glazed and the rattle in its neck. Moya insisted on the remnant of water being poured down its throat, and the tears were on her cheeks when they rounded up the mob once more, leaving a carcass behind them after all, and the blue crows settling on the fence.

Otherwise the seven miles were uneventful travelling, for even Moya's eyes discerned few more sheep on the right side of the fence; across the wires to the left was the long and ragged edge of a forest so dense (though low) that Moya, riding with Ives at the tail of the mob, said she was not surprised to see no sheep at all on the wrong side of the fence.

"Oh, but that's not Eureka over there," explained Ives; "that's the worst bit of country in the whole of Riverina. No one will take it up; it's simply fenced in by the fences of the blocks all round."

Moya asked what it was called. The name seemed familiar to her. It was Blind Man's Block.

"Ah! I know," she said presently, suppressing a sigh. "I heard them speaking of it on the verandah last night."

"Yes, Spicer was advising your brother to sample it if he wanted an adventure; but don't you let him, Miss Bethune. I wouldn't lose sight of the fence in Blind Man's Block for all I'm ever likely to be worth; there was a man's skeleton found there just before I came, and heaven knows how many there are that never will be found. Aha! there's the whim at last. I'm jolly glad!"

"So am I," said Moya, with a little shudder; and she fixed her eyes upon some bold black timbers that cut the sky like a scaffold a mile or two ahead; yet more than once her eyes returned to the line of dingy scrub across the fence to the left, as if fascinated by its sinister repute.

"We must bustle them along, by Jove!" exclaimed Ives, and he yelped and barked with immediate effect. "You can't do more than a couple of miles an hour with sheep; and at that rate we shan't be at the

gate much before three o'clock; for I see that it's already close upon one."

"But how do you see it?" asked Moya, curiously. "I've never seen you look at a watch?"

Ives smiled, for he had led up to the question, and was about to show off in one of the few phases of the bushman's craft which he had succeeded in mastering.

"The fences are my watch," said he; "they happen to run due east and west and north and south on this station. This one is north and south. So at noon the shadows of the post lie exactly under the wires: put your head between 'em, and when the bottom wire bisects the shadow it's as near noon as you would make it with a quadrant and sextant. The rest comes by practice. Another dodge is to put a stick plumb in the ground and watch when the shadow is shortest; that's your meridian."

"Yet you say you are no good in the bush!"

"I have two of the unnecessary qualifications, Miss Bethune, and I've taken care to let you see them both," laughed the open youth. "My only other merit as a bushman is a good rule which I'm sorry to say I've broken through talking to you. I always have my lunch at twelve under the biggest tree in sight. And I think we shall find something in that pine-ridge within a cooee on the right."

But they could not find shade for two, and Moya voted the pine-tree a poor parasol; whereupon her companion showed off still further by squatting under the very girths of his horse, but once more spoilt his own effect by confessing that they gave him the quietest horse on the station. So the two of them divided bread and meat and "browny" for one, of which Moya expressed approval; but not until she was asked; for she was not herself during this interval of inaction, or rather she was herself once more. Care indeed had ridden behind her all the morning; but now the black imp was back before her troubled eyes, and for the moment they could see nothing. But Ives began to see, and to wonder what in the world it could be. She was engaged to one of the best of good fellows. She took to the bush as to her proper element, and but now had seemed enchanted with her foretaste of the life. Why then the grim contour of so sweet a face, the indignant defiance in the brooding eyes? Ives thought and thought until his youthful egoism assumed the blame, and he shot from his precarious shelter, all anxiety and remorse.

"What a brute I am! You're simply perishing of thirst!"

Moya colored, but had the wit to accept his construction.

"Well, it isn't your fault, at any rate, Mr. Ives."

"But I might have ridden on and filled the bag; there's certain to be something in the tank at the hut."

"Then let's ride on together."

"No, you ride ahead and fill the water-bag! It'll save time, Miss Bethune, because I can be cutting off the corner with the mob."

But the mob had first to be rounded up, for it had split and scattered, and over a square mile every inch of shade was covered by a crawling fleece. The mounted Ives made a circuit with his patent yelp, and each tuft and bush shook out its pure merino. It was harder work to head them off the fence at an angle of forty-five, and to aim for the other fence before a post of it was discernible by near-sighted eyes. Ives was too busy to follow Moya's excursion, but he was not less delighted than amazed at the speed with which she returned from the hut.

"Food riding, Miss Bethune! A drink, a drink, my kingdom——"  
Moya's face stopped him.

"I'm sorry to say I've got nothing for you to drink, Mr. Ives."

Ives licked the roof of his mouth, but tried to be heroic.

"Well, have you had some yourself?"

"No. I—the fact is I couldn't see the tank."

"Not see the tank! Why, you ought to be able to see it from here; no, it's on the other side; give me the bag!"

"What for?" asked Moya, more startled than he saw.

"I'll go this time. You stay with the sheep."

"But what's the good of going if the tank has been removed? If I couldn't see it I'm sure you can't," said Moya bluntly.

"Did you ride right up?"

"Of course I did."

And Moya smiled.

"Well, at all events there's the whim-water. It's rather brackish——"

"Thank you," said Moya, smiling still.

"But I thought you were knocked up with thirst? I am, I can tell you. And it's only rather salt—that's why we've given up using that whim. But it's not salt enough to make you dotty!"

Moya maintained the kindly demeanor which she had put on with her smile; it cost her an effort, however.

"Go on your own account, by all means," said she; "but not on mine, for I shan't touch a drop. I'm really not so thirsty as you suppose; let me set you an example of endurance, Mr. Ives!"

That was enough for him. He was spurring and yelping round his mob next moment. But Moya did not watch him; she had turned in her saddle to take a last look at the black hieroglyph of a whim, with the little iron roof blazing beside it in the sun. She even shaded her eyes with one sunburnt hand, as if to assure herself that she had made no mistake.

"So the whim is abandoned, and the hut unoccupied?"

"Yes, ever since Mr. Rigden has been manager. I hear it was one of his first improvements."

They had struck the farther fence, and the mob was well in hand along the wires. Moya and the jackeroo were ambling leisurely behind, and nothing could have been more natural than Moya's questions.

"And the hut is unoccupied?" was her next.

"Quite; as a matter of fact it's unfit for occupation."

"Yet you wanted me to drink the water!"

"That might have been all right; besides any water's better than none when you're as thirsty as I thought you were."

Moya said no more about her thirst; it was intolerable; but they must be getting near the gate at last. She was silent for a time, a time of imaginative torment, for her mind ran on the latter end of such sufferings as she was beginning to endure. She was just uncomfortable enough to have a dreadful inkling of the stages between discomfort and death.

"It's a pity not to use the hut," she said at length.

"I believe it was more bother than the class of water was worth," returned Ives. "Yes, now I think of it, I remember hearing that they couldn't get men to stay there. Blind Man's Block used to give them the creeps. They're frightfully superstitious, these back-blockers!"

"I'm not surprised," said Moya, with a shudder. "I never want to see Blind Man's Block again, or the hut either."

"But you will, you know!" the jackeroo reminded her. And that put an end to the conversation.

Over a thousand sheep were at the gate waiting for them, with half-a-dozen horses and as many men. Of course Ives was the last to arrive with his mob, but the goodly numbers of the latter combined with the amazing apparition of Moya to save her friend from the reprimand he seldom failed to earn. Rigden came galloping to meet them, and for both men's sake Moya treated him prettily enough in front of Ives. Even through that day's coat of red, Rigden glowed, and told Ives that he should make something of him yet. His water-bag was not quite empty, and Moya had enough to make her long for more as she cantered with the bag to Ives, who had forged discreetly ahead.

"Don't let him know we went so long without, Mr. Ives!"

And his cracked lips were sealed upon the subject forever.

"Of course you cut off the corner, and didn't go right round by the hut?" said Rigden, riding up; and the jackeroo felt justified in speaking strictly for himself; and thought it so like Miss Bethune not to compromise him by saying how near to the hut they had been; for she said nothing at all.

"And now you shall see a count-out," said Rigden, in better spirits than ever, "as soon as we've boxed the mobs."



"Boxed them!" cried Moya. "Where?"

"Joined them, I mean. To think of your coming mustering of your own accord, Moya!"

His voice had fallen; she did not lower hers.

"It's one of the most interesting days I've ever had," she informed all within hearing; "now let me see the end of it, and I'll go back happy."

The adjective was not convincing, but Rigden would not let it dishearten him; the very fact of her presence was the end of his despair.

"I met one of our rabbiters, and arranged for tea at his tent," he said. "He little expects a lady, but you'll have to come."

The prospect had material attractions which Moya was much too honest to deny. "Then make haste and count!" was what she said.

And that followed which appealed to Moya more than all that had gone before. The gate gaped wide, and Rigden on foot put his back to one post. The rest kept their saddles, and began gently rounding up the mob, until they formed a pear-shaped island of consolidated wool, with the headland stretching almost to Rigden's feet. He turned and beckoned to the jackeroo.

"Tally, Ives!"

"Tally, sir," the jackeroo rejoined, and urged his horse to the front. He had managed to drift back to Moya's side, to insure her complete appreciation of a manœuvre he delighted in, but at the word of command he was gone without a glance, and visible responsibility settled on his rigid shoulders.

Real dogs kept the mob together, but the head stood stubborn at the gate, with none to lead the way till Rigden touched the foremost fleece with his toe and the race began. Slowing and singly at the start, as the first grains slip through the hour-glass; by wondering twos and threes, as the reluctant leaders were seen alive and well in the farther paddock; thereafter by the dozen abreast, so far as the ordinary eye could judge; but Rigden's was the only one that knew, as he stood in the gateway, beating time to the stampede with raised forefinger, and nodding it with bent head.

"Hundred!" he called after the first half-minute, and "hundred!" in quarter-of-a-minute more, while Ives raised a hand each time and played five-finger exercises with the other hand upon his thigh. At the same time Rigden vanished in a yellow cloud, whence his voice came quicker and thicker, crying hundred after hundred above the dull din of a scuffling and scuttling as of a myriad mice heard through a microphone. And the dusty fleeces disappeared on one side of the cloud to reappear on the other until all were through.

"And seventy-two!" concluded Rigden hoarsely. "How many, Ives?"

"Two thousand, one hundred and seventy-two," replied the jackeroo, promptly.

"Sure?"

"Certain, sir."

"And so am I," said Moya, riding forward, "for I kept tally too. Yes, the hundreds are all right; but nothing will convince me that they *were* hundreds; you might as well count the falling drops in a shower!"

Rigden smiled as he wiped the yellow deposit from his scarlet face.

"I may be one per cent. out," said he; "but if I'm more I deserve the sack."

So Moya allowed that it was the most marvellous performance her own eyes had even seen; and these were full of an unconscious admiration for Rigden and his prowess; but Rigden was conscious of it, and his chin lifted, and his jaw set, and his burnt face glowed again.

Two of the musterers were told off to take the sheep to their new tank, for their own dust had set them bleating for a drink; the rest lit their pipes and turned their horses' heads for home; but Ives was instructed to stop at the rabbitier's camp and tell him whom to expect.

"It would be unfair to spring you on the poor chap," said Rigden to Moya.

Ives also had a last word to say to her, but he had to say it before the boss.

"That was something to see, wasn't it, Miss Bethune? Doesn't it make you keener than ever on the bush? Or isn't that possible?"

And he took off his wideawake as he shot ahead; but Rigden and Moya rode on together without speaking.

## IX.

### PAX IN BELLO.

IN happier circumstances the rabbitier's camp would have had less charms for Moya. Its strings of rabbit-skins would have offended two senses, and she would have objected openly to its nondescript dogs. The tent among the trees would never have struck Moya as a covetable asylum, while the rabbitier himself, on his haunches over the fire, could not have failed to impress her as a horrid old man and nothing else. He was certainly very ragged, and dirty, and hot; and he never said "sir," or "miss," or "glad to see you." Yet he could cook a chop to the fraction of a turn; and Moya could eat it off his own tin platter; and drink tea by the pint out of a battered pannikin, with no milk in it, but more brown sugar than enough. The tea, indeed, she went so far as to commend in perfectly sincere superlatives.

"Oh, the tea's not so dusty," said the rabbitier, grimly; "it didn't ought to be at the price you charge for it in your store, mister! But the



tea don't matter so much; it's the water's the thing; and what's the matter with the water in these here tanks, that you should go shifting all your sheep, Mr. Rigden?"

This was obviously Rigden's business, and Moya, pricking an involuntary ear, thought that he might have said so in as many words. But Rigden knew his type, and precisely when and in what measure to ignore its good-humored effrontery.

"It's the sort of thing to do in time, or not at all," said he. "You catch me wait till my sheep begin to bog!"

"Bog!" cried the rabbit. "Who said they were beginning to bog? I tell you there's tons of good water in this here tank; you come and look!"

And he made as if to lead the way to the long yellow lip of excavation that showed through the clump. But Rigden shook his head and smiled, under two scrutinies; and this time he did say that he knew his own business best; but his manner betrayed no annoyance.

Moya, however, contrived to obtain a glimpse of the water as they rode away. It looked cool and plentiful in the slanting sunlight—a rippling parallelogram flecked with gold. There was very little mud about the margin.

"So it is quite an event, this mustering?"

The question had been carefully considered over a mile or so of lengthening shadows, with the cool hand of evening on their brows already. It was intended to lead up to another question, which, however, Rigden's reply was so fortunate as to defer.

"Oh, it's nothing to some of our other functions," said he.

And Moya experienced such a twinge of jealousy that she was compelled to ask what those functions were, otherwise she would never know.

"First and foremost there's the shearing; if this interests you, I wonder what you'll think of that?" speculated Rigden, exactly as though they had no quarrel. "It's the thing to see," he continued, with deliberate enthusiasm; "it means mustering the whole run, that does, and travelling mob after mob to the shed; and then the drafting; that's another thing for you to see, though it's nothing to the scene in the shed. But it's no good telling you about that till you've seen the shed itself. We shore thirty-eight thousand last year. I was over the board myself. Two dozen shearers and a round dozen of roustabouts."

"I'm afraid it's Greek to me," interrupted Moya, dryly; but she wished it was not.

"No swearing allowed in the shed; half-a-crown fine each time; that very old ruffian who gave us tea just now had said it was a *lapsus linguae* when I fined him! You never know what they've been, not even the roughest of them. But to come back to the shed: no smoking except at given times when they all knock off for quarter-of-an-hour, and the

cook's boy comes down the board with pannikins of tea and shearer's buns. Oh, they do themselves well, these chaps, I can tell you; give their cook half-a-crown a week per head, and see he earns it. Then there's a couple of wool-pressers, a wool-sorter from Geelong, Ives branding the bales, Spicer seeing the drays loaded and keeping general tally, and the boss of the shed with his eye on everything and everybody. Oh, yes, a great sight for you, your first shearing!"

Moya shook her head without speaking, but Rigden was silenced at last. He had rattled on and on with the hope of reawakening her enthusiasm first, then her sympathy, then—but no! He could not keep it up unaided; he must have some encouragement, and she gave him none. He relapsed into silence, but presently proposed a canter. And this brought Moya to her point as last.

"Cantering won't help us," she cried; "do let's be frank! It's partly my fault for beating about the bush; it set you off talking against time, and you know it! But we aren't anywhere near the station yet, and there's one thing you *are* going to tell me before we get there. Why did you move those sheep?"

Rigden was taken aback.

"You heard me tell that rabbitier," he replied at length.

"But not the truth," said Moya, bluntly. "You know you don't usually have these musters at a moment's notice; you know there was no occasion for one to-day. Do let us have the truth in this one instance—that—that I may think a little better of you, Pelham!"

It was the first time that she had called him by any name since the very beginning of their quarrel. And her voice had softened. And for one instant her hand stretched across and lay upon his arm.

"Very well!" he said brusquely. "It was to cover up some tracks."

"Thank you," said Moya; and her tone surprised him, it was so free from irony, so earnest, so convincing in its simple sincerity.

"Why do you thank me?" he asked, suspiciously.

"I like to be trusted," she said. "And I like to be told the truth."

"If only you would trust me!" he cried from his heart. "From the first I have told you all I could, and only asked you to believe that I was acting for the best in all the rest. That I can say; according to my lights I am still acting for the best. I may have done wrong legally, but morally I have not. I have simply sheltered and shielded a fellow creature who has already suffered out of all proportion to his fault; but I admit that I have done the thing thoroughly. Yes, I'll be frank with you there. I gave him a start last night on my own horse, as indeed you know. I laid a false scent first; then I arranged this muster simply and solely to destroy the real scent. I don't know that it was necessary; but I do know that neither the police nor anybody else will ever get on

his tracks in Big Bushy; there have been too many horses over the same ground to-day."

There was a grim sort of triumph in his tone, which Moya came near to sharing in her heart; she felt that she could and would share it, if only he would tell her all.

"Why keep him in Big Bushy?" she quietly inquired.

"Keep him there?" reiterated Rigden. "Who's doing so, Moya?"

"I don't know; but he was there this morning."

"This morning?"

"Yes, in the hut. I saw him."

"You saw him in the hut? The fool!" cried Rigden. "So he let you see him! Did you speak to him?"

"No, thank you," said Moya, with unaffected disgust. "I was riding up to see whether there was any water at the hut. I turned my horse straight round, and did without."

"And didn't Ives see him?"

"No, he was with the sheep; when I joined him and said I could see no tank (which was perfectly true) he wanted to go back for the water himself."

She stopped abruptly.

"Well?"

"I wouldn't let him," said Moya. "That's all."

She rode on without glancing on either hand. Dark had fallen; there were no more shadows. The sun had set behind them; but Moya still felt the glow she could not see; and it was in like manner that she was aware also of Rigden's long gaze.

"The second time," he said softly at last.

"The second time what?"

This tone was sharp.

"That you've come to my rescue, Moya."

"That I've descended to your level, you mean!"

He caught her rein angrily.

"You've no right to say that without knowing!"

"Whose fault is it that I don't know?"

He loosed her rein and caught her hand instead, and held it against all resistance. Yet Moya did not resist. He hurt her, and she welcomed the pain.

"Moya, I would tell you this moment if I thought it would be for your good and mine. It wouldn't—so why should I? It is something that you would never, never forgive!"

"You mean the secret of this man's hold upon you?"

"Yes," he said, after a pause.

"You are wrong," said Moya quickly. "It shows how little you know me! I could forgive anything—anything—that is past and over."

Anything but your refusal to trust me . . . when as you say yourself . . . I have twice over . . .”

She was shaking in her saddle, in a fit of suppressed sobbing the more violent for its very silence. In the deep gloaming it might have been an ague that had seized her; but some tears fell upon his hand holding hers; and next moment that arm was round her waist. Luckily the horses were tired out. And so for a little her head lay on his shoulder as though there were no space between, the while he whispered in her ear with all the eloquence he possessed, and all the passion she desired.

She must trust him in this, else indeed let her never trust him with her life! But she would—she would? Surely one secret withheld was not to part them for all time! And she loved the place after all, he could see that she loved it, nor did she deny it when he paused; she would love the life, he saw that too, and again there was no denial. They had been so happy yesterday! They could be so happy all their lives! But for that it was not necessary that they should tell each other everything. It was not as if he was going to question her right to have and to keep secrets of her own. She was welcome to as many as ever she liked. He happened to know, for example (as a matter of fact, it was notorious), that he was not the first man whom she had fancied she cared about. But did he ask questions about the others? Well, then, she should remember that in his favor. And yet—and yet—she had stood nobly by him in spite of all her feelings! And yes, she had earned the right to know more—to know all—when he remembered that he was risking his liberty and her happiness, and that she had countenanced the risk in her own despite! Ah! if only he were sure of her and her forgiveness; if only he were sure!

“You talk as though you had committed some crime yourself,” said Moya; “well, I don’t care if you have, so long as you tell me all about it. There is nothing I wouldn’t forgive—nothing upon earth—except such secrets from the woman you profess to love!”

She had got rid of his arm some time before this, but their hands were still joined in the deepening twilight, until at this he dropped hers suddenly.

“Profess!” he echoed. “Profess, do I? You know better than that, at all events! Upon my soul I’ve a good mind to tell you after that, and chance the consequences!”

His anger charmed her, as the anger of the right man should charm the right woman. And this time it was she who sought his hand.

“Then tell me now,” she whispered. “And you shall see how you have misjudged me!”

It was hard on Moya that he was not listening, for she had used no such tone towards him these four-and-twenty hours. And he *was* listening, but to another sound which reached her also in the pause. It was

the thud and jingle of approaching horsemen. Another minute and the white trappings of the mounted policeman showed through the dusk.

"That you, Mr. Rigden?" said a queer voice for the sergeant. "Can you give us a word, please?"

Rigden had but time to glance at Moya.

"I'll ride on slowly," she said at once; and she rode on the better part of a mile, leaving the way entirely to her good bush steed. At last there was quite a thunder of overtaking hoofs, and Rigden reined up beside her, with the sergeant not far behind. Moya looked round, and the sergeant was without his men at tactful range.

"Do they guess anything?" whispered Moya.

"Not they!"

"Sure the others haven't gone on to scour Big Bushy?"

"No, only to cross it on their way back. They've given it up, Moya! The sergeant's just coming back for dinner."

His tone had been more triumphant before his triumph was certain, but Moya did not notice this.

"I'm so glad," she whispered, half mischievously, and caught his hand under the cloud of early night.

"Are you?" said Rigden, wistfully. "Then I suppose you'll say you're glad about something else. You won't be when the time comes! But now it's all over you shall have your way, Moya; come for a stroll after dinner, and I'll tell you—everything!"

## X.

### THE TRUTH BY INSTALMENTS.

He told her with his back against the gate leading into Butcher-boy. Moya heard him and stood still. Behind her rose the station pines, and through the pines peeped hut and house, in shadow below, but with each particular roof like a clean table-cloth in the glare of the risen moon. A high light or so showed in the verandah underneath; this was Bethune's shirt-front, that the sergeant's breeches, and those transitory red-hot pin-heads their cigars. Rigden had superb sight. He could see all this at something like a furlong's range. Yet all that he did see was Moya with the moon behind her, a feathery and white silhouette, edged with a greater whiteness, and crowned as with gold.

"Your father!"

"Yes, I am his son and heir!"

Her tone was low with grief and horror, but his was unintentionally sardonic. It jarred upon the woman and reacted against the man. Moya's first feelings had been undefiled by self; but in an instant her tears were poised at their fount.

"And you told me your father was dead!"

The new note was one of the eternal scale between man and woman. It was the note of unbridled reproach.

"Never in so many words, I think," said Rigden, unfortunately.

"In so many words!" echoed Moya, but the sneer was her last. "I hate such contemptible distinctions!" she cried out honestly. "Better have cheated me wholesale, as you did the police; at any rate there was something thorough about that!"

"And I hope that you can now see some excuse for it," rejoined Rigden with more point.

"For that, yes!" cried Moya at once. "Oh, dear, yes, no one can blame you for screening your own father! I forgive you for cheating the police—it would have been unnatural not to—but I never, never shall forgive you for what *was* unnatural—cheating *me*!"

Rigden took a sharper tone.

"You are too fond of that word," said he, "and I object to it as between me and you."

"You have earned it, though!"

"I deny it. I simply held my tongue about a tragedy in my own family which you could gain nothing by knowing. There was no cheating in that."

"I disagree with you!" said Moya very hotly, but he went on as though she had spoken.

"You speak as though I had hushed up something in my own life. Can't you see the difference? He was convicted under another name; it was a thing nobody knew but ourselves; nobody need ever have known. Or so I thought," he ended in a wretched voice.

But Moya was outwardly unmoved.

"All the more reason why you should have told me, and trusted me," she insisted.

"God knows I thought of it! But I knew the difference it would make. And I was right!"

It was his turn to be bitter, and Moya's to regain complete control.

"So you think it's that that makes the difference now?"

"Of course it is."

"Would you believe me if I assured you it was not?"

"No; you might think so; but I know."

"You know singularly little about women," said Moya after a pause.

And her tone shook him. But he said that he could only judge by the way she had taken it now.

There was another pause in which the proud girl wrestled with her pride. But at last she told him he was very dull. And she drew a little nearer, with the ghost of other looks amid her tears.

But the moon was behind her still.

And Rigden was very dull indeed.



"You had better tell me everything, and give me a chance," she said, dryly.

"What's the use, when the mere fact is enough?"

"I never said it was."

"Oh, Moya, but you know it must be. Think of your people!"

"Why should I?"

"They will have to know!"

"I don't see it."

"Ah, but they will," said Rigden, with dire conviction. And though the change in Moya was now apparent even to Rigden, it wrought no answering change in him; on the contrary, he fell into a brown study, with dull eyes fixed no longer upon Moya, but on the high lights in the verandah far away.

"There's so little to tell," he said at length. "It was a runaway match, and a desperately bad bargain for my dear mother, yet by no means the unhappy marriage you would suppose. I have that from her own dear lips, and I don't think it so extraordinary as I did once. A bad man may still be the one man for a good woman, and make her happier than the best of good fellows; it was so in their case. My father was and is a bad man; there's no mincing the matter. I've stood by him for what he is to me, not for what he is in himself, for he has gone from bad to worse like most prisoners. He was in trouble when he married my mother; the police were on his tracks even then; they came out here under a false name."

"And your name?" said Moya, pertinently yet not unkindly; indeed she was standing close beside him now.

"That is not false," said Rigden. "My mother used it from the time of her trouble. She would not bring me up under an alias; but she took care not to let his people or hers get wind of her existence; never wrote them a line in her poorest days, though her people would have taken her back—without him! That wouldn't do for my mother. Yet nothing else was possible. He was sent to the hulks for life."

Moya's face, turned to the light at last, was shining like the moon itself; and the tears in her eyes were tears of enthusiasm, almost of pride.

"It was fine of her!" she said, and caught his hand.

"She *was* fine," he answered simply. Yet Moya's hand had no effect. He looked at it wistfully, but let it go without an answering clasp. And the girl's pride bled again.

She hardly heard his story after that. Yet it was a story to hear. The villain had not been a villain of the meaner dye, but one of parts, courage among them.

"There have been no bushrangers in your time," said Rigden; "but you may have heard of them?"

"I remember all about the Kellys," said honest Moya. "I'm not so young as all that; of course they were in my time."

"Did you ever hear of Captain Bovill?"

"I know the name, but nothing more."

"I am glad of that," said Rigden, grimly. "It is the name by which my unhappy father is going down to Australian history as one of its most notorious criminals. The gold-fields were the beginning of the end of him, as of many a better man; he could not get enough out of his claim, so he took it from an Escort under arms. There was a whole band of them, and they were all taken at last; but it was not the last of Captain Bovill. You have seen the old hulk *Success*? He was one of the prisoners who seized the launch and killed a warder and a sailor between them; he was one of those sentenced to death and afterwards reprieved. That was in '56; the next year they murdered the Inspector-General; and he was tried for that with fifteen others, but he got off with his neck. He only spoilt his last chance of legal freedom in this life; so he tried to escape again and again; and at last he has succeeded!"

The son's tone was little in keeping with his act, but the incongruity was very human. There was Moya beside him in the moonlight, but for the last time, whatever she might say or think! And her mind was working visibly.

"Why didn't the police say who it was they were after?" she cried of a sudden; and the blame was back in her voice, for she had found it new shoulders.

Rigden smiled sadly.

"Don't you see?" he said. "Don't you remember what Harkness said at the start about my fellows harbouring him? But he told me that evening—to think that it was only last night!—as a great secret and a tremendous piece of news. The fact is that my unhappy father was more than notorious in his day; he was popular; and popular sympathy has been the bugbear of the police ever since the Kellys. Not that he has much sympathy from me!" cried Rigden all at once. "Not that I'm acting altogether from a sense of filial duty, however mistaken; no, you shan't run away with any false ideas. It was one for him and two for myself! He had the whip-hand of me, and let me know it; if I gave him away, he'd have given me!"

"If only you had let him; if only you had trusted me," sighed Moya once more. "But you do now, don't you—dear?"

And she touched his coat, for she could not risk the repulse of his hand, though her words went so far—so very far for her!

"It's too late now," he said.

But it was incredible! Even now he seemed not to see her hand—hers! Vanity invaded her once more, and her gates stood open to the least and meanest of the besetting host. *She* make advances to *him*, to the convict's son! What would her people say? What would Toorak say? What would she not say herself, to herself, of herself, all her life long, after this nightmare night?

And all because (but certainly for the second time) he had taken no notice of her hand!

When found, however, Moya's voice was as cold as her heart was hot.

"Oh, very well! It is certainly too late if you wish it to be so, and in any case now. But may I ask why *you* are so keen to save me the trouble of saying so?"

Rigden looked past her towards the station, and there were no more high lights in the verandah; but elsewhere there were voices, and the champing of a bit.

"If you go back now," he said, "you will just be in time to hear."

"Thank you. I prefer to have it here, and from you."

Rigden shrugged his shoulders.

"Then I am no longer a free agent. I am here on parole. I am under arrest."

"Nonsense!"

"I am though; harboring the fugitive! They can't put salt on him, so they have on me."

Moya stood looking at him in a long silence, but only hardening as she looked; patience, pity, and understanding had gone like so many masts, by the board, and the wreckage in her heart closed it finally against him in the very hour of his more complete disaster.

"And how long have you known this?" she inquired stonily, though the answer was obvious to her mind.

"Ever since we met them on our ride home. They showed me their warrant then. The trooper had done thirty miles for it this afternoon. They wanted to take me straightway. But I persuaded Harkness to come back to dinner and return with me later without fuss."

"Yet you couldn't say one word to me!"

"Not just then. Where was the point? But I arranged with Harkness to tell you now. And by all my gods I've told you everything there is to tell, Moya!"

"You should have told me this first. But you tell nothing till you are forced! I might have known you were keeping the worst up your sleeve! I shouldn't be surprised if the very worst was still to come!"

"It's coming now," said Rigden, bitterly; "it's coming from you in the most miserable hour of all my existence; you must make it worse! How was I to know the other wouldn't be enough for you? How do I know now?"

"Thank you," said Moya, a knife in her heart, but another in her voice.

The voices drew nearer through the pines; there was Harkness mounted, with a led horse, and Theodore Bethune on foot. Rigden turned abruptly to the girl.

"There are just two more things to be said. None of them know

where he is and none of them know my motive. You're in both secrets, and you'd better keep them—unless you want Toorak to know who it was you were engaged to!"

The rest followed without a word. It might have been a scene in a play without words, and indeed the moon chalked the faces of the players, and the Riverina crickets supplied the music with an orchestra some millions strong. The clink of a boot in a stirrup, a thud in the saddle, another clink upon the off side; and Rigden taking off his wideawake as he rode after Harkness through the gate; and Bethune holding the gate open, shutting it after them, and taking Moya's arm as she stood like Lot's wife in the moonlight.

## XI.

BETHUNE V. BETHUNE.

"I DON'T want to rub things in, or to make things worse," said Theodore, kindly enough, as they approached the house; "but we shall have to talk about them, for all that, Moya."

"I'm ready," was the quick reply. "I'll talk till daylight as long as you won't let me think!"

"That's the right child!" purred her brother. "Come to my room; it's the least bit more remote; and these youths are holding indignation meetings on their own account. Ah, here's one of them!"

Spicer had stepped down from the verandah with truculent stride.

"A word with you, Bethune," said he, brusquely.

"Thanks, but I'm engaged to my sister for this dance," replied the airy Theodore. Moya could not stand his tone. Also she heard young Ives turning the horses out for the night, and an inspiration seized her by the heels.

"No, for the next," said she; "I want to speak to Mr. Ives."

And she flew to the horse-yard, where the slip-rails were down, and Ives shoeing horse after horse across them like the incurable new-chum he was.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Ives. Don't have me trampled to death just yet."

"Miss Bethune!"

And the rails were up again. But it was not her presence that surprised him. It was her tone.

"A dreadful ending to our day, Mr. Ives!"

"I'm glad to hear you say that," cried the boy, with all his enthusiasm; "to our day, if you like, but that's all! This is the most infernally unjust and high-handed action that ever was taken by the police of any country! Iniquitous—scandalous! But it won't hold water; these squatters are no fools, and every beak in the district's a

squatter; they'll see Rigden through, and we'll have him back before any of the hands know a word of what's up."

"But don't they know already?"

"Not they; trust us for that! Why, even Mrs. Duncan has no idea why he's gone. But we shall have him back this time to-morrow, never you fear, Miss Bethune!"

"How far is it to the police-barracks, Mr. Ives?"

"Well, it's fourteen miles to our boundary, and that's not quite half-way."

"Then they won't be there before midnight. Is it the way we went this morning, Mr. Ives?"

"Yes, he's going over the same ground, poor chap, in different company! But he'll come galloping back to-morrow, you take my word for it!"

Ives leant with folded arms upon the higher of the restored rails. The animals already turned out hugged the horse-yard wistfully. The lucky remnant were licking the last grains of chaff from the bin. Moya drew nearer to the rails.

"Mr. Ives!"

"Miss Bethune?"

"Would you do a favor for me?"

"Would I not?"

"And say nothing about it afterwards?"

"These lips are sealed."

"Then leave a horse that I can ride—and saddle—in the yard to-night!"

Ives was embarrassed.

"With pleasure," said he, with nothing of the sort, and began hedging in the same breath. "But—but look here, I say, Miss Bethune! you're never going all that way——"

"Of course I'm not, and if I do it won't be before morning, only first thing then, before the horses are run up. And I don't want you, or anybody, least of all my brother, to come with me, or have the least idea where I've gone, or that I've gone anywhere at all. See? I'm perfectly well able to take care of myself, Mr. Ives. Can I trust you?"

"Of course you can, but——"

"No advice—please—*dear* Mr. Ives!"

It was Moya at her sweetest, with the moon all over her. She wondered at the time how she forced that smile; but it gained her point.

"Very well," he sighed; "your blood——"

"I shan't lose one drop," said Moya brightly. "And no more questions?"

"Of course not."

"And no tellings?"

"Miss Bethune!"

"Forgive me," said Moya. "I'm more than satisfied. And you're—the—dearest young man in the bush, Mr. Ives!"

The jackeroo swept his wideawake to the earth.

"And you're the greatest girl in the world, though I were to be drawn and quartered for saying so!"

Moya returned to the house with pensive gait. She was not overwhelmed with a present sense of her alleged greatness. On the contrary, she had seldom felt so small and petty. But she could make amends; at all events she could try.

Horse-yard and house were not very far apart, but some of the lesser buildings intervened, and Moya had been too full of her own sudden ideas to lend an ear to any or aught but Ives and his replies. So she had missed a word or two which it was just as well for her to miss, and more even than a word. She did notice, however, that Mr. Spicer turned his back as she passed him in the verandah. And she found Theodore dabbing his knuckles in his bedroom.

"What's the matter? What have you done?"

"Oh, nothing."

But tone and look alike betokened some new achievement: they were self-satisfied even for Bethune of the Hall.

"Tell me," demanded Moya.

"Well, if you want to know, I've been teaching one of your back-blockers (yours no more, praises be) a bit of a lesson. Our friend Spicer. Very offensive to me all day; seemed to think I was inspiring the police. Just now he surpassed himself; wanted me to take off my coat and go behind the pines; in other words to fight!"

"And wouldn't you?"

"Not exactly. Take off my coat to him!"

"So what did you do?"

"Knocked him down as I stood."

"You didn't!"

"Very well. Ask Mr. Spicer. I'm sorry for the chap; he meant well; and I admire his pluck."

"What did he do?"

"Got up and went for me bald-headed."

"And you knocked him down again?"

"No," said Theodore; "that time I knocked him out."

And he took a cigarette from his silver case, while Moya regarded him with almost as much admiration as disgust, and more of surprise than of either.

"I didn't know this was one of your accomplishments," said she at length.

"Aha!" puffed Theodore; "nor was it, once upon a time. But



there's a certain old prize-fighter at a place called Trumpington, and he taught me the most useful thing I learnt at Cambridge. The poetic justice of it is that I 'read' with him, so to speak, with a view to these very bush bullies and up-country larrikins. They're too free with their tongues when they're in a good temper, and with their fists when they're not. I suffered from them in early youth, Moya, but I don't fancy I shall suffer any more."

Moya was not so sure. She caught herself matching Theodore and another in her mind, and was not ashamed of the side she took. It made no difference to her own quarrel with the imaginary champion; nothing could or should alter that. But perhaps she had been ungenerous. He seemed to think so. She would show him she was neither ungenerous, nor a coward, before she was done. And after that the deluge.

Hereabouts she caught Theodore watching her, a penny for her thoughts in either eye. In an instant she had ceased being disingenuous with herself, and was hating him heartily for having triumphed over an adherent of Rigden, however mistaken; in another, she was sharing that adherent's suspicions; in a third, expressing them.

"I have no doubt Mr. Spicer was quite right."

"In accusing me of inspiring the police?"

"You suspected the truth last night. Oh, I saw through all that; we won't discuss it. But why should not you keep your suspicions to yourself."

Bethune blew a delicate cloud.

"One or two absurd little reasons: because I was staying in his house; because you were engaged to him; because, in spite of all temptations, one does one's poor best to remain a gentleman, of sorts."

"Then why did you go with the policeman?"

"To see what happened. I don't honestly remember making a single comment, much less the least suggestion; if I did it was involuntary, for I went upon the clear understanding with myself that I must say nothing, whatever I might think. I was a mere spectator—immensely interested—fascinated, in fact—but as close as wax, if you'll believe me."

Moya did believe him. She knew the family faults; they were bounded by the family virtues, and double-dealing was not within the pale. And Moya felt interested herself; she wished to hear on what pretext Rigden had been arrested; she had already heard that it was slender.

"Tell me what happened?"

Theodore was nothing loth: indeed his day in the bush had been better than Moya's, more exciting and unusual, yet every whit as typical in its way. Spicer had led them straight to the clay-pans where Rigden had struck his alleged trail, and there sure enough they had found it.

"I confess I could see nothing myself when the tracker first got off; but half a glance was enough for him; and on he went like a bloodhound, with his black muzzle close to the ground, the rest of us keeping a bit behind and well on one side. Presently there's a foot-print I can see for myself, then more that I simply couldn't, then another plain one; and this time Billy—they're all called Billy!—simply jumped with joy. At least I thought it was with joy, till I saw him pointing from his own marks to the others, and shaking his black head. Both prints were about the same depth.

"Him stamp,' says Billy. 'What for him stamp?'

"But we pushed on and came to some soft ground where any white foot could have run down the tracks; and presently they brought us to a fence, which we crossed by strapping down the wires and leading our horses over, but not where Rigden had led his. Well, we lost the tracks eventually where Rigden said he'd lost them, at what they're pleased to call a 'tank' in these parts; the black fellow went round and round the waterhole, but devil another footmark could he find. So then we went back on the tracks we had found. And presently there's a big yabber-yabber on the part of William, who waddles about on the sides of his feet to show his bosses what he means, and turns in his toes like a clown.

"Well, I asked the sergeant what it was all about; but he wouldn't tell me. And it was then that this fellow Spicer began to play the fool; he had smelt the rat himself, I suppose. He made a still greater ass of himself at the fence; where the black fellow messed about a long time over Rigden's marks when we got back there. After that, we all came marching home, or rather riding hell-to-leather. And the fun became fast and furious; so to speak, of course; for I needn't tell you it was no fun for me, Moya!"

"Quite sure? Well, never mind; go on."

"There was no end of a row. Harkness and myrmidons entered the barracks, and Spicer ordered them out. They insisted on searching Rigden's room. Spicer swore they shouldn't, and appealed to me. What could I do, a mere visitor? I remonstrated, advised them to wait, and so forth; further resistance would have been arrant folly; yet that madman Spicer was for holding the fort with the station ordnance!"

"Go on," said Moya again: she had opened her lips to say something else: but the obvious soundness of Theodore's position came home to her in time.

"Well, the long and short of it is that the sergeant came to me on the verandah with the very pair of boots with which the tracks had been made; a heel was off one of them; they were too small for Rigden, yet they were found hidden away in his room. The astounding thing is that the blessed black fellow had spotted that the tracks were not made by the man to whom the boots belonged. He had turned in his toes and walked

on the outside of his feet; it wasn't so with the trail they followed up to these pines yesterday; and diamond had cut diamond about as smartly as you could wish to see it done! It was 'cute' of Rigden to run alongside his horse and make it look as though he were riding alongside the trail; but the wily savage went one better, and I'm afraid the result will be devilish unpleasant!"

There was no fear, however, in the clean-cut and clean-shaven face, nor did Theodore's tone suggest any possible unpleasantness to him or his. Moya could have told him so in a manner worthy of himself, but again she showed some self-restraint, and was content to thank him briefly for putting her in possession of all the facts.

"Ah!" said Theodore, "I only wish I could do that! You talked a little while ago about my suspecting the truth; well, I give you my word that I haven't even yet the ghost of an idea as to what the real truth can be."

"You mean as to motive?"

"Exactly! Why on earth should he risk his all to save the skin of a runaway convict? What can that convict be to him, Moya? Or is it merely misplaced, chuckle-headed chivalry?"

"What should *you* say?" asked Moya quietly.

"I'll tell you frankly," said Theodore at once, "as things were I should have hesitated, but as things are there's no reason why I shouldn't say what I think. It's evidently some relation; a man only does that sort of thing for his flesh and blood. Now do you happen to remember, when this—I mean to say that—engagement was more or less in the air, that some of us rather wanted to know who his father was? Not that——"

"I know," Moya interrupted; "I'm not likely to forget it. So that's what *you* think, is it?"

"I do; by Jove I do! Wouldn't you say yourself——"

"No, I wouldn't; and no more need you! What are your ideas, by the way, if this is not the ghost of one? I congratulate you upon it from that point of view, if from no other!"

Theodore stuck a fresh cigarette between his lips, and struck the match with considerable vigor. It is not pleasant to be hoist with one's own petard, or even scathed in one's own peculiar tone of offence.

"I simply wanted to spare your feelings, my dear girl," was the rejoinder, the last three words being thrown in for the special irritation of Moya. "Not that I see how it can matter now."

The special irritant ceased to gall.

"Now! echoed Moya. "What do you mean by now?"

"Why, the whole thing's off, of course!"

"What whole thing?"

"Your engagement, of course."

"Oh, is it! Thanks for the news; it's the first I've heard of it."

"Then it won't be the last! You're not going to marry a convict's son, or a convict either; and this fellow promises to be both."

"I shall marry exactly whom I like," said Moya, trembling.

"Don't flatter yourself! You may say so out of bravado, but you're the last person to make a public spectacle of yourself; especially when—well, you know, to put it brutally, this is pretty well bound to ruin him, whatever else it does or doesn't! Besides, you don't like him any more; you've stopped even thinking you do. Do you suppose I've got no eyes?"

"Theodore," said Moya in a low voice, "if I were your wife I'd murder you!"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't; and meanwhile don't talk greater rot than you can help, Moya. Believe me it isn't either the time or the place. We must get out of the place, by the way, first thing to-morrow. I see you're still wearing his ring. The sooner you take that off and give it to me to return to him the better."

"It will come to that," said Moya's heart; "but not through Theodore; no, thank you!"

"It shall never come to it at all!" replied her heart of hearts.

And her lips echoed the "Never!" as she marched to the door. Theodore had his foot against it in time.

"Now listen to me! No, you're not going till you listen to reason and me! You may call me a brute till you're black in the face. I don't mind being one for your own good. This thing's coming to an end; in fact it's come; it ought never to have begun, but I tell you it's over. The family were always agreed about it, and I'm practically the head of the family; at all events I'm acting head up here, and I tell you this thing's over whether you like it or not. But you like it. What's the good of pretending you don't? But whether you do or you don't you shall never marry the fellow! And now you know it you may go if you like. Only do for God's sake be ready in the morning like the sane woman you always used to be."

Moya did not move an inch towards the opened door. Her tears were dry; fires leapt in their stead.

"Is that all?"

"Unless you wish me to say more."

"What a fool you are, Theodore!"

"I'm afraid I distrust expert evidence."

"With all your wits you don't know the first thing about women!"

"You mean that you require driving like Paddy's pig? Oh, no, you don't Moya; go and sleep upon it."

"Sleep!"

It was one burst of all she felt, but only one.

"I'm afraid you won't," said Theodore, with some humanity. "Still it's better to lose a night thinking things over, calmly and surely, as you're very capable of doing, than to go another day with that ring upon your finger."

Moya stared at him with eyes in which the fires were quenched, but not by tears. She looked dazed.

"Do put your mind to it—your own sane mind!" her brother pleaded, with more of wisdom than he had shown with her yet. "And—I don't want to be hard—I never meant to be hard about this again—but God help you now to the only proper and sensible decision!"

So was he beginning to send his juries about their vital business; and, after all, Moya went to hers with as much docility as the twelve good men and true.

Theodore was right about one thing. She must put her mind to it once and forever.

## XII.

### AN ESCAPE.

SHE put her mind to it with characteristic thoroughness and honesty. Let there be no mistake about Moya Bethune. She had faults of temper, and faults of temperament, and as many miscellaneous faults as she was quick to find in others; but this did not retard her from seeing them in herself. She was a little spoilt; it is the almost inevitable defect of the popular qualities. She had a good conceit of herself, and a naughty tongue; she could not have belonged to that branch of the Bethunes and quite escaped either. On the other hand, she was not without their cardinal merits. There was, indeed, a brutal honesty in the breed; in Moya it became a singular sincerity, not always pleasing to her friends, but counterbalanced by the brightness and charm of her personality. She was incapable of deceiving another; infinitely rarer, she was equally incapable of deceiving herself; and could consider most things from more standpoints than are accessible to most women, always provided that she kept that cornerstone of all sane judgment, her temper. She had lost it with Rigden and lost it with Theodore, and was in a pretty bad temper with herself to boot. But that is a minor matter; it does not drive the blood to the brain; it need not obscure every point of view but one. And there were but two worthy of Moya's consideration.

There was her own point of view, and there was Rigden's. Moya took first innings; she was the woman, after all.

She began with the beginning of this visit—this visit that the almanac pretended was but fifty hours old after all these days and nights! Well, to believe it, and go back to the first night; they had been happy enough then, still happier next day, happiest of all in the afternoon. Moya could see the shadows and feel the heat, and hear Rigden wondering whether she would ever care for the place, and her own



light-hearted replies; but there she checked herself, and passed over the memorable end of that now memorable conversation, and took the next phase in due order.

Of course she had been angry; anybody of any spirit, similarly placed, would have resented being deserted by the hour together for the first wayfarer. And the lie made it worse; and the refusal to explain matters made the lie incalculably worse. He had put her in an abominable position, professing to love her all the time. How could she believe in such love? Love and trust were inseparable in her mind. Yet he had not trusted her for a moment; even when she stooped to tell a lie herself, to save him, even then he could not take her into his confidence. It was the least he could have done after that, the very least that she had cared.

Most of the next day—to-day!—even Moya shirked. Why had it laid such a hold upon her—the bush—the bush life—the whole thing? Was it the mere infection of a real enthusiasm? Or was it but the meretricious glamour of the foregone, and would the fascination have been as great if all had still been well? Moya abandoned these points; they formed a side issue after all. Her mind jumped to the final explanation, and found it still ringing in her ears. It was immeasurably worse than all the rest, in essence, in significance, in result. The result mattered least; there was little weakness in Moya; she would have snapped her fingers at the world for the man she loved. But how could she forgive his first deceit, his want of trust in her to the end? And how could she think for another moment of marrying a man whom she could not possibly forgive?

She did not think of it. She relinquished her own point of view. She tried with all her honesty to put herself in his place instead.

It was not very difficult. The poverty-stricken childhood (so different from her own!) with its terrible secret, its ever-hidden disgrace; small wonder if it had become second nature to him to hide it! Then there was the mother. Moya had always loved him for the tone of his lightest reference to his mother. She thought now of the irreparable loss of that mother's death, and felt how she herself had sworn in her heart to repair it. She thought of their meeting, his sunburnt face, the new atmosphere he brought with him, their immediate engagement. The beginning had come almost as quickly as the end! Then Moya darkened. She remembered how her people had tried to treat him, and how simply and sturdily he had borne himself among them. Whereas, if he had told them all—ah! but he might have told her!

Yet she wondered. The father was as good as dead, was literally dead to the world; partly for his sake, perhaps, the secret had been kept so jealously all these years by mother and son. Moya still thought that an exception should have been made in her case. But, on mature re-



flection, she was no longer absolutely and finally convinced of this. And the mere shadow of a doubt upon the point was her first comfort in all these hours.

But all this was the inner aspect; the outward and visible was grave enough. It was one thing to be true to a prisoner and a prisoner's son, but another thing to remain engaged to him. Moya was no hand at secrets. And now she hated them. So her mind was made up on one point. If she forgave him, then no power should make her give him up, and she would wear his ring before all her world, though it were the ring of a prisoner in Pentridge Stockade. But she knew what that would mean, and a brief spell of too vivid foresight, which followed, cannot be said to have improved Rigden's chances of forgiveness.

There was one thing, however, which Moya had unaccountably forgotten. This was the sudden inspiration which had come to her an hour ago, among the station pines. She was reminded of it and of other things by the arrival of Mrs. Duncan with a tray; she had forgotten that her last meal had been made in the middle of the afternoon, at the rabbit's camp. Mrs. Duncan had discovered it by questioning young Ives, and the tea and eggs were the result of a consultation with Mr. Bethune.

"And after that," smiled Moya, "you will leave me for the night, won't you? I feel as if I should never want to get up again!"

"I'm sure you do, my dear," the good woman cried.

"I shall lock my door," said Moya. "Don't let anybody come to me in the morning; beg my brother not to come."

"Indeed I'll see he doesn't."

And Mrs. Duncan departed as one who had been told little but who guessed much, with a shake of her head, and a nod to follow in case there was nothing to shake it over; for she was entirely baffled.

Moya locked the door on her.

"To think I should have forgotten! My one hope—my one!"

And she ate every morsel on the tray; then she undressed and went properly to bed, for the sake of the rest. But to sleep she was afraid, lest she might sleep too long. And between midnight and dawn, she was not only up once more, but abroad by herself in the darkest hour.

Her door she left locked behind her; the key she pushed underneath; and she stepped across the verandah with her riding habit gathered up in one hand, and both shoes clutched in the other.

"It is dreadful! I am as bad as he is. But I can't help it. There's nobody else to do it for me—unless I tell them first. And at least I can keep his secret!"

The various buildings lay vague and opaque in the darkness: not a spark of light in any one of them. And the moon had set; the stars alone lit Moya to the horse-yard.

Luckily she was not unused to horses. She not only had her own hack at home, but made a pet of it and kept an eye upon the groom. A single match, blown out in an instant, showed Moya the saddle and bridle which she had already used, with a bulging water-bag attached to the latter, in the hut adjoining the yard; the rest was an even simpler matter; for a stuffed horse could not have stood quieter than the bony beast which Ives had left behind with the night-horse.

It proved a strong and stolid mount, with a hard, unyielding, but methodical canter, and only one bad habit: it shaved trees and gateposts a little too closely for a rider unaccustomed to the bush. Moya was near disaster at the start; thereafter she allowed for the blemish, and crossed Butcher-boy without mishap.

It was now the darkest quarter of the darkest hour; and Moya was quite thankful that she had no longer a track to follow or to lose. For in Big Bushy she turned sharply to the left, as in the morning with young Ives, and once more followed the fence; but this time she hugged it, and was not happy unless she could switch the wires in every length to make certain they were there.

It was lighter when she reached the first corner: absolute blackness had turned to a dark yet transparent grey; it was as though the ink had been watered; but in a little it was ink no more. Moya turned in her saddle, and a broadening flail of bloodshot blue was sweeping the stars one by one out of the eastern sky.

Also Moya felt the wind of her own travelling bite shrewdly through her summer blouse; and she put a stop to the blundering, plodding canter about half-way down the east-and-west fence whose eastern angle contained the disused whim and hut.

It was no longer necessary to switch the wires; even the line of trees in Blind Man's Block had taken shape behind them; and that sinister streak soon stood for the last black finger-mark of the night.

Further down the fence a covey of crows got up suddenly with foul outcry; and Moya remembering the merino which had fallen by the way, steeled her body once more to the bony one's uneasy canter.

The beast now revealed itself a dapple-grey; and at last between its unkempt ears, and against the slaty sky to westward, Moya descried the timbers of the whim.

Again she walked, her head bent low.

And again she cantered, with the words upon her lips, where indeed they were destined to remain until forgotten; for it was at this point that Moya's adventure diverged alike from her purpose and her preconception.

In the first place the hut was empty. It took Moya some minutes to convince herself of the fact. Again and again she called upon the supposed occupant to come out; declaring herself a friend come to warn

him, as indeed she had. At last she dismounted and entered, her riding whip clutched firmly, her heart in her mouth. The hut was without partition or inner chamber. A glance proved it as empty as it had seemed.

Moya was nonplussed: all her plans had been built upon the supposition that she should find the runaway still skulking in the hut where she had seen him the previous forenoon. She now perceived how groundless her supposition had been; it seemed insane when she remembered that the runaway had as certainly seen her—and her sudden flight at sight of him. Unquestionably she had made a false start. Yet she did not see what else she could have done.

She led her horse to the whim itself. Twin shafts ran deep into the earth, side by side like the barrels of a gun. But this whim was finally forsaken; the long rope and the elaborate buckets had been removed and stored; and the slabbed shafts ended in tiny glimmering squares without break or foot-hole from brink to base.

Then Moya stood in thought; and very soon the thought of the black tracker put all others out of count. It came with a sigh: if only she had him there! He would think nothing of tracking the fugitive from the hut whithersoever his feet had carried him; was it only the blacks who could do these things?

How would he begin? Moya recalled her brother's description, and thought she knew. He would begin by riding down the fence, and seeing if anybody had crossed it.

She was doing this herself next minute. And she thought that had come with a sigh had already made her heart beat madly, and the breath came quicker and quicker through her parted lips; but not with fear; she was much too excited to feel a conscious qualm. Besides, she had somehow no fear of the unhappy man, his father.

Excitement flew to frenzy when she actually found the place. She knew it on the instant, and was never in doubt. There were many footmarks on either side of the fence; on the far side, a vertebrate line of them, pointing plainly to the scrub; even her unskilled eye could follow it half the way.

The next thing was to strap down the wires, but Moya could not wait for that. She galloped to a gate that she had seen in the corner behind the whim, and came up the other side of the fence also at a gallop.

The trail was easily followed to the scrub: among the trees the ground was harder and footprints proportionately faint. By dismounting, however, and dropping her handkerchief at each apparent break of the chain, Moya always succeeded in picking up the links eventually. Now they gave her no trouble for half-an-hour; now a check would last as long again; but each half-hour seemed like five minutes in her excitement. The trees grew thicker and thicker, but

unhappily no higher. Their branches swept the ground and interlaced; and many were the windings of the faint footmarks tenaciously followed by Moya and the dapple-grey. They were as divers wandering on the bed of a shallow sea; for all its shallowness, the patches of sunlight were fewer and fewer, and further between; if they were also hotter, Moya did notice the difference. She did not realize into what a labyrinth she was penetrating. Her entire attention was divided between the last footprint and the next; she had none over for any other consideration whatsoever. It was an extreme instance of the forcing of one faculty at the expense of all the rest. Moya thought no more even of what she should say when she ran her man to earth. She had decided all that before she reached the hut. No pang of hunger or of thirst assailed her; excitement and concentration were her meat and drink.

Yet when the end came her very first feeling was that of physical faintness and exhaustion. But then it was a very sudden and really terrifying end. Moya was dodging boles and ducking under branches, the dapple-grey behind her, her arm through the reins, when all at once these tightened. Moya turned quickly, thinking the horse was unable to follow.

It was a gnarled hand, all hair and sinew, that held it by the bridle.

### XIII.

#### BLIND MAN'S BLOCK.

It was some moments before Moya looked higher than that hand, and it prepared her for a worse face than she found waiting for her own. The face was fierce enough, and it poured a steady fire upon the girl from black eyes blazing in the double shade of a felt wideawake and the overhanging mallee. But it was also old, and lined, and hunted; the man had grown grey in prison; whatever his offences, there was rare spirit in a last dash for freedom at his age. Moya had not thought so before. She was surprised that she should think it now. The last thing that she had expected to feel was an atom of real sympathy with the destroyer of her happiness. And yet it was the first thing she felt.

"Please don't look at me like that," she begged. "I wish you no harm, believe me!"

There was a pause, and then a first stern question.

"Who sent you here?"

"Nobody."

"Rot!"

"It's the truth."

"How else did you find me?"

"I saw you yesterday in the hut; you know that; you saw me."

"This is not the hut."

"No, but as you weren't there I looked for your tracks. And I found them. And here I am."

Shaggy brows rose above the piercing eyes.

"I thought you didn't come from the bush?"

"Nor do I; but I have heard a good deal about tracking, this last day or two; and I had luck."

"You've come all this way alone?"

"Absolutely."

"Then nobody else knows anything about it. That's certain. But they will know! You'll be followed, and I shall be found!"

"I don't think so; they'll think I've gone somewhere else."

The convict gave her a long look, and his hawk's eyes gleamed; then he turned his attention to the dapple-grey. It was over a minute before he spoke again.

"Do you know who I am?" he then asked.

"Captain Bovill."

He smiled.

"And nothing else?"

"Oh, yes," said Moya, sadly; "I know what else you are, of course. His father!"

"So he's had the pluck to tell you after all?"

"He should have told me at once."

"And lost you?"

"He hasn't lost me yet!" cried Moya impulsively, but from her loyal heart none the less.

"Then why break away from him like this? Wasn't his word good enough?"

"I haven't broken away," said Moya, "from him. I couldn't. I've come to tell you why. They've taken him to prison!"

"Taken *him*?"

"On your account. They know he helped you. That's all they do know."

The convict stared; but, in the perpetual twilight of the mallee, that was the only fact to which Moya could have sworn. She could make nothing of the old man's expression. When he spoke, however, there was no mistaking his tone. It was hard and grim as a prison bell.

"In his turn!" said he. "Well, it'll teach him what it's like."

"But it isn't his turn," cried Moya, in a fury; "what has he done to deserve such degradation, except a good deal more than his duty by you? And this is all the thanks he gets! As though he had taken after you! How can you speak like that of him? How dare you—to me?"

So Moya could turn upon the whilom terror of a Colony, a desperado all his days, yet surely never more desperate than now; and her

rings flashed, and her eyes flashed, and there was no one there to see! No soul within many miles but the great criminal before her, whose turn it was to astonish Moya. He uncovered; he jerked a bow that was half a shrug, but the more convincing for the blemish; and thereafter hung his cropped head in strange humility.

"You're right!" said he. "I deserve all you've said, and more. He has treated me ten thousand times better than I deserve, and that's my gratitude! Yet if you had been half a life-time in the hulks—in irons—chained down like a wild beast—why, you'd *be* one, even you!"

"I know," said Moya in a low voice. "It is terrible to think of!"

"And God bless you for admitting that much," the old man said, "for it's few that will. Break the law, and the law breaks you—on a wheel! Talk about the wrongs of prisoners; they have neither wrongs nor rights, in the eyes of the law; it's their own fault for being prisoners, and that's the last word."

"It is very terrible," said Moya again.

"Ah, but you little know how bad it is; and I'm not going to tell you. It's worse than your worst dreams, and that must do for you. The floggings, the irons, the solitary confinement in your irons with the blood running down your back! No, I said I wouldn't, and I won't. But it's hard to hold your tongue when you're talking to a lady for the first time in thirty years. And to think of a young lady like you coming all this way, alone too, to say a kind word to a double-dyed old rogue like me! It's the most wonderful thing I ever heard of in all my days. I can't think why you did it, for the life of me I can't!"

"It was to tell you about your son," Moya reminded him.

"Ah, poor fellow! God help him, for I can't."

"Are you quite sure?" said Moya, gently, and for once rather nervously as well.

"Sure? Of course I'm sure! Why, what can I do?" cried the other, with sudden irritation as suddenly suppressed. "Hiding—hunted—with every hand against me but yours—I'd help him if I could, but I can't."

"So he's to go to prison instead of you?"

Moya spoke quietly, but with the more effect; indeed, she was herself beginning to feel surprised at her success with a desperate man in vital straits. He was more amenable than she had imagined possible. That he should parley with her at all was infinite encouragement. But now there came a pause.

"I see what you're driving at," he cried savagely at last. "You want me to give myself up! I'll see you—further!"

The oath was dropped at the last moment—another strange sign—but the tone could not have been stronger. Yet the mere fact that he had seen her point, and made it for her, filled Moya with increasing confidence.



"I don't wonder," she had the tact to say. "How could you be expected to go back—to that!—of your own free will? And yet even that might be better than waiting—waiting till——"

"I'm taken, eh? Is that what you want to say? They shall never take me alive, curse them; don't you trouble about that!"

The tone was stubborn, ferocious, blood-curdling, but at least it was in keeping with the blazing eyes and the great jowl beneath. Moya looked steadily at the bushranger, the mutineer, the indomitable criminal of other days; more remained of him than she had fancied. And to thing that he had soft answers for her!

She made haste to earn another.

"Please—please—don't speak like that! It is dreadful. And I feel sure there is some middle course."

"I'm no believer in middle courses!"

"That I know. Yet—you have suffered so—I feel sure something could be done! I—that is my people—have influence—money—"

"They can keep their money."

Moya begged his pardon. It was not an act in which she excelled. Yet nothing could have been sweeter than her confusion, nothing finer than her frank humility.

"I was only wondering if there was anything—*anything* we could *any* of us do! It would be understood so well. His father! Surely that would be enough! I know the Governor. I would think nothing of going to him. I honestly believe that he would pardon you both!"

Moya felt the black eyes burning, and for once her own eyes fell; indeed she was a wondrous picture of beauty and youth and enthusiasm, there in that place, in her dainty blouse and habit, with the dull green mallee above and all around her. But they were a yet more extraordinary pair, the old bushranger of a bygone day, and the Melbourne beauty of the present.

"So you believe that, do you?" said the former, sardonically.

"From the bottom of my heart!"

"Suppose you were wrong?"

"I would move heaven and earth."

"Then jump on your horse!"

"Why?"

"I'm coming with you—to the police—barracks!"

It was like a dream. Moya could have rubbed her eyes, and soon had to do so, for they were full of tears. She sobbed her thanks; she flung out both hands to press them home. The convict waited grimly at her horse's head.

"Better wait and see what comes of it," said he. "And think yourself lucky worse hasn't come of it yet! I'm not thinking of myself; do you know where you are? Do you know that this is Blind Man's

Block? Haven't you heard about it? Then you should thank your stars you've a good old bushman to lead you out; for it's like getting out of a maze, I can tell you; and if you'd been warned as I was I don't think you'd have ventured in."

Moya had never realized that it was into Blind's Man's Block she had plunged so rashly. Nor did the discovery disturb her now. She was too full of her supreme triumph to dwell for many moments upon any one of the risks that she had run for its accomplishment. Neither did she look too far ahead. She would keep faith with this poor creature; no need to count the cost just yet. Moya set her mind's eye upon the reunion at the police-barracks: her advent as the heroine of a bloodless victory, her intercession for the father, her meeting with the son.

The prospect dazzled her. It had its gravely precarious aspect. But one thing at a time. She had done her best; no ultimate ill could come of it; of that she felt as certain as of the fact that she was sitting in her saddle and blindly following an escaped criminal through the trackless bush.

Suddenly she discovered that she was not doing this exactly. She had not consciously diverged, and yet her leader was bearing down upon her with a scowl.

"Why don't you follow me?" he cried. "Do you want to get bushed in Blind Man's Block?"

"I wasn't thinking," replied Moya. "It was entirely the horse."

Bovill seized the bridle.

"It's a fool of a horse!" said he. "Why, we're quite close to the fence, and it wants to head back into the middle of the block!"

Moya remarked that she did not recognize the country.

"Of course you don't," was the reply. "You came the devil of a round, but I'm taking you straight back to the fence. Trust an old hand like me; I can smell a fence as a sheep smells water. You trust yourself to me!"

Moya had already done so. It was too late to reconsider that. Yet she did begin to wonder somewhat at herself. That hairy hand upon the bridle, it lay also rather heavily on her nerves. And the mallee shrub showed no signs of thinning; the open spaces were as few as ever, and as short; on every hand the leaves seemed whispering for miles and miles.

"We're a long time getting to that fence," said Moya at length.

The convict stopped, looked about him in all directions, and finally turned round. In doing so his right hand left the bridle, but in an instant the other was in its place. Moya, however, was too intent upon his face to notice this.

"I'm afraid I've missed it," said he, calmly.

"Missed the fence?"

"It looks like it."

"After what you said just now? Oh, what a fool I was to trust you!"

Their eyes were joined for the next few seconds; then the man's face relaxed in a brutal grin. And Moya began to see the measure of her folly.

"Hypocrite!" she gasped.

"Don't call names, my dear! It ain't kind, especially to your father-in-law that is to be."

Moya shuddered in every member except the hand that gripped her whalebone switch. The gold-mounted handle was deep in her flesh.

"Leave go of my bridle," she said quietly.

"Not just yet, my dear."

The whalebone whistled through the air, and came slashing down upon the dapple-grey's neck, within an inch of the hairy fingers, which were nevertheless snatched away. Moya had counted on this and its result. The animal was off at its best pace; but the desperate hands grabbed Moya's habit as it passed, and in another instant she was on the ground. In yet another she had picked herself up, but she never even looked for the horse; she fixed her eye upon her loathly adversary as on a wild beast; and indeed he looked one, with canine jaw and one vile lip protruding, and hell's own fire in his wicked eyes.

Luckily her grip of the riding-whip had tightened, not relaxed. But now she held it as a sword. And it helped her to cow a brute who had the real brute's dread of the lash. But also she was young and supple, and the man was old. The contrast had never been so sharp; for now they were both in their true colors; and every vileness of the one was met by its own antithesis in the other. It was will against will, personality against personality, in an open space among the mallee and the full glare of a climbing sun, mile upon mile from human help or habitation. And the battle was fought to a finish without one word.

Moya only heard a muttering as the wretch swung round upon his heel, and walked after the dapple-grey, which had come to a standstill within sight. But she was not done with the blackguard yet. She watched him remove the lady's saddle, then carefully detach the water-bag, and sling it about himself by means of the stirrup-leather. Then he mounted, bare-back; but Moya knew that he would not abandon her without his say; and she was waiting for him with the self-same eye that had beaten him off.

He reined up and cursed her long and filthily. Her ear was deaf to that; but little of it conveyed the slightest meaning; and her unchanged face declared as much. So then he trimmed his tongue accordingly.

"Sorry to take the water-bag; but through you I've forgot mine and

my swag too. Better try and find 'em; they're away back where I camped last night; you're welcome to the drop that's left, if there is one. You look a bit black about the gills as it is. Have a drop to show there's no ill-feeling before I go."

And he dangled the bag before her, meaning to whisk it back again. But Moya disappointed him. She was parched with thirst, though she only realized it now. She neither spoke nor moved a muscle.

"Then die of thirst, and be damned to you! Do you know where you are? Blind Man's Block—Blind Man's Block! Don't you forget it again, because I shan't be here to remind you; a horse was what I wanted, and was promised, so you're only keeping that poor devil's word for him. Give him my blessing if you ever see him again; but you never will. They say it's an easy place to die in, this here Blind Man's Block, but you'll see for yourself. A nice little corpse we'll make, won't we? But we'll die and rot and stink the same, and the crows'll have our eyes for breakfast and our innards for dinner! And do you good, you little white devil, you!"

Moya remained standing in the same attitude, with the same steady eye and the same marble pallor, long after the monster disappeared, and the last beat of the dapple-grey's hoofs was lost among the normal wilds of the bush. Then all at once a great light leapt to her face. But it was not at anything that she had heard or seen; it was at something which had come home to her very suddenly in the end. And for a long time after that, though lost and alone in Blind Man's Block, and only too likely to die the cruel death designed for her, Moya Bethune was a happier woman than she had been for many an hour.

#### XIV.

##### HIS OWN COIN.

"COO-EEE!"

It was a far cry and faint, so faint that Moya was slow to believe her ears. She had not stirred from the scene of her late encounter, but this inactivity was not without design. Moya was tired out already; she had too much sense to waste her remaining strength upon the heat of the day. She found the chewing of leaves avert the worst pangs of thirst, so long as she remained in the shade, and there she determined to rest for the present. Sooner or later she would be followed and found, and the fewer her wanderings, the quicker and easier that blessed consummation. Her plight was still perilous enough, and Moya did not think this fact any worse than others. Yet another fact there was, of which she was finally convinced, though she had yet to prove it; meanwhile the mere conviction was her stay and comfort. She was gloating over it, a leaf between her dry lips, and her aching body stretched within reach of more leaves, when she thought she heard the coo-ee,

She sat up and listened. It came again. And this time Moya was sure.

She sprang to her feet, and, deliverance within hail, realized her danger for the first time fully. Sun-burnt hands put a trembling trumpet to her lips, and out came a clearer call than had come to Moya.

The answer sounded hoarse, and was as far away as ever; but prompt enough; and now Moya was as sure of the direction as of the sound itself. Nor had she occasion to coo-ee any more. For the first thing she saw, perhaps a furlong through the scrub, was a riderless horse, bridled, but unsaddled, with a forefoot through the reins.

True to its unpleasant habit, the dapple-grey had done noble service to the human race, by swerving under a branch at full gallop, and scraping its rider into space.

The wretch lay helpless in the sun, with a bloody forehead and a broken thigh. Moya's water-bag had fallen clear, and lay out of his reach by a few inches which were yet too many for him to move. He demanded it as soon as she came up, but with an oath, and Moya helped herself first, drinking till her hands came close together upon the wet canvas.

"Now you can finish it," she said, "if you're such a fool. I've left you more than you deserve."

He cursed her hideously, and a touch of unmerited compassion came upon her as she discovered how really helpless he was. So she held his head while he drained the last drop, and as it fell back he cursed her again, but began whining when she made off without a word.

"My hip's broke, if it isn't my back! I've no feeling in my legs. And you'd let me die alone!"

"Your own coin," said Moya, turning at her distance.

"It wasn't. I swear it wasn't. I swear to God I was only doing it to frighten you! I was going for help."

"How can you tell such lies?" asked Moya sternly.

"They're not, they're the solemn truth, so help me God!"

"You're only making them worse; own they are lies, or I'm off this minute."

"Oh, they are, then, damn you!"

Only the oath was both longer and stronger.

"Swear again, and it won't be this minute, it'll be this very second!" cried Moya decisively. "So own, without swearing, that you *did* mean me to die of thirst, so far as you were concerned."

"You never would ha' done; they'll be on your track by this time."

"That may be. It doesn't alter what you did."

"I offered you a drink, didn't I? It was my only chance to take the horse, and the water-bag. And I'm half mad with pain and heat;

you'd swear yourself if you were in my shoes; and I can't even feel I've got any on!"

Moya drew a little nearer.

"Nearer, miss—nearer still! Come and stand between me and the sun. Just for a minute! It's burning me to hell!"

Moya took no notice of the word, nor yet of the request.

"Before I do any more for you," said she, "you must tell me the truth."

"I have!"

"Oh, no, you haven't; not the particular truth I want to know. I know it already. Still I mean to hear it from you. It's the truth on quite a different matter; that's what I want," said Moya, and stood over the poor devil as he desired, so that at last the sun was off him, though now he had Moya's eyes instead. "I—I wonder you can't guess—what I've guessed!" she added after a pause.

But she also wondered at something else, for in that pause the blood-stained face had grown ghastlier than before, and Moya could not understand it. The man was so sorely stricken that recapture must now be his liveliest hope; why then should he fear a discovery more or less? But it was quite a little thing that Moya thought she had discovered; a little thing to him, not to her; and she proceeded to treat it as such.

"You know you're not Captain Bovill at all," she told him, in the quiet voice of absolutely satisfied conviction.

"Who told you that?" he roared, half raising himself for the first time, and the fear and fury in his eyes were terrible to see.

"Nobody."

"Ah!"

"But I know it all the same. I've known it this last half-hour. And if I hadn't I should know it now. I see it—where I ought to have seen it from the first—in your face!"

"You mean because my son's not the dead spit of his father? But he never was; he took after his mother; he'll tell you that himself."

"It's not what I meant," said Moya, "though it is through the man you call your son that I know he is nothing of the kind. His father may have been a criminal; he was something else first; he would not have left a woman to perish of thirst in the bush, a woman who had done him no harm—who only wished to befriend him—who was going to marry his son!"

There were no oaths to this; but the black eyes gleamed shrewdly in the blood-stained face, and the conical head shook slightly in the sand.

"You never were in the hulks, you see," said the convict; "else you'd know. No matter what a man goes in, they all come out alike, brute beasts every one. I'm all that, God help me! But I'm the man—I'm



the man. Do you think he'd have held out a finger to me if I hadn't been?"

"I've no doubt you convinced him that you were."

"How can one man convince another that he's his father?"

"I don't know. I only know that you have done it."

"Why, he knew me at once!"

"Nonsense! He had never seen you before; he doesn't remember his father."

"Do you suppose he hasn't seen pictures, and heard plenty? No, no; all the rest's a true bill; but Captain Bovill I've lived, and Captain Bovill I'm going to die."

Moya looked at him closely. She could not help shuddering. He saw it, and the fear of death laid hold of him, even as he sweltered in the heat.

"With a lie on your lips?" said Moya, gravely.

"It's the truth!"

"You know it isn't. Own it, for heaven's sake! You—who can tell how long I shall be gone?"

"You shan't go! You shan't go!" he snarled and whined at once. And he clutched vainly at her skirts, the effort leaving him pale as death, and in as dire an agony.

"I must," said Moya. "There's the horse; the saddle's quite near; you shall have all the help that I can bring you, with all the speed that's possible."

She moved away, and the ruthless sun played on every inch of him once more.

"I'm burning—burning!" he yelled. "Have I been in hell upon earth all these years to go to hell itself before I die? Move me, for Christ's sake! Only get me into the shade, and I'll—I'll confess!"

Moya tried; but it was terrible; he shrieked with agony, foaming at the mouth, and beating her off with feeble fists. So then she flung herself bodily on an infant hop-bush, and actually uprooted it. And with this and some mallee-branches she made a gunyah over him; but he said it stifled him, and complained bitterly to the end. At the end of all Moya knelt at his feet.

"Now keep your promise!"

"What promise?" he asked with an oath, for Moya had been milder than her word.

"You said you would confess!"

"Confess what?" he cried, a new terror in his eyes. "I'm not going to die! I don't feel like dying! I've no more to confess!"

"Oh, yes, you have—that you're not his father—nor Captain Bovill!"

"But I tell you I am. Why—" and the pallid face lit up suddenly—"even the police know that, and you know that they know it!"

It was a random shot, but it made a visible mark, for in her instinctive certainty of the main fact Moya was only now reminded that Rigden himself had told her the same thing. Her discomfiture, however, was only momentary; she held obstinately to her intuition. The police might know it. She knew better than the police; and looking upon their quarry, and going over everything as she looked, came in a flash upon a fresh theory and a small fact in its support.

"Then they don't know who it is they're after!" cried Moya. "You're not even *their* man; his eyes were brown; it was in the description; but yours are the blackest I ever saw."

It was not a good point. He might well make light of it. But it was enough for Moya and her woman's instinct; or so she said, and honestly thought for the moment. She was less satisfied when she had caught the horse and still must hear the mangled man; for he railed at her, from the gunyah she had built him, to the very end. And to Moya it seemed that there was more of triumph than of terror in his tone.

But it was not so in his heart, when the scorching scrub had swallowed her with the dapple-grey, and the last dull hoof-thud had fallen upon him in his turn, and it was no use railing any more.

## XV.

### THE FACT OF THE MATTER.

SERGEANT HARKNESS had his barracks to himself. To be sure, the cell was occupied; but, contrary to the usual amenities of the wilderness, such as euvre and Christian names between the sergeant and the ordinary run of prisoners, with this one Harkness would have nothing to do. It was a personal matter between them; the capital charge had divided them less. Constable and tracker had meanwhile been called out on fresh business. That was in the middle of the day. Since then the coach had passed with the mail; and Harkness had been pacing his verandah throughout the sleepest hour of the afternoon, only pausing to read and re-read one official communication, when Moya's habit fluttered into view towards four o'clock.

"Well, I'm dished!" said the Sergeant. "And alone, too, after all!" He hastened to meet her.

"Where on earth have you been, Miss Bethune? Do you know there's another search-party out, looking for *you* this time? My sub and the tracker were fetched this morning. I'd have gone myself only—" and he jerked a thumb towards a very small window at one end of the barracks.

"Mr. Rigden?" said Moya lowering her voice.

"Yes."

"So you've got him still! I'm glad; but I don't want him to know I'm here. Stay—does he think I'm lost?"

"No. I thought it better not to tell him."

"That was both wise and kind of you, Sergeant Harkness! He must know nothing just yet. I want to speak to you first."

And she urged the dapple-grey, now flagging sorely, towards the other end of the building; but no face appeared at the little barred window; for Rigden was sound asleep in his cell.

"We're all right," said Moya, sliding to the ground; "we stopped at a tank and a boundary-rider's hut, but not the Eureka boundary. I didn't get out the same way I got in, you see—I mean out of the Blind Man's Block."

"Blind Man's Block! Good God! have you been there? You're lucky to have got out at all!"

"It wasn't easy. I thought we should never strike a fence, and when we did I had to follow it for miles before there was a gate or a road. But the boundary-rider was very kind; he not only gave me the best meal I ever had in my life; he set me on the road to you."

Indeed the girl was glowing, though dusty and dishevelled from head to foot. Her splendid coloring had never been more radiant, nor had the bewildered sergeant ever looked upon such brilliant eyes. But it was a feverish brilliance, and a glance would have apprised the skilled observer of a brain in the balance between endurance and suspense.

"What on earth were you doing in Blind Man's Block?" asked Harkness, suspiciously.

"I'll tell you. I'll tell you something else as well! But first you must tell *me* something, Sergeant Harkness."

"I believe you know where he is," quoth the Sergeant, softly.

"Do *you* know *who* he is?" cried Moya, coming finely to her point. Harkness stared harder than ever.

"Well, I thought I did—until this afternoon."

"Who did you think it was?"

"Well, there's no harm in saying now. Rightly or wrongly, I only told Mr. Rigden at the time. But I always thought it was Captain Bovill, the old bushranger who escaped from Pentridge two or three weeks ago."

"Then you thought wrong," said Moya, boldly.

Nevertheless she held her breath.

"So it seems," said the sergeant, grimly.

"Why does it seem so?"

It was a new voice crying, and one so tremulous that Harkness could scarcely recognize it as Miss Bethune's.

"I've heard officially——"

"What have you heard?"

"You see we were all informed of Bovill's escape."

"Go on! Go on!"

"So in the same way we've been advised of his death."

"His—death!"

"Steady, Miss Bethune! There—allow me. We'll get in out of the sun; he won't hear us at the end of the verandah. Here's a chair. That's the ticket! Now just one moment."

He returned with something in a glass which Moya thought sickening. But it did her good. She ceased giggling and weeping by turns and both at once.

"So he's dead—he's dead! Have you told Mr. Rigden that?"

"No; I'm not seeing much of Mr. Rigden."

"I am glad. I will tell him myself, presently. You will let me, I suppose?"

"Surely, Miss Bethune. There's no earthly reason why he should be here, except his own obstinacy, if you'll excuse my saying so. He was remanded this morning; but Mr. Cross of Strathavon, who signed the warrant yesterday, and came over for the examination this forenoon, not only wanted to take bail, but offered to find it himself! Wanted to carry him off in his own buggy, he did! But Mr. Rigden said here he was, and here he'd stick until his fate was settled. Would you like to see him now?"

"Presently," repeated Moya. "I want to hear more; then I may have something to tell you. When and where did this death occur, and what made you so sure that it was the dead man who came to Eureka? You will understand my questions in a minute."

"Only I must answer them first?" said the Sergeant, smiling. "I am to give myself clean away, am I?"

"We must all do that sometimes, Sergeant Harkness. It will be my turn directly. Let us trust each other."

Harkness looked into her candid eyes, calmer and more steadfast for their recent tears, and his mind was made up."

"I'll trust you," he said; "you may do as you like about me. Perhaps you yourself have had the wish that's father to the thought, or rather the thought that comes of the wish and nothing else? Well, then, that's what's been the matter with me. The moment I heard of that old rascal's escape, like every other fellow in the force, I yearned to have the taking of him. Of course it wasn't on the cards, hundreds of miles up-country as we are here, besides being across the border; yet when they got clear away, and headed for the Murray, there was no saying where they might or might not cast up. Well, it seems they never reached the Murray at all, but last week down in Balranald I heard a rum yarn about a stowaway aboard one of the Echuca river-steamers; they never knew he was aboard until they heard him go overboard just

the other side of Balranald. Then they thought it was one of themselves, until they mustered and found none missing; and then they all swore it was a log, except the man at the wheel who'd seen it; so I pretended to think with the rest, but you bet I didn't! I went down the river on the off-chance, but I never let on who I hoped it might be. And what with a swaggy whose swag had been stolen, and his description of the man who he swore had stolen it, I at last got on the tracks of the man I've lost. He was said to be an oldish man; that seemed good enough; they were both of them oldish men, the two that had escaped."

"The two!" cried Moya in high excitement. "The two! I keep forgetting there were two of them; you see you never said so when you came to the station."

"I wanted to keep it all to myself," confessed the crestfallen sergeant. "I only told two living men who I thought it was that I was after. One was my sub—who guessed—and the other *oldy* *and* *the* *len*."

"Were the two men who escaped anything like each other?"

"Evidently; they were both old lags from the *Success*, *the* *vic-* tuals who'd been chained together, as you might say, for years: that sort of thing beats a man down into a type. However, their friendship didn't go for much when they got outside; for Gipsy Marks murdered Captain Bovill as sure as emu's eggs are emu's eggs!"

"Murdered him!" gasped Moya; and her brain reeled to think of the hours she had spent with the murderer. But all was clear to her now, from the way in which Rigden had been imposed upon in the beginning, to the impostor's obstinate and terrified refusal to own himself as such to the very end.

"Yes, murdered him on the other side of the Murray; the body's only just been found; and meanwhile the murderer's slipped through my fingers," said the Sergeant, sourly; "for if it wasn't poor old Bovill I was after, at all events it was Gipsy Marks!"

Moya sprang to her feet.

"It was," she cried; "but he hasn't slipped through your fingers at all, unless he's dead. He wasn't when I left him two or three hours ago."

"When you left him?"

"Yes, I found him, and was with him all the morning."

"In Blind Man's Block—with that ruffian?"

"He took my horse and my water-bag, and left me there to die of thirst; but the dear horse turned the tables on him—poor wretch!"

"And you never told me!"

"I'm trying to tell you now."

And he let her finish.

But she would not let him go.

"Dear Sergeant Harkness, I can't pretend to have an ounce of pity left for that dreadful being in Blind Man's Block. A murderer, too! At least I have more pity for some one else, and you must let me take him away before you go."

"Impossible, my dear young lady—that is, before communicating with Mr. Cross."

"About bail?"

"Yes."

"What was the amount named this morning?"

"Fifty pounds."

"Give me a sheet of paper and a stamp, and I'll write a cheque myself."

Harkness considered.

"Certainly that could be done," he said at length.

"Then quickly—quickly!"

Yet even when it was done she detained him; even when he put the big cell-key in her hand.

"*Must* this go further—before the magistrate—after you have found him?"

Harkness hardened.

"The offence is the same. I'm afraid it must."

"It will make it very unpleasant for me," sighed Moya, "when I come up here. And when I've found him for you—and undone anything that was done—though I don't admit that anything was—I—well, I really think you *might*!"

"Might what?"

"Withdraw the charge!"

"But those tracks weren't his. Mr. Rigden made them. He shouldn't have done that."

"Of course he shouldn't—if he did."

"But of course he *did*, Miss Bethune! I've known Mr. Rigden for years; we used to be very good friends. I shouldn't speak as I do unless I spoke by the book. But—why on earth did he go and do a thing like that?"

Moya paused.

"If I tell you will you never tell a soul?"

"Never," said the rash sergeant.

"Then he was imposed upon. The wretch pretended he—had some claim—I cannot tell you what. I can tell you no more!"

It was provokingly little to have to keep secret for a lifetime; yet Harkness was glad to hear even this.

"It was the only possible sort of explanation," said he.

"But it won't explain enough for the world," sighed Moya, so meaningly that the Sergeant asked her what she did mean.



"I must really get off," he added.

"Then I'll be plain with you," cried the girl. "Either you must withdraw this charge, and pretend that those tracks were genuine, or I can never come up here to live!"

And she looked her loveliest to emphasize the threat.

"I must see Mr. Rigden about that," was, however, all that Harkness would vouchsafe.

"Very well! That's only fair. Meanwhile—I—*trust you*, Sergeant Harkness. And I never yet trusted the wrong man!"

That was Moya's last word.

It is therefore a pity that it was not strictly true.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a wonderful ride they had together, that ride between the police-barracks and the station, and from drowsy afternoon into cool sweet night. The crickets chirped their welcome on the very boundary, and the same stars came out that Moya had seen swept away in the morning, one by one again. Then the moon came up with a bound, but hung a little as though caught in some pine-trees on the horizon, that seem scratched upon its disc. And Moya remarked that they were very near home, with such a wealth of tenderness in the supreme word that the tears came into Rigden's eyes.

"Thank God," said he, "that I have lived to hear you call it so, even if it never is to be."

"But it is—it is. Our own dear home!"

"We shall see."

"What do you mean, darling?"

"I am going to tell your brother Theodore the whole thing."

"After I've taken such pains to make it certain that none of them need ever know a word?"

"Yes; he shall know; he can do what he thinks fit about letting it go any further."

Moya was silent for a little.

"You're right," she said at last. "I know Theodore. He'll never breathe it; but he'll think all the more of you, dearest."

"I owe it to him. I owe it to you all, and to myself. I am not naturally a fraud, Moya."

"On the other hand, it was very natural not to speak of such a thing."

"But it was wrong. I knew it at the time. Only I *could* not risk——"

Moya touched his lips with her switch.

"Hush, sir! That's the one part I shall never—quite—forgive."

"But you have taught me a lesson. I shall never keep another thing back from you in all my life!"

"And I will never be horrid to you again, darling! But of course there will be exceptions to both rules; to yours' because there are some things which wouldn't be my business (but this wasn't one of them); to mine, because—well—we none of us have the tempers of angels!"

"But you have been my good angel already—and more—much more!"

They came to the home-paddock gate. The moon was high above the pines. Underneath there were the lesser lights, the earthly lights, but all else was celestial peace.

"I hope they're not looking for me still!" said Moya.

"If they are I must go and look for them."

"I won't let you. It's too sweet—the pines—the moonlight—everything!"

They rode up to the homestead, with each roof beaming to the moon.

"Not much of a place for the belle of Toorak," sighed Rigden.

"Perhaps not. But, of all places, the place for me!"

"You're as keen as Ives," laughed Rigden as he helped her to dismount. "And I was so afraid the place would choke you off!"

## SATISFIED

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

**L**OVE wore a threadbare dress of gray,  
And toiled upon the road all day.

Love wielded pick and carried pack,  
And bent to heavy loads the back.

Though meagre-fed and sorely tasked,  
One only wage Love ever asked,—

A child's white face to kiss at night,  
A woman's smile by candle-light.

THE BRIEF CAMPAIGN AGAINST NEW ORLEANS  
DECEMBER '14, 1814-JANUARY 8, 1815

BY STEPHEN CRANE

*Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," etc.*

FIRST IN A SERIES OF "GREAT BATTLES OF THE WORLD"

THE Mississippi, broad, rapid, and sinister, ceaselessly flogging its enweariied banks, was the last great legend of the dreaming times when the Old World's information of the arisen continents was roseate but inaccurate. England, at war with the United States, heard stories of golden sands, bejewelled temples, fabulous silks, the splendor of a majestic barbarian civilization, and even if these tales were fantastic they stood well enough as symbols of the spinal importance of the grim Father of Waters.

The English put together a great expedition. It was the most formidable that ever had been directed against the Americans. It assembled in a Jamaican harbor, and at Pensacola, then a Spanish port, and technically neutral. The troops numbered about fourteen thousand men, and included some of the best regiments in the British army, fresh from service in the Peninsula under Wellington. They were certainly not men who had formed a habit of being beaten. Included in the expedition was a full set of civilian officials for the government of New Orleans after its capture.

A hundred and ten miles from the mouth of the Mississippi, New Orleans lay trembling. She had no forts or intrenchments; she would be at the mercy of the powerful British force. The people believed that the city would be sacked and burned. They were not altogether a race full of vigor. The peril of the situation bewildered them; it did not stir them to action.

But the spirit of energy itself arrived in the person of Andrew Jackson. Since the Creek War, the nation had had much confidence in Jackson, and New Orleans welcomed him with a great sigh of relief. The sallow, gnarled, crusty man came ill to his great work; he should have been in bed. But the amount of vim he worked into a rather flabby community in a short time looked like a miracle. The militia of Louisiana were called out; the free negroes were armed and drilled; convicts whose terms had nearly expired were enlisted; and down from Tennessee tramped the type of man that one always pictures as winning the battle,—the long, lank woodsman, brown as leather, hard as nails, inseparable from his rifle, in his head the eye of a hawk.

The Lafitte brothers, famous pirates whose stronghold was not a thousand miles from the city, threw in their lot with the Americans. The British bid for their services, but either the British committed the indiscretion of not bidding enough or the buccaneers were men of senti-

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ment. At any rate they accepted the American pledge of immunity and came with their men to the American side, where they rendered great service. Afterward the English, their offer of treasure repulsed, somewhat severely reproved us for allowing these men to serve in our ranks.

Martial law was proclaimed and Jackson kept up an exciting quarrel with the city authorities at the same time that he was working his strange army night and day in the trenches. Captain John Coffee with two thousand men joined from Mobile.

The British war-ships first attempted to cross the sand bars at the mouth of the river, and ascend the stream, but the swift Mississippi came to meet them, and it was as if this monster, immeasurable in power, knew that he must defend himself. The well-handled war-ships could not dodge this simple strength; even the wind refused its help. The river won the first action.

But if the British could not ascend the stream, they could destroy the small American gun-boats on the lakes below the city, and this they did on December 14 with a rather painful thoroughness. The British were then free to land their troops on the shores of these lakes and attempt to approach the city through miles of dismal and sweating swamps. The decisive word seems to have rested with Major-General Keane. Sir George Pakenham, the commander-in-chief, had not yet arrived. One of Wellington's proud veterans was not likely to endure any nonsensical delay over such a business as this campaign against a simple people who had not had the art of war hammered into their heads by a Napoleon. Moreover the army was impatient. Some of the troops had been with Lord Ross in the taking of Washington, and they predicted something easier than that very easy campaign. Everybody was completely cock-sure.

On the afternoon of December 23 Major-General Gabrielle Villeré, one of the gaudy Creole soldiers, came to see Jackson at head-quarters and announced that about two thousand British had landed on the Villeré plantation, nine miles below the city. Jackson was still feeble, but this news warmed the old passion in him. He pounded the table with his fist. "By the eternal!" he cried. "They shall not sleep on our soil!" All well-regulated authorities make Jackson use this phrase—"By the eternal"—and any reference to him hardly would be intelligible unless one quoted the familiar line. I suppose we should not haggle over the matter; historically one oath is as good as another.

Marching orders were issued to the troops and the armed schooner Carolina was ordered to drop down the river and open fire upon the British at 7.30 in the evening. In the meantime, Jackson reviewed his troops as they took the road. He was not a good-natured man; indeed, he is one of the most irascible figures in history. But he knew how to

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speak straight as a stick to the common man. Each corps received some special word of advice and encouragement.

This review was quaint. Some of the Creole officers were very gorgeous, but perhaps they only served to emphasize the wildly unmilitary aspect of the procession generally. But the woodsmen were there with their rifles, and if the British had beaten Napoleon's marshal, the woodsmen had conquered the forests and the mountains, and they too did not understand that they could be whipped.

The first detachment of British troops had come by boat through Lake Borgne, and then made a wretched march through the swamps. Both officers and men were in sorry plight. They had been exposed for days to the fury of tropical rains and for nights to bitter frosts without gaining even an opportunity to dry their clothes. But December 23 was a clear day, lit by a mildly warm sun. Arriving at Villeré's plantation on the river bank, the troops built huge fires and then raided the country as far as they dared, gathering a great treasure of "fowls and hams and wine." The feast was merry. The veteran soldier of that day had a grand stomach, and he made a deep inroad into Louisiana's store of "fowls and hams and wine."

As they lay comfortably about their fires in the evening some sharp eye detected by the faint light of the moon a moving, shadowy vessel on the river. She was approaching. An officer mounted the levee and hailed her. There was no answer. He hailed again. The silent vessel calmly furled her sails and swung her broadside parallel. Then a voice shouted and whistling shower of grape-shot tore the air. It was the little Carolina.

The British force flattened themselves in the shelter of the levee and listened to the grape-shot go ploughing over their heads. But they had not been long in this awkward position when there was a yell and a blare of flame in the darkness. Some of Jackson's troops had come.

Then ensued a strange conflict. The moon, tender lady of the night, hid while around the dying fires two forces of enfuried men shot, stabbed, and cut. One remembers grimly Jackson's sentence—"They shall not sleep on our soil." No; they were kept awake this night at least.

There was no concerted action on either side. An officer gathered a handful of men, and by his voice led them through the darkness at the enemy. If such valor and ferocity had been introduced into the insipid campaigns of the north the introduction would have made overwhelming victory for one people or the other. Dawn displayed the horrors of the fighting in the night. In some cases, an American and an English soldier lay dead each with his bayonet sheathed in the other's body. Bayonets were rare in the American ranks, but many men carried long hunting knives.

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As a matter of fact the two forces had been locked in a blind and desperate embrace. The British reported a loss of forty-six killed, one hundred and sixty-seven wounded, and sixty-four missing. In this engagement the Americans suffered more severely than in any other action of the short campaign.

On the morning of December 24, Sir George Pakenham arrived with a strong reinforcement of men and guns. Pakenham was a brother-in-law of Wellington. He had served in the Peninsula and was accounted a fine leader. The American schooners *Carolina* and *Louisiana* lay at anchor in the river, firing continually upon the British camp. Pakenham caused a battery to be planted which quickly made short work of these vessels.

During the days following the two armies met in several encounters which were fiery but indecisive. One of these meetings is called the Battle of the Bales and Hogsheads.

Jackson employed cotton-bales in strengthening a position, and one night the British advanced and built a redoubt chiefly of hogsheads containing sugar and molasses. The cotton suffered considerably from the British artillery, often igniting and capable of being easily rolled out of place, but the sugar and molasses behaved very badly. The hogsheads were easily penetrated, and they soon began to distribute sugar and molasses over the luckless warriors in the redoubt, so that British soldiers died while mingling their blood with molasses, and with sugar sprinkling down upon their wounds.

Although neither side had gained a particular advantage the British were obliged to retire. They had been the first disciplined troops to engage molasses, and they were glad to emerge from the redoubt, this bedraggled, sticky, and astonished body of men.

On the opposite bank of the river a battery to rake the British encampment had been placed by Commander Patterson. This battery caused Pakenham much annoyance, and he engaged it severely with his guns, but at the end of an hour he had to cease firing with a loss of seventy men, and his emplacements almost in ruins. The damage to the American works was slight, but they had lost thirty-six in killed and disabled.

Both sides now came to a period of fateful thought. In the beginning, the British had spoken of a feeble people who at first would offer a resistance of pretence, but soon subside before the victorious colors of the British regiments. Now they knew that they were face to face with determined and skilful fighters who would dauntlessly front any British regiment whose colors had ever hung in glory in a cathedral of old England. The Americans had thought to sweep the British into the Gulf of Mexico. But now they knew that although their foes floundered and blundered, although they displayed that curious stern-lipped stu-



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pidity which is the puzzle of many nations, they were still the veterans of the Peninsula, the stout undismayed troops of Wellington.

Jackson moved his line fifty yards back from his cotton-bale position. Here he built a defensive work on the northern brink of an old saw-mill race known as the Rodriguez Canal. The line of defence was a mile in length. It began on the river bank and ended in a swamp, where during the battle the Americans stood knee-deep in mud or on floating planks and logs moored to the trees. The main defences of the position were built of earth, logs and fence-rails. In some places it was twenty feet thick. It barred the way to New Orleans.

The Americans were prepared for the critical engagement some days before Pakenham had completed his arrangements. The Americans spent the interval in making grape-shot out of bar-lead, and in mending whatever points in their line needed care and work.

Pakenham's final plan was surprisingly simple, and perhaps it was surprisingly bad. He decided to send a heavy force across the river to attack Patterson's annoying battery simultaneously with the deliverance of the main attack against Jackson's position along the line of the Rodriguez Canal. Why Pakenham decided to make the two attacks simultaneous is not quite clear at this day. Patterson's force, divided by the brutally swift river from the main body of the Americans, might have been considered with much reason a detached body of troops and Pakenham might have eaten them at his leisure, while at the same time keeping up a great show in front of Jackson, so that the latter would consider that something serious was imminent at the main position.

However, Pakenham elected to make the two attacks at the same hour, and posterity does not perform a graceful office when it re-generals the battles of the past.

Boats were brought from the fleet, and with immense labor a canal was dug from Lake Borgne to the Mississippi. For use in fording the ditch in front of Jackson, the troops made fascines by binding together sheaves of sugar-cane, and for the breast-work on the far-side of the ditch they made scaling ladders.

On January 7, 1815, Jackson stood on the top of the tallest building within his lines and watched the British at work. At the same time Pakenham was in the top of a pine-tree regarding the American trenches. For the moment, and indefinitely, it was a question of eyesight. Jackson studied much of the force that was to assail him; Pakenham studied the position which he had decided to attack. Pakenham's eyesight may not have been very good.

Colonel Thornton was in command of the troops which were to attack Patterson's battery across the river, and a rocket was to be sent up to tell him when to begin his part of the general onslaught.

Pakenham advanced serenely against the Rodriguez Canal, the

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breast-work and the American troops. One wishes to use here a phrase inimical to military phraseology. One wishes to make a distinction between disinterested troops and troops who are interested. The Americans were interested troops. They faced the enemy at the main gate of the United States. Behind them crouched frightened thousands. In reality they were defending a continent.

As the British advanced to the attack, they made a gallant martial picture. The motley army of American planters, woodsmen, free negroes, ex-convicts, and pirates watched them in silence. Here tossed the bonnets of a fierce battalion of Highlanders; here marched a bottle-green regiment, the officers wearing furred cloaks and crimson sashes; here was a steady line of blazing red coats. Everywhere rode the general officers in their cocked hats, their short red coats with golden epaulettes and embroideries, their skin-tight white breeches, their high black boots. The ranks were kept locked in the manner of that day. It was like a grand review.

But the grandeur was extremely brief. The force was well within range of the American guns when Pakenham made the terrible discovery that his orders had been neglected; there was neither fascine nor ladder on the field. In a storm of rage and grief the British general turned to the guilty officer and bade him take his men back and fetch them. When, however, the ladders and fascines had been brought into the field a hot infantry engagement had begun and the bearers becoming wildly rattled, scattered them on the ground.

It was now that Sir George Pakenham displayed that quality of his nation which in another place I have called stern-lipped stupidity. It was an absolute certainty that Jackson's position could not be carried without the help of fascines and ladders; it was doubtful if it could be carried in any case.

But Sir George Pakenham ordered a general charge. His troops responded desperately. They flung themselves forward in the face of a storm of bullets aimed usually with deadly precision. Back of their rampart the Americans, at once furious and cool, shot with the quickness of aim and yet with the finished accuracy of life-long hunters. The British army was being mauled and mangled out of all resemblance to the force that had landed in December.

Sir George Pakenham, proud, heart-broken, frenzied man, rode full-tilt at the head of rush after rush. And his men followed him to their death. On the right, a major and a lieutenant succeeded in crossing the ditch. The two officers mounted the breast-work but the major fell immediately. The lieutenant imperiously demanded the swords of the American officers present. But they said: "Look behind you." He looked behind him and saw that the men whom he had supposed were at his back had all vanished as if the earth had yawned for them.

The lieutenant was taken prisoner and so he does not count, but the dead body of the major as it fell and rolled within the American breast-work established the high-water-mark of the British advance upon New Orleans.

Sir George Pakenham seemed to be asking for death and presently it came to him. His body was carried from the field. General Gibbs was mortally wounded. General Keane was seriously wounded. Left without leaders, the British troop began a retreat. This retreat was soon a mad runaway, but General Lambert with a strong reserve stepped between the beaten battalions and their foes. The battle had lasted twenty-five minutes.

Jackson's force, armed and unarmed, was 4,264. During the whole campaign he lost 333. In the final action he lost 4 killed, 13 wounded. The British force in action was about 8,000 men. The British lost some 900 killed, 1400 wounded and 500 prisoners.

Thornton finally succeeded in reaching and capturing the battery on the other side of the river, but he was too late. Some of the British war-ships finally succeeded in crossing the bars, but they were too late. General Lambert, now in command, decided to withdraw and the expedition sailed away.

Peace had been signed at Ghent on December 24, 1814. The real battle of New Orleans was fought on December 8, 1815.

## WHERE WASHINGTON STILL LIVES

BY RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON

IT is an easy pilgrimage, and one well worth the making from the noble city that bears his name, to the three places which above all others are associated with the life and presence of Washington—Fredericksburg, scene of his youthful exploits and burial-place of his mother; Mount Vernon, his residence in maturer years, and quiet, grass-grown Alexandria, which knew him as burgher, citizen, and neighbor.

Fredericksburg, which borrowed its name from one of the sons of George I., has now become doubly historic from the great battle fought there in December, 1862, but its charm for the visitor still abides in its cherished relics of Washington and his mother. These include the old house within the corporate limits of the town in which both lived and in which she died, the tomb above her grave, and the site on the farther shore of the Rappahannock of the house in which he lived when he first moved from his native Westmoreland. The elder Washington died in 1743, and his widow remained faithful to his memory

until her death, nearly fifty years later. Moreover, she reared her children wisely, and one by one saw them prosperously settled in life. With the coming of the Revolution, and when he was about to set out for the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, Washington, with loving regard for the comfort and safety of the aging woman, induced his mother to leave her country home and remove to Fredericksburg, nor did he rest content until he had seen her settled in her new quarters. The house that Mary Washington selected as her new home still stands in Charles Street, but not in its original form. One end has been altered and the roof raised to give a full second story, changes which have nearly destroyed its former quaintness of aspect.

Fredericksburg saw nothing of Washington during the seven critical, troubled years that followed Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, but when, shortly after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the patriot Captain, attended by an imposing suite of French and American officers, started upon what quickly became a triumphal progress to Philadelphia, he stopped on the way to visit his mother, who waited his coming with serene and quiet joy. The meeting took place on November 11, 1781. Washington, "in the midst of his numerous and brilliant suite," I quote from the quaint account of the event given later by George Washington Parke Custis, sent to apprise his mother of his arrival, and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him. Alone and on foot, the General-in-Chief of the combined armies of France and America, the deliverer of his country, the hero of the hour, repaired to pay his humble tribute of duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being. The first warm embrace of greeting over, she drew slowly back, and, looking with loving earnestness into his face, said softly: "You are growing old, George; care and toil have been making marks in your face since I saw you last." She too had grown old in the intervening years, but when she appeared that night at the ball given by the citizens of Fredericksburg in honor of the victors leaning on the arm of her son, her noble bearing and the dignity with which she received the addresses of those who came to do her honor prompted Lafayette to remark that he had seen the only Roman matron who was living in his day.

Memory of another meeting between Washington and his mother, last and tenderest of all, comes to mind as one stands before the quiet house in Charles Street. It was in April, 1789, that he came to bid her farewell before leaving for New York to enter upon his duties as first President of the Republic. He found her weak and worn in body, and already stricken with the hand of death. When he told her that as soon as his public duties would permit he should return to her, she gently interrupted him, saying that they should meet no more, but that he must go to fill the high place destiny had assigned him. And so they

parted, the strong man sobbing like a child as he left her presence for the last time. Four months later she had ceased to live. Washington was at dinner with Baron Steuben and other friends when the word came to him that his mother was dead. "My uncle," writes his nephew, who was present, "immediately retired to his room and remained there for some time alone."

It is a pleasant ride from Fredericksburg to Mount Vernon, and takes one along winding country roads often traversed by Washington. In 1741 his half-brother Lawrence served with Admiral Vernon in the disastrous campaign against Carthagen in South America. The following year he returned to Virginia, and was about to sail for England to enter the regular army when beautiful Annie Fairfax captured his affections, and the spirit of war yielded to the gentler argument of love. They were married in the midsummer of 1743. The death of the elder Washington a few months before had made the young husband owner and master of an estate extending for miles down the Potomac below Alexandria, and Lawrence Washington built for his bride a plain but substantial mansion on the most commanding river outlook, giving it the name of Mount Vernon, in honor of the Admiral with whom he had served in the West Indies.

A swift fever made an end of Lawrence Washington in 1752, and his estate passed to his daughter. She soon followed her father to the grave, and by the terms of the original bequest young George Washington, who from the first had been a frequent and much-loved visitor at the mansion, became master of Mount Vernon and its wide-reaching acres. From his father he had already inherited large landed holdings on the Rappahannock; his new acquisition made him one of the wealthiest planters of the Old Dominion. Coincident with his taking possession of Mount Vernon he began his labors in the service of the colony, first as surveyor, exploring and laying down the bounds of great estates, and then in the military service for the extension of colonial authority and British empire on the Ohio. In the five or six years which followed he rose to a high place on the roll of sagacious military commanders, and the fame of his martial exploits reached the uttermost limits of the colonies.

It was in April, 1759, three months after her marriage to Washington, that Martha Custis became the mistress of Mount Vernon. Daughter of Colonel John Dandridge, a belle of the Colonial Court at fifteen, wife of Colonel Daniel Parke Custis at seventeen, and a widow with two children at twenty-four, Washington met her for the first time while on a military errand to the old Scotch Governor, Dinwiddie, at the colonial capital. Their marriage gave him absolute control of one-third of the Custis patrimony, one of the largest fortunes in America.

The remainder of the estate came into his hands as guardian. For



fifteen years George and Martha Washington enjoyed life at Mount Vernon, he serving in the House of Burgesses and managing his vast estates, she taking complete charge of the domestic economy of the household, and both joining in the exercise of a hospitality as gracious as it was open-handed, unceasing, and lavish. The master of Mount Vernon played a forceful part in the events which led up to the Congress of 1774 and finally to the War for Independence; and in those trying times his wife supported him with words of approbation and encouragement, writing to a relative: "My mind is made up. My heart is in the cause. George is right. He is always right."

The second Continental Congress met, and Washington was a delegate. Lexington and Concord had fired the heart of the colonies, and the Continental army was organized in June, 1775, with Washington as its commander-in-chief. He wrote to his wife at Mount Vernon, giving directions about the management of his estate, enclosed his will, which he "hoped would be satisfactory," and at once set out from Philadelphia to take command of the Continental forces at Boston. Mount Vernon saw him only twice during the following eight years, and then in the line of military duty, but each winter Mrs. Washington joined her husband at head-quarters to assist in raising the heavy spirits of officers and men and to minister to the sick and suffering.

Peace restored, the world-wide fame of Washington made Mount Vernon a shrine of the great men of America and of visiting foreigners of rank and renown. The original mansion quickly proved too small to accommodate the throng of visitors and guests, and in 1785, it was enlarged by the addition of two wings, composing the banquet hall and the library and the piazza overlooking the river. The detached structures for the farm and domestic officers, the lawn, arboretum, conservatories, and flower and kitchen gardens were also constructed and laid out, giving the mansion and immediate surroundings their present appearance. Thus three years passed in quiet and retirement. But they were years neither of leisure nor rest. The cares of state were thrust upon the privacy of the home life at Mount Vernon. Washington held the leading-strings of the infant republic. The weakness of the Articles of Confederation were apparent to him, and it was in his constant thought to devise some form of strong centralized national governmental authority and administration. He was in communication with the patriots in all parts of the States, hanging together and defaulting in their duty and obligations under the free-and-easy system of 1777, and it was on the veranda or in the library of Mount Vernon that the preliminary steps were arranged which led to the peaceful revolution in the overthrow of the system of the Confederation and the substitution of the national system of 1787.

It was on a sunny day in April, 1789, that Charles Thompson, secre-



tary of the Continental Congress, arrived at Mount Vernon with the official notification of Washington's election to the Presidency. Reluctant to leave the congenial pursuits and surroundings of Mount Vernon, he nevertheless responded once more to his country's call, and on April 16, 1789, left for New York, the journey being one constant succession of ovations.

He inaugurated the new government, and soon after was followed by Mrs. Washington, who established the social institutions decided upon for the executive office and surroundings. During the years of his Presidency Washington occasionally visited Mount Vernon, passing a short time there during the adjournments of Congress. He also took an active part in the establishment of the site and laying the foundations of the capital, which bears his name and lies almost in sight of his beloved Mount Vernon.

Washington's second term as President closed in March, 1797, and he at once returned to Mount Vernon. He was now sixty-five years of age, laden with honors, surrounded by the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and in the possession of perfect health. The care of his estate gave him his greatest pleasure during his remaining years, but his regard for the public weal never weakened, and here and there in the diaries and private correspondence of the period one finds proof of this, which afford at the same time intimate glimpses of the personality of the masterful man whose career was now near its close.

Once only did Washington leave Mount Vernon after the close of his second term as President. The French Monarchy had been overthrown, and the Directory were startling the world with its horrors. Because the American Government would not sanction their butcheries and help shield them from the accumulated vengeance of mankind, they warred upon our commerce, imprisoned our citizens, and insulted our Commissioners. War seemed inevitable, and Washington was again summoned from his resting-place to resume his arms and defend his country. It must have been a sight to see the old lion once more summoning his brindled sons to battle. His old veterans rallied around him at the sound of his voice, ready to follow their General, to repeat their old hardships, and brave their old dangers. But war was averted, and Washington retired to Mount Vernon to die.

Two years later his brave wife followed him to the grave.

After her death the Mount Vernon estate passed to Bushrod Washington, a nephew of the General. In 1829 it became the property of John Augustine Washington, a nephew of Bushrod. In 1832 Mrs. Jane Washington, his widow, was mistress of the estate. At her death in 1855 her son, John Augustine Washington, became possessor. Neglect, indifference, and shiftless management now hastened this baronial estate toward decay.

But some forty years ago the women of the United States came to the rescue of the home and tomb of Washington, and the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association was incorporated, the mansion and two hundred acres passing into its hands for the sum of two hundred thousand dollars.

The present ownership and administration secure the mansion from the unnecessary ravages of time and the spoliation and vandalism of unworthy visitors. Each room in the main building having been assigned to a State, the lady regent of the State intrusted with its care supervises its restoration, preservation, and appropriate furnishing. In this way the rooms have been brought back in the style of the life of Washington and fitted up either with furniture used by Washington or of his times. The largest room, usually called the banquet-room, or state dining-room, is known as the New York room. Rembrandt Peale's "Washington Before Yorktown" hangs on the west side of the room; it was given by the artist's heirs to the Mount Vernon Association. Washington is on horseback, and with him are Lafayette, Hamilton, King, Lincoln, and Rochambeau. The picture is framed in the wood of a tree that grew on the farm of Robert Morris. The military equipments used by Washington in the Braddock campaign are shown in a glass case. The only interesting thing in the New York room not a Washington relic is an old British flag that belonged to General Grant. It is red silk, and so old that it is in tatters, and to preserve it the regents have had it mounted on plush and framed.

The Washington family dining-room is now the South Carolina room. The sideboard in this room is a veritable relic, used by Washington and his wife at Mount Vernon. It was presented by the wife of General Robert E. Lee, who wished it to go back to its original place.

Perhaps the most interesting relics in the house are those in the sleeping-chambers. "Lafayette's room" has still the original four-poster, with heavy tester and hangings, and the desk and dressing-table which served the Marquis on his visits to the Washington family. The room of Nellie Custis has in it a quaint and beautiful chair which came over with Lord Baltimore, and the mirror at which she made her toilet and the steps by which she climbed into her lofty, curtained bed are still in their old places. In another room is a curious candlestick of Mrs. Washington, an upright rod supporting a sliding cross-beam, in each end of which is a brass candlestick, the base of which, a tripod, rests upon the floor. However, the interest of the whole house centres in the room where Washington died, and in which the years have wrought no change. The bed in which he breathed his last holds its old place, and beside it is the light stand on which are the rings left by the medicine glasses, unchanged since that day. The secretary at which he wrote, the hair-covered trunk in which he carried his posses-

sions, the surveyor's tripod he had used, the cloak he threw about his shoulders when he went over the farm, the leathern chair in which he sat, all are there, and standing in that room one comes closer to the living presence of Washington than in any other place on earth.

A delightful sail takes the visitor from Mount Vernon to Alexandria, the quiet riverside village which knew Washington as townsman and neighbor. Man and town came into active life together, for it was while Washington was passing from childhood into youth at Mount Vernon that the hamlet of Belhaven grew into the shire town of Alexandria.

Young George rode into the town almost daily when at Mount Vernon, and when, his days as a surveyor ended, he was commissioned major of the Colonial militia and appointed adjutant of the frontier district, he established his head-quarters at Alexandria, from this centre organizing the militia of the border counties, selecting drill-masters for the officers, attending and regulating musters, and thus slowly yet surely developing that command of detail and talent for organization which five-and-twenty years later transformed on Boston Heights a crude militia into a Continental Army.

It was at Alexandria that, in 1755, Braddock, with Washington as aide-de-camp, made ready for his disastrous western campaign, the half-built town becoming for the time the centre of British authority in America. Braddock left Alexandria on April 20; on July 9 he fell, and Washington, filling the mountain passes with troops, saved his fellow-Colonials from ravishment by the French and Indians. Soon after this came the young Colonel's marriage to the widow Custis, his resignation from the militia, the French power in Virginia being now broken, and his election to the House of Burgesses. At the same time he took an active interest in the concerns of the town growing up on the borders of his estate. He was made a member of the Town Council in 1766, and about the same time built an office in the village—torn down only a few years before the Civil War—where he transacted his business and met his friends. He was also vestryman of the parish which included Alexandria, helped to build Christ Church in 1769, and worshipped there until his death.

Following the opening of the Revolution, Washington was, of course, absent from Alexandria for many years, but when he returned from the war at Christmas, 1783, the Mayor met him with an address, and thenceforth he never left home on a public mission that kindly official addresses were not exchanged with that functionary and the commonalty. Nor did the burden of weightier duties prevent him from at once resuming a helpful interest in the growth and welfare of the town. As soon as he had time to look into its affairs, he found that the lack of avenues of internal trade, and the competition of the low

Maryland tariff at Georgetown, were crippling Alexandria. Accordingly, he at once undertook the removal of these obstructions. He helped to organize the Potomac Company,—since merged into the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company,—which built locks around the Potomac Falls, and to avoid the discrimination which the lower duties at Georgetown made against Alexandria he led the way to the appointment of commissioners from the two States to settle inter-State difficulties. These commissioners met at Alexandria in March, 1785, and agreed to a uniform tariff, to be supported by a naval force in the Chesapeake. This was thought to involve the rights of Pennsylvania and Delaware, whose waters emptied into Chesapeake Bay, and a further conference was invited at Annapolis. Here the delegates discovered that a "more perfect union" was needed, and they called the Constitutional Convention which met at Philadelphia in 1787. Thus Alexandria claims, and rightfully, to be the cradle of the Constitution.

Soon after this, however, the town sunk into the heavy sleep that still locks it in its restful embrace, and looking from the river at its gray-black roofs, gabled, hipped, and gambrelled, and covered with shingles, put on before the century was young and now warped and moss grown, or wandering through its ancient streets, cobble-paved and with grass growing all about, one loves to think that Alexandria has changed but little since Washington saw it for the last time. That was on election day in the late November of 1799, and the General, as was his custom, came early to vote. Access to the polls was by a flight of stairs outside. These in the year named had become old and shaky, and when Washington reached them he placed one foot upon them and shook the crazy ascent as if to try its strength. Instantly twenty stout arms, one above the other, grasped the stairway, and a dozen men's shoulders braced it. Nor did a man move until the venerable chief deposited his vote and returned. "I saw his last bow," said one of them in after years, "and it was more than kingly."

Four weeks later the cold caught during a winter's ride over his estates had done its work, and Washington had become the noblest memory in our history.

## THE LITTLE CHRISTIAN

BY MAARTEN MAARTENS

*Author of "God's Fool," etc.*

THE whole family stood in the big hotel entrance. Even in that immensity of space they looked numerous. And they looked appropriate, amidst the masses of marble and gilding, as they stood there, in brand-new modern tourist trappings, expensively smart, with present-day commonplace splendor, in the commonplace, present-

day splendors of the Palace Company's latest and most magnificent Bellaria Palace Hotel, on the Italian lakes. You know it—the Bellaria Palace Hotel.

The whole family, father, mother,—nay papa, mamma,—three young ladies and four young gentlemen, looked round with indolent satisfaction on display which had cost so much. "*Très chie*," they said inwardly,—even the youngest said it. They also had, all of them, cost much, and would cost yet more. They approved of money. They liked the smell.

"Papa" turned the gaze of his little, glaucous eyes, which appeared to notice nothing, on the great white marble staircase that swept up into a cupola of colored glass—unconsciously estimating, according to ancestral habit, cost, dividends, value of shares. Then the lazy, half-closed eyelids sank past the bowing manager and the bowing secretary and paused over the litter of lesser luggage swiftly accumulating about the door-mat.

"Baptiste," said papa, with quick imperiousness, "see that none of the things get left down below."

"Yes, Monsieur le Baron," replied the valet. He stood near the courier and the two maids. The English governess and the tutor were a little closer to the Baroness.

"We will mount," said the lady. And the whole family, a little loud, perhaps, but so jolly among themselves, went trooping up the marble staircase.

They were unmistakably (not the retainers) of the remnant of the children of Israel, of that section of the numerous remnant which, reverted to the worship of the Golden Calf, now fattens on the flesh-pots of a conquered Egypt, and, following the example of the Lawgiver, breaks the whole of the twelve commandments in the presence of the golden god. That deity amply rewards them with abundance of the filth which is lucre. In other words, the family were of the money-Jews, the international banking Jews, the ultra-successful parasite Jews, who batten on the sores of kings. Everybody knows their name. Look over the admiring (contemptuous) hotel-porter's shoulder and read in the visitor's book, "Baron Isidore de Goldberg, with family and suite, from Paris." From Paris, of course. The good Americans go there after death, it is said, and the bad Jews before.

Perhaps it is hardly fair to call these Goldbergs bad. We shall see. They were knit together by that strong tie which characterizes the nation, a happy, united family, prosperous, affectionate, full of sensuous enjoyment and easy laughter and money-spending from morning to night. They were out now, all together, for a month of pure pleasure on the Italian lakes, the sun-lit, flower-filled Italian lakes; they were all in admirable health, and carefully groomed by their Christian servants.



and expensively clothed by Parisian tradesmen in slightly dressy British checks and leathers, and there was a general odor of pigskin about themselves and their shiny luggage, which thing surely ought not to have been so. But, like most of their class, they had no religion. Baron Isidore believed in the lucre that dropped from the Golden Calf.

"It is an historical fact," he said, "which, as such, we must simply accept, that the mission of the Christians is to create wealth by labor, and the mission of the Jews is to collect it."

"And who spends it?" questioned the Baroness listlessly.

"That is the mission of woman, my dear Sarah, all the world over," replied the banker.

"Isidore!"

"Well—Sally, then. But why? The daughter of Monsieur de Schmierbacher is called 'Sarah,' and they are pious Protestants."

"Pious Protestants can afford to be called 'Sarah.' It even sounds like the Dragonnades, and all that sort of thing."

"Well, it is no use your being ashamed of your Jewish blood. We are too rich, too well-known, to hide it. As well might the Sultan of Turkey pretend he was not a Turk."

"Ashamed! Ashamed!" She turned on him, the great, voluptuous beauty, a splendid woman, not yet forty, with the wealth of the East in her eyes.

"How dare you speak like that to me? Ashamed of being a Jewess—I? You seem to forget, Isaac Goldberg, that *I* am one of the Rialtos."

"My mother named me Isidore," he answered, nettled.

"After your grandfather Isaac?" she replied with scorn. "You had a grandfather, hadn't you? Be glad that you know what his name was."

"Come, don't let us quarrel," he said, "we never do. We are not going to begin—are we?—face to face with this beautiful landscape?" She followed him on to the spacious balcony. The silver lake spread before them, a-twinkle with bright-colored skiffs, in a blaze of sunshine and verdure between the soft gray circle of the hills.

"It is beautiful," she said. "But I like being called Sally because I detest the name of Sarah. Oh, it is beautiful! beautiful! Isidore, see the little Italian villages nestling against the hill-sides. And to think of all the love and hate hid away in those little white houses! All the love—all the love-making, in liquid Italian, before such a landscape, under such a sky!" She leant her rounded white chin on her shapely white hand and arm, the elbow on the marble parapet.

"Yes," he said. "Shall we order tea? The conditions of life are very hard in these Italian villages. Much might, undoubtedly, be done with capital, but the economic stability of the country—however, you don't care for that."



She languidly turned her eyes on him.

"No," she said; "order tea. Do you mean to say that we Jews could come and increase the happiness of the villagers? Surely that is hardly in accordance with 'historic fact'?"

He did not answer. He was accustomed to his wife's rare ironical moods. As a rule, she laughed her prosperous way through life. Occasionally she would have fits of contrariness, against herself, as it seemed to him. But presently she would be all smiles again,—a little more exuberantly, perhaps, than usual. And they always were comfortably happy, with that safe and certain happiness which relies on itself for remaining—placidly, dispassionately—just what it wants itself to be.

"Where are the children?" he asked. These latter were of all ages, a couple of nearly grown girls, a smart and supremely important young man of eighteen (the social chief of the family), two or three school-boys, the youngest eleven.

"The girls are out with Miss Sinclair, except Yolande, who had a headache——"

"A headache! I will go to her!" He started up, the little, podgy man, with the fat bunch of 'breloques'—he started to his dumpy little feet, dropping the *Berliner Börsen Courier*.

"No, no, I have been with her—it is nothing. I will send her a cup of tea."

"And the boys? Are they with their tutor?"

"Yes. Stay, that is surely Leopold's voice in the garden! Why is he shouting like that? He shouldn't scream in a public garden."

"Nonsense, he is only laughing. Our hotel prices are high enough to include the right of laughing aloud in the garden."

"Prices!" she answered, annoyed; "I was thinking of manners. I want Leopold to grow up a gentleman."

"Different from the others?" he retorted quickly, stung. They were standing looking down on the beautiful Bellaria gardens that slope down, a mass of camellias, azaleas, and palm-trees, towards the shining lake. They could see their youngest, a fair-headed, graceful little lad, chasing, with shrill shrieks of merriment, a stranger among the rhododendron bushes.

"Different from us others?" insisted the Baron.

She sighed, and put a hand upon his lips. "Do not talk foolishness," she said. "How excited that child is getting. But I hardly like to disturb his play."

"He is often excited," replied the father.

"Yes, and oftener melancholy," said the mother thoughtfully.

"Shall I send down one of the servants?" he asked, moving towards the room.

"Do you grudge him his happiness?" was her violent reply.

"Sarah!—Sally?"

"Forgive me, *chère ami*: the long journey on the boat has tired me. I am irritable to-night. No, let the boy play! I am glad to hear his laugh."

"And you,—give me another cup, please,—who never will allow the children to speak to strangers! Well, well, Leo was always your favorite. I sometimes wonder why. I suppose because he is the youngest? Or is it because he looks so different from the others?—the one fair specimen among the whole black lot?" He spoke jestingly, and sopped a "*petit beurre*" in his tea, holding with careless attention (all-sufficient) the *Berliner Börsen Courier* up to his gold-rimmed eyeglasses.

"Is he not your favorite also?" she retorted quickly, with a strain in her voice.

"Well, yes, I suppose so, among the boys—as far as a parent may have one. You see he is the youngest. And I like his close yellow crop and his turned-up nose."

"It isn't turned up."

"Isn't it? It's turned up, compared to mine. He's a good boy, a bright boy, but I don't imagine, somehow, he'll ever make a banker."

"A child of eleven!"

"Well, at that age one can see if you've got the business instinct. At least one can see if you haven't. The other boys all knew the value of a franc before they were out of their frocks. I remember Lucien, as a baby, going round and changing a silver bit over and over again among the servants, in the hope that one of them, sooner or later, would make a mistake and give him a copper too much."

"I remember too," she said, looking away across the lake to the mountains. "You didn't like that."

"No, of course not. Still, it is the way our great fortunes are made. What else is it but getting the Christians to give us more than a franc's worth for less than a franc?"

"His was at least a genuine franc."

"He was only a child."

"Leo is not like that, true. The last franc you gave him he threw away to a beggar child. He was sorry immediately afterwards that it was the whole franc he had given, but too proud to ask for any of it back again."

"Well, the people are very poor in these parts," replied the Baron with easy indifference, and he turned to the valet who came in, bringing the post. "Baptiste, have you any idea with what sort of a boy Monsieur Leo is playing?"

Baptiste dropped his self-satisfied eyes. "I inquired of the hotel

porter, Monsieur le Baron," he purred. "It is the son of an Austrian nobleman staying in the hotel, the Count von Riesenembs."

Baron Goldberg colored suddenly. "It is well," he said. "You are attentive, Baptiste. You can go." To his wife the banker turned with nervous apprehension. She gazed at him curiously. "I should have preferred French children, or English," he answered her. "The Germans, and especially the Austrians, have ideas! They are mediæval!"

"They are nearer to the Goldbergs," she answered, "and so they see clearer. Let us be honest. Now you, if your name were Riesenembs—what would you do?" She sat toying with her hand upon the parapet, a proud curve about her beautiful throat.

"I surrender!" he cried,—*"absolutely! indiscriminately! I accept everything. I admit it all. If my name were Riesenembs—it isn't: let us talk of something else."* He blushed slightly over his flabby yellow cheeks, and twisted the enormous diamond he wore around his little finger.

"I can make and break a hundred Riesenembs's," he said.

"Not make," she answered quietly. "Never mind: you needn't go back to Vienna."

"Sarah, I will buy you that emerald necklace we saw at Duverdon's before we came away. I will write at once and tell him to put it by for us." He touched the little silver bell on the tea-table. "Baptiste," he said, "where is my writing-case?"

"I will get it immediately, Monsieur le Baron."

"These Counts Riesenembs," continued the banker, musing aloud, "they are very poor nowadays. One wonders this man can afford to be staying here."

"Perhaps he has married an American?" suggested the Baroness.

"No, I should have known had he done that. They are a recollection of my youth, the old Count in his great Palace of the Stephansgaschen, with his scarlet liveries and white Trakeners, and the gallery that was worth half a million. Nathan Mosesthal has the house now, Mosesthal & Company, the Circassian Railway people."

"And who has the pictures?"

"My brother Julius has some."

She was silent for a long time, looking out towards the sloping sunset, behind the clear-cut ridges and the darkening silver lake. The laughter of the child rang up to them in the soft and silent air.

"How he is enjoying himself," she said. "The others ought to be coming back, before it begins to get chilly. I wish Miss Sinclair would remember about the nightfall. But she is not their mother!"

"Why don't you make your servants do as you tell them?" he exclaimed testily.

She looked at him in lazy surprise. "I am not a genius," she replied.

"None of my clerks has ever disobeyed an order twice."

"No, because you sent him away after the first time. You are a hard man, Isidore."

"But a just."

To his astonishment she burst out with a sudden vehemence of reply:

"It is so natural! So simple! One can understand it all,—one can feel for it, even we! Ah, what must they feel! They love their country, their church, their whole national existence—how could they do else?"

He sat staring at her, the *Berliner Börsen Courier* fallen between his knees.

"What on earth do you mean?" he said.

"The Antisemite feeling. Even I, a Jewess, and proud of being a Jewess, I understand, I can sympathize. We are aliens; we have no nationality; we hate their religion and battle against it, in our professorates, with our newspapers, all over Europe! Our sole aim——"

"My dear Sally, you are talking nonsense." He rose. "I shall go and have a look at Yolande." He was stepping through the window when a tempest of shrieks and cries from the garden caused him to turn.

"That is Leo's voice," exclaimed the Baroness, starting to her feet and hanging over the balcony.

"Well, my dear, he is only in one of his rages. I cannot understand where he gets them from. I never lost my temper in my life. I don't think you have any passions, and all the other children are exceedingly good-natured."

"Leo is proud-natured," replied the Baroness Sarah, "and warm-hearted, hot and cold. Leo! Leo! He does not hear me. And I don't like to stand calling out like this from an hotel balcony!"

"On the first floor," replied Baron Isidore. "That courier always manages excellently about securing the best rooms." He walked off with a chuckle. "You see, they weren't occupied by Riesenembs!" he said in the door-way.

At that moment she considered him contemptible; she did not deign to reply. She stood looking down towards the thicket of flowering shrubs from which the tumult had ascended. Everything was silent now. But in another instant the door of the sitting-room was burst open and her youngest, flushed, panting, infuriate, stood before her.

"Maman!" he gasped, "maman!"

"But what hast thou, Leo, my child? Be calm." She stepped towards him, her arms outstretched, then suddenly drew back, for she saw that he was not hurt, only angry. "Calm thyself," she said sternly.

The child stared in front of him, accustomed to these swift checkings

of emotion on his mother's part. He had a vague impression that his mother's nature, very unlike his own, hid away its uppermost thoughts.

"Oh, maman," he said, and his voice was stifled with passion, "he called me a little Christian! He called me a little Christian!"

"Well?" she answered, "tell me about it; I do not understand."

"He called me a little Christian. But I hit him. He was bigger than me, maman. I thrashed him till he cried."

"I understand still less," she answered, in that cool, contented voice. "Who was 'he'? Why did you hit him? What did he mean?"

"The boy I was playing with in the garden. I met him and we played at ball—a German boy. And he said that we were Jews."

"Well? So we are. But you declared just now——"

"At least, he said that you were Jews," the child corrected, pouring out his words, his fair cheeks still aflame. "But he said to me '*You're a little Christian! Oh, you're a little Christian!*'" he said.

The Baroness flung herself forward. "What,—for God's sake!—do you mean?" she cried. She was white to the lips, all but her burning eyes, red-hot, like coals. She sank back in the big easy-chair. "What silly talk!" she said.

"He said they had crossed the lake with us," the boy hurried on, "and he heard his father say so. '*They're Jews,*' he had heard his father say to his mother, so he said, '*but the fair little boy is a Christian; anyone could see as much as that; the fair little boy is a Christian.*'"

"I will hear no more of this," said the mother. "Nay, stop, what more did he say?"

"He said that his father was Count Riesenembs, and he mightn't play with Jew children. '*But I suppose I may play with you,*' he said, '*because, you see, you're a Christian. My father said so: isn't it lucky?*' he says. And I said it was a lie, and he hit at me, for his father never tells lies, he says. '*Nor does mine,*' I told him. Mother, my father never tells lies?"

"N—no," replied the Baroness. "He might make a mistake, of course," she added hastily.

"Nor do you, mother, ever tell lies?"

No answer.

"Mother, what did he mean by saying that I was not a Jew?"

"He meant that you were fair, Leo, and had blue eyes—that you had a Christian cast of countenance: that was all the father meant. The son misunderstood."

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried the boy with vehemence.

"Thank God!" gasped the mother to herself. But she only said aloud: "That is right, my little Leo. Of course, you are proud, like us all, of your race."

The boy blushed purple. "I meant I was glad I looked like a Christian," he said; "it's second-best to being one."

She flung up her eyes to his with such force that he staggered back.

"Maman!" he stammered, "I couldn't let you think a lie!"

"And just now you were wild with anger because——"

"Because I saw he was insulting us all, maman!—insulting you and us all he was! 'I mayn't play with little Jews,' he says. 'And what's your name?' And I told him 'Leo.' 'There, you see, after the Pope,' he says, and I hit his nose, and it bled!"

"My own boy! My own passionate, chivalrous boy! Ah, Leo, don't tell me you would like to be a Christian child!"

There rose a deep-drawn silence in the hotel sitting-room, deepening between mother and child, yet slowly drawing them nearer in yearning while they fancied it estranged. From across the lake came the clanging of vesper bells.

"Maman, may I speak? Oh, how I would love to be a Christian! I suppose it is very wrong of me. Don't be angry; don't be angry with me, dear little mother; I can't understand why I want to be so much?"

"I am not angry," said the Baroness dully, "and I think I can understand."

"Mother, when I went to school the other day it began. I had never known before. When they asked me what my name was, and I said 'Leopold Louis de Goldberg,' they all laughed and they called me Saint Louis. They always call me that ever since: they say I am named after him and his crusaders. Mother, they *mean* that I've nothing to do with the history of France!"

"My boy, what do you care?"

"It's not *your* France," they say. 'It's not *your* history!' I get excited over the splendid things the knights and heroes did. I could weep about them, mother, and fight for the Cross, as the heroes did. But the boys laugh, and Bertrand de Varicourt says it's none of it any business of mine! Oh, mother, it's true—isn't it? I hit him, but I don't know what to answer! Mother, what did this German boy mean by saying I *was* a Christian? What did he mean by saying you were Jews, but I was not? Am I—not?"

She flashed past the wild hope she saw surging in his eyes. She could not bear to see it.

"I have told you what he meant," she answered, trembling from head to foot, and vainly endeavoring to steady herself. "It is no use, Leo, you will never be a Christian. You mustn't want to be. Do you want to be unlike your brothers and sisters?"

"N—no," he stammered; "I can't help it, maman; I feel different, somehow: I don't know why. I'd rather be a poor boy, and not have money and not be a Jew. Oh, mother, I'm very, very sorry! I'm very, very wicked! I'm very, very wretched!"



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The tears broke into his voice. "But Bertrand de Varicourt is right: none of all the splendid stories belong to me."

"Bertrand de Varicourt is wrong," she said, stamping her foot; "you are as much a Frenchman as he."

He stared at her. "Oh, maman?"

"As much a Frenchman as he!" she cried.

"And the knights of the Cross, maman?"

For only answer she caught him in her arms, kneeling in the open window, covering his hot face with her kisses and her tears.

"The best blood of France!" she cried; "the noblest, the purest, the most Christian, the best!"

A movement behind them caused them to look up. By an unseen door which led from his daughter's chamber stood Baron Isidore von Goldberg.

"Oh, maman!" sobbed the boy, "don't cry, maman! I don't want to be a little Christian! I don't want to be a little Christian, maman!"

## TWO NOBLE DAMES BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

BY MRS. A. MURRAY SMITH

*Daughter of the Dean of Westminster*

AT the present time, when women's education and women's rights are so much to the front, it is well to recall the fact that we modern women are not the first of our sex to receive the same educational and even physical advantages as men, although it is true that never before have these privileges been extended to all classes as is the case nowadays.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for instance, the noble dames of England were, with few exceptions, not only accomplished in mental and athletic exercises, but also often learned. The girls shared in their brothers' lessons, or where they had no brothers had tutors of their own, and were instructed in the classics as well as in modern languages, besides other arts and sciences. They could also dance, ride, shoot with the bow and arrow, play on the various musical instruments in vogue at the time, and seem to have been endowed with a power of physical endurance equal to the stoutest female athlete of our own day. It is proposed to record the chief episodes in the lives of two of these accomplished and cultivated women, ladies of high rank, if not of the blood royal itself, whose beautiful tombs are familiar to the pilgrim who lingers amidst the chapels of Westminster Abbey, his mind

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filled with memories of kings and queens, poets and statesmen, and all the great men of ancient times whose dust mingles with the crumbling Abbey stones.

### MARGARET BEAUFORT, COUNTESS OF RICHMOND AND DERBY.

There is a tomb—in the South Aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel—which arrests the attention of the most casual tourist. Upon it lies the gilded effigy of a great and noble lady, mother of Henry VII., the first King of the Tudor race, whose "notable acts and charitable deeds all her life exercised cannot in a small volume"—much less in a few pages—"be expressed." Her habit is that of a nun, for during the latter part of her life the Countess, though not actually in a convent, lived a conventual life, given up to good works, yet ever ready to aid her royal son with her worldly wisdom. The careworn face is beautiful in its calm repose, yet it plainly bears the marks of a turbulent, not a cloistered life, and the wrinkled hands, so exquisitely moulded by the Italian master, Torrigiano, are not those of a woman who has stood aside from the battle of life. The name of the "venerable Lady Margaret" was revered by courtier and monk, by rich and poor, alike in her own day, and is still gratefully remembered for her bequests. At Cambridge she founded two colleges, and a divinity chair at both Oxford and Cambridge, called the Lady Margaret Professorship. One charitable legacy of hers also still exists, the weekly dole of bread and meat for twelve old women inhabitants of Westminster, which is regularly distributed every week under the name of the "Dean's Gift." Margaret was indeed one of the brightest lights of her time, venerated by her own and subsequent generations as the type of all that was noblest and purest in woman, and one turns with a sensation of relief from the bloody records of the Civil Wars to the example of her noble life, that of a cloistered nun in the midst of court and camp.

Margaret Beaufort was the daughter and heiress of the Duke of Somerset, and received an education suitable to her rank. Besides the usual accomplishments, she was highly trained in the art of medicine, and in the secluded country life of after years she was wont to dress the wounds and treat the diseases of her vassals. In those days the unfortunate peasants depended in sickness entirely on the good offices of monks and women. That she was also proficient in the feminine art of needlework is attested by a carpet, worked with her own hands, upon which the Beaufort arms were embroidered, which is said still to exist. As to more solid talents, her learning is shown by the devotional books she wrote herself and translated from the French, some of which were amongst the first printed works which were published in England, printed by the great Caxton when he was working at his press under the shadow of the Abbey, while Margaret was living with her son, Henry

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VII., at the palace hard by. Her wit and extraordinary memory also won her the admiration of the great Erasmus, who was the first professor to fill her divinity chair at Cambridge. Had Margaret been free to follow her own inclinations, she would no doubt early have taken refuge in a cloister, but the descendant of John of Gaunt and the heiress of all the Beauforts was perforce obliged to marry. As it was her piety reconciled her to the first candidate who came forward, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, half-brother of Henry VI., to whom she was betrothed when only fourteen. Long afterwards Margaret was wont to tell of a vision she had had when only a child of nine. She said that the Bishop and Saint, Nicholas, "the patron and helper of maidens," had appeared to her and bade her take none other than the young Tudor for her future husband. This, the romance of her youth, colored her whole life, and up to the day of her death she was always known by the title of Countess of Richmond, instead of taking that of her third husband, the Earl of Derby. Before she was sixteen (1459) Margaret was left a widow with a babe of three months old. All around her the Wars of the Roses were raging, the rival houses of York and Lancaster fighting for the crown over the meek head of Henry VI., while the future Seventh Henry lay peacefully in his carved wood cradle, unconscious of the storms which prepared the way for his succession. The widow's heart was in the grave with her dead husband, but policy obliged her to fill his place very soon and give a protector to herself and her infant. One of the Lancastrian nobles, Sir Humphry Stafford, was found for her, ready and willing to marry the young heiress on her own terms. For the next twenty-two years Margaret's life was a strangely checkered one. There is no record as to her relations with her husband; we only know that in his will Stafford calls her "his dearly beloved wife," but from all indications her love for her only son seems to have dominated every other feeling. With the final deposition and death of Henry VI. his boy nephew, who had already been attainted and imprisoned on his uncle's first and temporary downfall, was obliged to take refuge in France, where he remained an exile and practically a state prisoner during the whole reign of Edward IV. and part of Richard III.'s,—for about fourteen years, in fact. Meantime his mother lived secluded from courts in the country, tending the poor, saying prayers for her absent son, and reading and writing devotional books. On the death of Stafford she took the seemingly strange but really far-seeing and politic step of wedding a prominent Yorkist noble, Lord Stanley, an adherent of Richard, Duke of York, Edward IV.'s brother, and apparently one of the party to which she was herself opposed. But the event justified Margaret's foresight. When Richard usurped his little nephew's throne and murdered the young king and his brother, Stanley became his most trusted supporter, so trusted that he confided to him the care of his

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niece, Elizabeth, who was now the eldest surviving child of Edward IV., and thus next in the line of succession, with the intention of marrying her himself as soon as his own delicate wife died. But his plans were frustrated by the Lady Margaret herself, who secretly arranged a match for Elizabeth of York with her own son. Henry returned to England, collected a band of devoted Lancastrian nobles, a small force augmented by Yorkist deserters who left the usurper for the winning side, and defeated his uncle on Bosworth Field. His own step-father, Stanley, took the gold coronet from the dead body of his former master and placed it upon Henry's head on the battlefield; hence the device of the crown on the bush so conspicuous in Henry's chapel. The lines of York and Lancaster were finally united by the marriage of the young king with the Yorkist heiress, and Margaret was rewarded for her schemes by the untiring devotion of her son and his gentle wife. She received the rank of princess and became a person of great consequence, although, as we have said, living apart from the world and separated from her husband by her own choice for the rest of her life. To the Westminster Monastery she was a consistent benefactress, and would have left the residue of her large fortune to the monks had not her astute confessor, Bishop Fisher, advised her not to leave money to any religious foundation, rather to the universities, for he foresaw great changes approaching with the new king, Henry VIII. Fortunately for Margaret, she survived her beloved son only a few months, and was spared the knowledge of Bishop Fisher's sad end on the block and the ruin of the Westminster Monastery. She died June 29, 1509, aged sixty-nine, and was carried from the palace hard by to a vault in her son's new chapel, then only partially built. So elaborate and costly were the monuments erected over her remains and those of Henry VII. and his wife that they were not completed for about ten years after their deaths. The money for them was bequeathed by the late king, who began his wife's tomb, where he was himself laid, in his life-time. Let us close these scattered fragments from Margaret's full and saintly life with the words spoken over her grave by Fisher: "Everyone that knew her loved her, and everything she said and did became her."

### MARGARET DOUGLAS, COUNTESS OF LENNOX.

Even as the ascetic features of the venerable Lady Margaret recall the monkish, narrow face of her son, Henry VII., whose own effigy is hard by, so is the coarse, jovial countenance of her grandson, Henry, brought vividly before us when we look at the somewhat stout, rather masculine lady lying on an altar tomb close to the Countess of Richmond. We hear not of convents in connection with this other Lady

\*As in the case of Margaret Beaufort, the maiden name is here given, each lady being important in right of her birth first, then of marriage.

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Margaret, great-granddaughter of the first, but much of the troubles she suffered in connection with her son and her children's love-affairs. "Thrice have I been cast into prison," did the poor lady herself make lament in after life, "not for matters of treason, but for love-matters: first when Thomas Howard, son to Thomas, first Duke of Norfolk, was in love with myself; then for the love of Henry Darnley, my son, to Queen Mary of Scotland, and lastly for the love of Charles, my younger son, to Elizabeth Cavendish." In these few graphic words practically the whole of Margaret's life is summed up, and as we look from the tomb of one Margaret to the other, the one the immediate progenitrix of the great Tudor sovereigns, the other of the ill-fated English house of Stuart, we seem to see Tudor and Stuart stand linking hands in the background of the English throne at the present day. Margaret Stuart, Countess of Lennox, was the child (she was born in 1515) of Henry VII.'s elder daughter Margaret, the Scotch queen, by her second and rather foolish match with Douglas, Earl of Angus, and her only girl was then step-sister to her royal son, James V of Scotland. As a child, Margaret Douglas, after suffering exile with Angus in France, shared in all the hardships of border warfare, and was dragged by her father, who quarreled incessantly with his wife and step-son, from one fortress to another. At last, however, after Angus had managed to divorce his royal wife and thus cast a slur on the birth of his poor daughter, which was always being cast up against her all her life, Margaret was deposited in safety with the Governor of Berwick, which seemed to her a haven of rest indeed, and he reported of her soon after that "she was never merrier or more pleased and content than she now is." The girl was growing out of childhood; she was, indeed, already fourteen, which was looked upon as a marriageable age in those days, and her powerful godfather, Cardinal Wolsey, bestirred himself at last in her behalf. Through his influence she was sent for to her uncle's, Henry VIII.'s court, and placed in charge of her aunt, Mary, Countess of Suffolk, of whom and her two girls much might be related. In the following year (1530) she was appointed lady-in-waiting to Henry's daughter, Mary, who was about the same age as herself, and the two girls struck up a friendship which lasted without a break till death dissolved it. Mary's household at Beaulieu was controlled by the Countess of Salisbury (destined to lose her head on the scaffold by order of her capricious relative, Henry VIII.), and here Mary's mother, Catherine of Arragon, used often to come and see the girls, seeking refuge from the husband who neglected and was doing his best to repudiate her. When at last the divorce was finally arranged and the Princess's household was broken up, Margaret was not included in the disgrace which condemned the Queen and her daughter to retirement. She was, on the contrary, taken up by the new favorite, Anne Boleyn, and on



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the birth of Elizabeth created one of the royal infant's maids of honor. Little did the young girl think as she dangled the baby Princess in her arms that one day the smiling child would become her hard and imperious mistress, the origin of all the many troubles which beset her later life. Even now clouds were gathering; she lost two kind and powerful friends at court in the fall (1530) of Cardinal Wolsey and by the death of her aunt, Mary Brandon (1533). Margaret was not a Tudor on one side and a haughty Douglas on the other without inheriting some of their characteristics, and sooner or later she was doomed to come into collision with her uncle Henry, and before long she fell into dire disgrace at court. Amongst the relatives whom Anne Boleyn brought in her brilliant train was her uncle, Lord Thomas Howard, a young and handsome gallant. During the three years of Anne's power her fair maid-of-honor and the gay youth had many opportunities of meeting, soon falling desperately in love with one another, while the giddy Queen smiled sympathetic approval and the King himself seemed to take no note of their romance. The rash couple, without asking Henry's consent, had just plighted their troth in secret when the crash came, and Boleyns and Howards were swept in one fell swoop from the angry King's path. The news of Margaret's inopportune engagement—some even said it was a marriage—reached the royal ears about the time that his wife's head fell on the Tower scaffold, and his niece and her lover were clapped forthwith into the same gloomy prison. Poor Lord Thomas pined away in solitary confinement, and died of prison fever, barely a year later. Margaret fared better, for she was soon removed to Sion Abbey, the Duke of Northumberland's place, and on the birth of a legitimate male heir, Edward, Henry's son by Jane Seymour, she was released and allowed to return to the court, taking her rightful place again as lady-in-waiting to the reigning Queen Consort, first to the repudiated Anne of Cleves, then to the unfortunate Lady Catherine Howard, who lost her head on the block, and finally Margaret appeared as bridesmaid to Henry's last queen, Catherine Parr. The sad ending to her first romance had made the young court lady more wary, and so successfully did she eschew even the shadow of a love affair henceforth that she was twenty-nine before her uncle bethought himself that it was time for her to wed. He selected a bridegroom himself on political grounds, bribing with her hand and dowry a powerful Scotch noble, Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp, as became the wedding of the King's niece, at the newly decorated palace of St. James (June 15, 1544), and by this alliance Margaret became the foundress of the English royal family of Stuart. Space will not allow us to dwell on the interesting details connected with the Countess's married life. *Mariage de convenance* though it was in the beginning, the pair became devoted to each other, and the Earl clung



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with affection to his "sweet Maye," writing constantly to her during their frequent separations. Gradually, through unfortunate circumstances, Lennox lost all his Scotch lands, till he was reduced to his estates in the North of England, and suffered great poverty. With both her parents Margaret was reconciled at the end of their lives. Her mother had died three years before the Lennox marriage, professing sincere repentance for her unmotherly conduct on her death-bed, and bequeathing her jewels, all that she had in her power to leave, to her neglected daughter. Some time before Angus had incurred the girl's fierce resentment for some real or fancied insult to her pride, and many years passed before Margaret could bring herself to forgive her father, with whom, however, she finally made up the quarrel. Just before her uncle Henry's death his niece had a breach with him caused by her leanings towards the "Popish" church, and he revenged himself in characteristic fashion by excluding her and her descendants from the succession in favor of his younger sister Mary's children. The fault he found with her was, however, counted a virtue by his own daughter, Mary, who, when she succeeded to her brother Edward's throne, sent for her cousin Margaret to the court, making much of her in every way during her brief and bloody reign. Amongst other marks of favor the Countess was given precedence over Princess Elizabeth herself, a step which perhaps originated the latter's dislike of Margaret, and when she herself came to power her poor cousin soon suffered from the change of sovereigns. Spies reported treasonable conversation and Popish practices from Settington, the Earl's country seat; Lennox was himself cast into the Tower (1561) on suspicion of treason, while his wife and son, Darnley, were put under strict surveillance at Sheen. Nothing definite, however, could be discovered against any of the family, and at last, after the Earl had been seriously ill and Lady Lennox had wearied all the authorities with petitions for his release and complaints of their poverty, they were all set free again. Henceforth the wily pair became constant courtiers, Margaret continually protesting her sincere love for her royal cousin, while even her handsome, insipid son Darnley won the maiden Queen's favor by his admirable playing on the lute. It was even said that part of Elizabeth's anger with her beautiful rival was caused by some natural annoyance at Darnley's preference. The Countess herself won commendation at court as "a very wise and discreet matron," and the upshot of all the scheming was a gracious permission granted to the Earl and his elder son in September, 1564, to return for a visit to Scotland. In this the whole family had really been plotting, as a secret treaty for Darnley's marriage with the young Scotch Queen had long been in negotiation. No sooner were the two men safely at Edinburgh than this marriage, fraught with such tragic consequences for the young bridegroom, was hastily celebrated, and helpless to reach

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the principal offenders, who kept safely on the other side of the border, Elizabeth wreaked her wrath for having been thus cleverly outwitted on the hapless Countess. Margaret was sent to the Tower, where she remained from June 1565 till February 1567, when the news of her wretched son's secret murder came like a thunderclap on friends and foes alike. A month later she was allowed to join her husband in Yorkshire, where they lived in great poverty, burdened with debt, continually crying out for vengeance on their son's murderers. When Mary herself came to the English court in the next year both Lennox and his wife hastened thither and throwing themselves on their knees before Elizabeth, Margaret's face all swollen and stained with tears, the unhappy parents besought the Queen to bring their daughter-in-law before her judgment seat. There is a curious picture in Kensington Palace in which the Earl and Countess, their son, Charles, and their baby grandson, James, all kneel round Darnley's tomb (an imaginary one). From their mouths proceed Latin labels all calling for justice. Although Elizabeth judged it not expedient at the time to arrest her rival Queen, she was much touched by her relatives' appeal, and restored them both again to favor. Before very long, on the Regent Moray's murder, Lennox was appointed Regent of Scotland, but his power lasted only about fourteen months, for in September, 1571, he was slain at Stirling Castle, his last words a loving message to his faithful wife, who had been kept behind at Windsor as a hostage for his loyalty by the English Queen. Henceforth Margaret devoted herself to her surviving son, Charles, and for the next three years lived quietly at Hackney, for the most part with him and his Protestant tutor, for policy obliged her to educate him in the popular religion. Once more was she destined to excite her royal cousin's wrath, and again by a son's marriage. It was on a journey to the North, in 1574, that this untoward event took place. The Countess and Charles spent a few days with that fiery virago, Bess of Hardwick, Countess of Shrewsbury, at one of her country seats, and here Charles fell in love at first sight with their hostess's gentle daughter, Elizabeth, "entangling himself so," says his mother, "that he could have none other." The result was a hasty marriage, celebrated on the spot, and as soon as the news reached the Queen's ears, all too soon for the poor young couple, both ambitious mothers and their bridal pair were summarily summoned to London, where the two Countesses were incarcerated in the Tower for a while. While in prison so forgiving a spirit did Margaret show, although she had previously protested to Elizabeth herself, and won her approval for the sentiment, that she could never forgive her son's suspected murderers, that she actually worked a piece of lace with her own grey hairs for her erring daughter-in-law, the Queen of Scots. There are traces, indeed, before this that either from policy or from real disbelief in her

guilt the Countess had become reconciled to the imprisoned Queen, and they certainly exchanged letters. Troubles now gathered thick and fast round Margaret's last days. Her young son, Charles, died of consumption in 1577 and leaving to his old mother's care a delicate wife and baby daughter, that Lady Arabella who met with a tragic fate. Old age, sorrow, the stress of her debts, and poverty all combined to wear even the strong frame of a Douglas, and at last, in March, 1578, the Countess of Lennox passed away, aged sixty-three (an advanced age for those strenuous days), leaving the only inheritance in her power, a casket of jewels, to her little granddaughter. Elizabeth, who had granted her cousin a nominal pardon long before, but never restored her to favor, could not now out of very shame let one of royal blood be buried as a pauper. She therefore paid the expenses of a state funeral in the Abbey, but did not commission the elaborate monument, which was put up long afterwards by her grandson, James I. Round the effigy of the Countess kneel her eight children, six of whom died in childhood; Darnley kneels first, looking ever towards his erring wife's tomb. As if in mockery of his brief and feeble reign as King Consort of Scotland, the iron crown above his head has long been broken off. Behind him his brother Charles seems contemplating in serene unconcern the vault where his unfortunate daughter Arabella rests in peace after the "fitful fever" of her life.



## THE CANADIAN TOMMY ATKINS

BY PERCIE W. HART

**N**O finer body of cavalry ever drew carbine from bucket than the Northwest Mounted Police. This corps has fought through all the regular and irregular Indian campaigns, as well as through the two half-breed insurrections, and in addition to its own line has operated as both infantry and artillery whenever occasion required. In ordinary it is scattered over the more unsettled portions of Canada West in small detachments, and renders heroic service at times and places where reporters of brave deeds seldom penetrate. Dawson City owes its perfect law and order, including the hitherto unknown feature of complete observance of the Sabbath in a newly exploited mining town, to the Mounted Police. As one of the correspondents puts it:

"If justice is required, the Mounted Police are there to enforce the laws; if an excursion into unknown wilds for purposes of survey or to relieve a stranded party becomes necessary, the Mounted Police undertake it as a matter of course. All the thankless labor necessary to the well-being of a new and reckless community located in a barren country falls to the lot of the Mounted Police; and they do it cheerfully and do it well."

Only last fall the detachments in the Yukon districts subscribed the larger part of their pay to a fund raised for the purpose of keeping the throng of destitute prospectors from starvation.

Notwithstanding this, and though entitled to wear hussar uniform as full dress, the Northwest Mounted Police are classed as constabulary, and do not come under the jurisdiction of the Department of Militia and Defence.

"The militia shall consist of all the male inhabitants of Canada of the age of eighteen years and upward and under sixty—not exempted or disqualified by law, and being British subjects by birth or naturalization; but Her Majesty may require all the male inhabitants of Canada capable of bearing arms to serve in the case of a *levee en masse*." 46 Victoria, c. II., s. 4.

This militia is formed into four classes, and will be called upon to serve in numerical order. The first class comprises those of the age of eighteen years and upward but under thirty who are unmarried or widowers without children. The second class is the same, excepting that the age limit runs from thirty to forty-five years. The third class comprises those of the age of eighteen years and upward but under forty-five who are married or widowers with children. The fourth class comprises all those of the age of forty-five years and upward but under sixty. The usual exceptions are made from this enrolment, such as those engaged in the administrative, teachers, clergymen, and the only son and support of a widow, and in addition all persons whose religious doctrines forbid the bearing of arms, such as Quakers, Universal Brothers, and the like, can secure relief. This militia is divided into active and reserve forces.

The active militia consists of organized bodies: officers appointed to serve at pleasure of the Crown, non-commissioned officers and men enlisted for terms of three years. It includes cavalry, artillery (field and garrison), engineers, rifles (mounted and unmounted), infantry, and bearer companies. The uniforms and equipment are practically identical with those of the imperial army, excepting the colors of facings and corps insignia. The cavalry regiments have blue or scarlet uniforms (this term meaning color of tunic or jacket) with facings, and in some cases plumes, in varied tints. The Eighth, Princess Louise's New Brunswick Hussars, have blue uniforms with buff facings; the Third, Prince of Wales's Canadian Dragoons, have scarlet uniforms with yellow facings and black and red plumes; the Governor-General's Body-Guard, which occupies a somewhat similar position in Canada to that of the Horse Guards in the mother country, have blue uniforms, white facings and plumes, and silver lace; the artillery have blue uniforms with scarlet facings and a special insignia with motto, "*Quo fas et gloria ducunt*;" the engineers have scarlet uniforms with blue facings

and various little distinguishing devices, according to their many specialties; the infantry have scarlet uniforms with blue facings, and the rifles dark-green uniforms with scarlet facings. Among the infantry are several Highland regiments wearing the picturesque kilts, tartan, and sporan of their ancestors of Bannockburn and Waterloo. A number of corps have special insignia and devices granted for services rendered. The Canadian militia, as a whole, were authorized to wear the same uniform as imperial troops on account of their gallantry and efficiency during the Fenian raids.

Lee-Metford rifles and carbines similar to those of the imperial army form the main equipment, although some of the rural corps still retain the Martini-Henry or Snider-Enfield. The field batteries are thoroughly up to date, and Maxims are being supplied. As regards marksmanship and gunnery, teams from the Canadian militia have won many honors at Aldershot and Shoeburyness.

The commissioned officers attain their rank in several ways.

The Royal Military College at Kingston, Ontario, supplies a good many. The course at this institution is longer than at "home" (or English) military colleges, as it is intended to fit men for all branches. It requires four years to graduate. Commissions in the imperial army are available for a varying number of the leaders in each graduating class. At the present time there are about one hundred graduates from the Canadian College holding commissions in the imperial army, and constantly bringing fresh honors upon themselves and their alma mater,—the late Captain William Grant Stairs (the Welsh Regiment), of Halifax, Nova Scotia, was specially selected from a host of competitors by Stanley to accompany him on his great exploring trip across the Dark Continent. Some of the many heroic feats performed by Stairs are well recorded in Stanley's book. Captain Stairs died in 1892, while in command of his own expedition. This sad event took place at Chinde, on the Zambezi. Also the late Captain H. B. Mackay of Montreal, Province of Quebec (Royal Engineers), and the late Captain W. H. Robinson, of St. John, New Brunswick (Royal Engineers), the former dying from fever and the latter killed in action while serving on the West African station,—of which even a hasty summary would be lengthy. But many of the successful graduates prefer to remain in civil or, at any rate, Canadian life, and thus accept commissions in the militia, permanent or active, as the case may be. Then again many retired officers and others who have resigned from the imperial army come to Canada to settle, and usually join the local forces. Finally, young men thoroughly indorsed are provisionally appointed to the lowest grade (second lieutenant), but must qualify for it by a course at one of the schools of instruction, including the successful passing of examinations. In order to retain their rank it is necessary for officers,



both commissioned and non-commissioned, to pass successfully the regular yearly examinations and inspections. Promotions, which are made so far as possible by seniority, can be confirmed only by taking the special course provided at the schools of instruction and passing the various tests.

The militia of Canada is commanded by an officer of the imperial army, holding rank therein of colonel or higher, detached for the purpose. He has the rank and pay of major-general in the militia while so employed. Among others who have held this position in times past is Lord Wolseley. The present commandant is Colonel E. T. H. Hutton, C.B., A.D.C. to the Queen. His record is: Zulu War, 1879, battle of Gingihlovo (mentioned in despatches), medal; Boer War, with mounted infantry, 1881; Egyptian War, 1882, in command of mounted infantry, operations at Alexandria, Tel-el-Kebir (horse killed), mentioned in despatches; brevet major, medal, and star; Nile Expedition, 1884-85. Most of the members of the head-quarters staff have seen war service. The adjutant-general is Colonel the Hon. Matthew Aylmer, Fenian Raids, 1866 and 1870. The quartermaster-general is Colonel Percy H. N. Lake; Afghan War, medal; Soudan Expedition, actions at Hasheen, Tofrek, and advance on Tamaï, medal with two clasps, bronze star. The director-general of the medical staff is Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. H. Neilson, M.D., R.C.A.: Fenian Raid, 1870; Soudan Expedition, 1884-85, medal with two clasps, bronze star, royal order of Melusine, fifth class; Red River Expedition, 1870-71, mentioned in despatches, *London Gazette*, August 25, 1885. And so on with the various heads of bureaus.

There are small local staffs for each of the twelve military districts into which Canada is divided, and of these staffs over seventy-five per cent. have seen war service either in Canada or other parts of the world.

What is known as the "permanent force" of the active militia consists of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, the Royal Canadian Artillery, and the Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry. These troops are, in effect, regulars. They devote their entire time to military duties, are quartered in barracks at various stations, and are kept up to a state of efficiency excelled by no corps in the imperial army itself. The Royal Canadian Dragoons (scarlet uniform, blue facings) consists of two squadrons, one stationed at Toronto, Ontario, the other at Winnipeg, Manitoba. The Royal Canadian Artillery is divided into two field batteries and two garrison companies. Of these one field battery is stationed at Kingston, Ontario, and the rest at Quebec, Province of Quebec. The Royal Regiment of Canadian Infantry consists of four companies, stationed at London, Ontario; Toronto, Ontario; St. John, Province of Quebec, and Fredericton, New Brunswick. A good proportion of these Canadian regulars have seen war service, the two field



batteries particularly distinguishing themselves in the Northwest rebellion of 1885.

While these permanent forces amount to less than one thousand of all ranks, in the aggregate their influence upon the various organizations of the active militia scattered throughout the country is simply incalculable. A prime reason for this lies in the fact that they are intended, and so comport themselves, to be both patterns and schoolmasters for like troops of the organized militia. Their stations are the schools of instruction for similar arms in the surrounding section, and to them at regular intervals come the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the rank and file who are either selected for promotion or desirous of acquiring technical knowledge. It will be seen that journeys of hundreds and in some cases thousands of miles must be undertaken by these men, not to speak of more or less lengthy absence from civil occupations; and yet, so great is the military emulation among Canadians, it is considered no mean honor to be admitted into almost any of the bodies of active militia, and the accommodations of the schools are usually strained to their utmost in order to admit the applicants for the courses.

The discipline of the imperial army is very strict. This is equally true of the "permanent force" of the active militia of Canada. Without going into lengthy detail it may be mentioned that a private soldier is not permitted to approach or address a commissioned officer unless spoken to or having received permission to do so through his non-commissioned officer. The most trifling infraction of the many rules and regulations which are the result of years of costly experiment and experience brings swift and proportionate punishment in its train. These punishments run the gamut through confinement to barracks and answering the defaulter's roll call at stated intervals, pack drill, deductions from pay, imprisonment in dark cells upon limited diet, and so on. A slovenly or uncleanly man cannot remain in the corps. It is very difficult for one who curses or uses obscene language to do so. Although there are canteens at all stations where varieties of "extras" in the way of food, drink, and tobacco can be obtained at a slight advance on cost price, the use of both intoxicants and the common narcotic is frowned down upon. The penalty for being found under the influence of liquor is very severe, and a repetition of the offence will likely pile enough bad marks against the unfortunate to cause his dishonorable discharge. In this connection it may be stated that each enlisted man has a number, which is marked upon everything appertaining to him from rifle to marching shoes, and against this number and his name is kept a ledger account in the regimental book which covers his whole military career. He must attain to a certain minimum of excellence in the regular balancing of this account or be discharged.

However, there is a credit side. By adding to this he receives good conduct pay, promotion with increased pay and allowances, and various other comfortable emoluments. The stern system prevalent in the imperial army as regards commissioned officers is too well known to need any mention. Officers of the "permanent force" of the active militia of Canada are on precisely the same footing.

The various school corps stations are veritable hives of industry, for the reason that each battery, squadron, and company is conducted upon a skeleton battalion basis for purposes of instruction of the attending students, as well as to ensure the best economic results for their own comfort. In addition to certain drills and parades which all must perform, there are the regular drills and evolutions for the battalion and routine of garrison duties to be gone through with. There are the depot staffs, such as quartermaster, drill, band, hospital, and orderly room sergeants, together with sergeant-tailors, provost sergeants, color sergeants, and signal corps in all commands. In the cavalry there are also the farrier sergeants, saddlers, and shoeing-smiths; in the artillery, wheelers and bombardiers; and in the field batteries all of the foregoing. Gymnastics form no mean part of the curriculum, including both indoor and outdoor varieties, and experiments in the line of military endeavors appropriate to the country, such as cycle possibilities in summer and snow-shoeing and skate marching in winter, are continually going on.

To these school corps, then, come the ambitious young men of the active militia as nearly as possible according to their chosen arm of the service. In the absence of a special school for them the engineers attend the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ontario, where they have the benefit of the most advanced studies in their branch.

There are three recognized courses for members of the active militia at these schools—short, long, and special. The first requires three months' attendance; the second, a year; the last, as its title implies, an indeterminate period, dependent upon proficiency of the student and the branches taken up. Those performing these courses receive the pay, rations, quarters, and allowances of their rank, together with transportation to and from their regimental head-quarters. While so attached they become an integral portion of the school corps itself, perform the same routine (as its members of corresponding rank), and in addition must prepare themselves by study and observation for their final examinations. Certificates of various grades in all courses are issued to those who attain the necessary percentages, and they return to their own organizations and civil life soldiers by both practice and precept. The knowledge so gained is disseminated by them to their less fortunate comrades-at-arms, and leavens the ranks of sturdy citizen-militia in no uncertain manner.

Moreover, these school corps furnish drill instructors, riding-masters, expert gunners, and the like to the various active militia commands, who by these means are kept in touch with everything calculated to be of benefit to them. In addition, whenever possible strong detachments of these regulars participate in the yearly encampments held throughout the dominion, and by both example and instruction inculcate something of their own smart discipline into the raw levies. So highly esteemed are these Canadian regulars by the British authorities, that batteries of artillery or companies of infantry from the imperial forces in garrison at Halifax, Nova Scotia, frequently exchange stations with them for a few months at a time, and so add to the efficiency and usefulness of each other.

The active militia of Canada, exclusive of these "permanent forces," comprises some thirteen distinct organizations of cavalry, seventeen of field and twelve of garrison artillery, two of engineers, and ninety-three of infantry and rifles, numbering about thirty-five thousand men of all ranks. The reserve of officers and time-expired men also consists of a considerable number.

Most of these organizations have seen service during recent years, either in the Fenian raids of 1866 and 1870, the Red River Expedition of 1870, the Northwest rebellion of 1885, Indian warfare, or local disturbances.

Pensions are granted for widows and orphans of those killed or dying while on active service, as well as to those partially or wholly incapacitated by wounds or sickness received in similar fashion. Quite a number of pensioners from these campaigns, as well as from the War of 1812, are upon the books of the government.

While the Canadian militia is intended primarily for defence, there is nothing to prevent its being sent to the four corners of the earth if necessary. Although enlistment in the active corps is voluntary in time of peace, it is not a volunteer system in the strict meaning of that term. Its members come under precisely the same rules and regulations as the imperial army in the event of being called out for service. In time of peace a specified amount of drill and service must be performed every year. In theory, a regiment must go where it is bidden and do as it is told. In practice, however, so far, this enforcement has never been necessary. Taking the Northwest rebellion of 1885 as an instance, nearly every organization in Canada was offered for active service, and the Department of Militia and Defence incurred considerable sharp criticism in consequence of the selections they were forced to make. While the actions in this campaign would scarcely be dignified by the impassive historian as full-fledged battles, Fish Creek, Batoche, Cut Knife Hill, and Frenchman's Butte saw some very pretty fighting, and several of these militia regiments have cause for pride in pointing to their records made upon such occasions.

## BEETHOVEN

BY JOHN HALL INGHAM

### I.

THOU dost not sing of sorrow, being too vast  
For puny personalities of woe;  
Nor yet of joy: thy fateful measures flow  
From springs too deep to sparkle, overcast  
With midnight and immensity. The past  
Is not thy theme, for all thy concords glow  
With living fervor. And this present show  
Seems lost in thy infinity at last.

What is thy message, what thy mystery?  
Or shall we ask what doctrine gilds the day;  
What creed the clouds unfold,—the hills, the sea?  
All things they tell,—or nothing. He alone  
Who loves can learn, when Nature points the way  
Or thou dost breathe the beautiful in tone.

### II.

Yet thou hast gentler moments when thy might,  
No longer tuned to a supernal key,  
Is modulated by humanity;  
And in thy symphony the other night  
A hero's clarion sounded through the fight,  
A maiden's laughter rippled peacefully,  
And love and sorrow woke a threnody  
To speed a deathless spirit in its flight.

O sweetly human, splendidly divine!—  
Not like a turbid torrent threading far  
And fathomless abysses, thou dost shine  
A clear, full flood wherein we joy to scan  
The cloud, the snowy summit and the star,—  
The flower, the forest, and the face of Man.

## A DAY AT PRATO

BY HARRIET MONROE

*Author of Commemoration Ode for the World's Columbian Exposition*

THE beauty of Florence in May is wine in the blood, a song in the heart. Old marbles mellow in the sun, old griefs fade out of gentle faces, the spirit of the city casts off its winter veils. And all the way up to Fiesole the meadows under garlanding vines are honey-sweet with flowers, and millions of pink roses tumble over the walls. In May Florence is a sweet tune sweetly sung, an idyl of peace chanted at fair altars.

And so it was all in vain that there were riots in Florence in May. Riots—save the mark!—what should the soft-hearted Tuscans know of rioting? There was an operatic pomp and ceremony of rioting. With the stage set for a festa, suddenly the music trembled with the threat of woe, the chorus rushed to the foot-lights—a handful of picturesque rags—streaking the air with lurid threats, followed by a triple handful of picturesque uniforms setting the harmonies in order again for the climax. The plot thrilled with a menace of danger to save the music from dullness, and just at the proper moment the stage cleared again, play soldiers gave way to garlanded youths and maidens, and the tune changed to a languorous dance, a finale of serene and careless joy.

The finale but emphasized this dominant Tuscan note—this joy in the sunshine, in the summer, in all the beauty of the blossoming world. Even the shock of discord and of conquering drums could not quench that, and the tourists who took the shock seriously and fled by the thousand a day were like children who will not finish the story when the heroine is locked up in the giant's tower. They had come for the festa, these literal-minded tourists. They had come to learn that Amerigo Vespucci, that noble Florentine, was the discoverer of America, to study his portrait in the fresco by Ghirlandajo which had been theatrically discovered at the opportune moment, and to witness fire-works and illuminations and Old-World dances in his honor, on the four-hundredth anniversary of his epoch-making voyage. And when the lights went out, and shouts and triumphs drowned the songs, when Amerigo was forgotten with his past, they fled sullenly from the pursuing present, they left the heroine behind her bars.

I preferred to finish the story, knowing—as who should not?—that at last the lady would be led forth smiling, not a hair of her lovely head the worse for her meagre and stormy days. I preferred to finish the story, and went with others as heroic to witness the war. And behold, we could find no war; the only mob was a horde of ghoul-

ish sight-seers like ourselves against which a mighty army marched tragically up and down the narrow streets and formed its battle-array in ancient squares. The sight of that army, so mild and listless under its burden of war, made me sceptical of the bloody old chronicles of mediæval battles and almost of Roman valor. Can it be that the Italians have always loved a large tale better than fighting, and been more lavish of ink and paint than of blood?

We resolved upon an interlude in the drama—I and my comrade of the day. We would take our lives in our hands and go to Prato. Many trembling voices warned us that the war had begun in Prato; but if the cause demanded martyrs, why should we not brave the worst for Sangallo and Fra Lippo Lippi, who also had gone to Prato in troublous times and steadfastly wrought wonders there? Heroically we boarded the train, and laughed at fate to the end of the journey; and truly he who can smile in an Italian railway carriage is worthy to hold the pass of Thermopylæ or charge up the hill of San Juan. The deep-voiced "Pronti!" of the guards, the slow creak of wheels over the rails, the scare head-lines in the newspapers, the thrill of danger behind and before us—each detail of that hour-long ten-mile journey struck keenly the ardor of our mood. Soldiers awaited us at Prato—those tame and sheep-like soldiers, over-dressed and under-fed, vain of the pomp of war and innocent of its horrors, whose martial pose and strut fulfil for lyric Italy the tragic rôle of a great power. There were soldiers everywhere; law and order had such secure possession of the quaint old town that treasonable hunger dared not utter its cry for bread, criminal misery dared not beat down the iron laws with blows. Soldiers—we saw enough of them to capture a modern fortress, but they preferred a siesta to slaughter and pillage. On stone pavements they lay in rows; under the façades of peaceful churches their horses were placidly munching hay. Even in the municipal palace we picked our way between slumbering warriors. Still and rigid and sprawling they lay as though dead, with the earth-to-earth look of heroes fallen forward on the battle-field. Involuntarily I looked for blood in the straw. On every landing they lay stonily, even on the stair, but no one rose to challenge us until a trim young lieutenant stepped forth at the door of the picture-gallery. The museum was closed to-day—no exception was possible, he told us; one or two other officers repeated his stern decree, and we were about to retire defeated when the gallant major in command interrupted his study of the campaign to investigate this new disturbance. He was round-bodied and great-hearted, this discriminating officer. He looked at us and laughed down in the bottom of his deep voice. "Let them in—they won't harm us," he commanded, inviting us with a smile and an hospitable sweep of his arms. "If you will only excuse



the beds," he added, chuckling, while we thanked him in choice Tuscan and complimented his house-keeping.

It was a queer, incongruous little camp—the cots and mess-table and pretty young officers watched over by second-rate Madonnas and insipid saints. We climbed over the breast-work of white beds to see pictures scarcely worth the blood we had spilled—inferior primitives, imitation Lippis, faint, far-away gleams of the old glory of Florence. One little pudella detained us a moment, with its more masterly suggestion of the gay friar himself, before we retreated from the war of epochs, left the militant present to fight it out with the artistic past. In the cathedral we should find Fra Filippo at his best, untroubled by the intrusive nineteenth century; Fra Filippo in a large and serious mood, measuring his monkish stature with John the Baptist and Saint Stephen.

But when we reached the choir and stood surrounded by his frescoes, the spirit of the old monk seemed strangely typical and unremote. Was there not much of modern Italy in him? Was he not expressive of this very day which brought us to him? Sunny, smiling Italy, striving with all her might to strike a solemn attitude and play a large rôle among the nations—here was her own story in the prophetic heart of this laughter-loving friar who busied his brush with martyrdoms. Like her, he accepted all the contrasts of life—starved and feasted, frolicked and prayed, took heavy vows and broke them, labored and revelled—and through them all achieved sincerity by the force of his imagination. His demure preoccupation with the agonies of saints—was it not like her mimic war? These soldiers in Prato streets were not more oddly out of place than sober thoughts in such a mind. The stoning of St. Stephen, the beheading of John the Baptist—conscientiously he painted these rueful scenes. But how happily he turned from them to show us the daughter of Herodias afloat in Florentine draperies over the billowy languors of her fateful dance!

We looked back into the changeful life of this Tuscan of the Renaissance, this tonsured monk who was so "much addicted to the pleasures of sense that he would give all he possessed to secure the gratification of whatever inclination might at the moment be predominant." How well he fitted into his eager, brawling, amorous pagan time! Never a feast nor a quarrel nor a fair face failed to tempt him away from his work, and yet, once fixed before his easel, what ardor and energy in labor! Upon the force which they put into life, these men of the great age, Italy is living still. The sting of beauty was in their souls, thrilling every sensation with the keenness of new pain. In their over-vividness of vision each object was touched with gold, each common fact was draped with royal purple; and when realities were exquisite like illusions, illusions demanded no strain of faith. Impartially, unquestioningly, this monk portrayed all on his

walls and panels: his world and the other, or, rather, his world in the other; his friends and patrons in the posture of saints, his mistresses in the guise of holy virgins. And as acquiescent as he, we accept the miracle at his hands; four centuries have not dared to question it. We follow his high comedy to the very gates of heaven, and looking in observe the flutter of flowery silks around the very throne, and nod to garlanded angels whose irresistible smile had bewitched the friar on earth. He himself is kneeling in the goodly company perhaps, his fat round face drawn down to reverent soberness, his two hands meeting in the pose of prayer. We moderns, who also make heavens to our liking, do we make them so consistently as this Florentine, and are any of us so happy in them?

Even such as he—this man of many moods and rather earthly motives—achieved the grand manner, the high simplicity. And not he alone, not one alone; the time itself moved to stately music, and this quiet little village still echoes with the rhythm of it. We paused under the white pulpit in which two sculptors contributed their notes to the harmony. The mystic dragons which support it were born in the marble; in their growth Rossellino held them to its fine and firm rigidity, translated its tenacity into nobleness of form, its sparkle into grace of style. How fondly they felt the stone, the bronze or silver or gold they worked in—these deft-handed Florentines of the Renaissance; how graciously they yielded to its quality, revealing, not contradicting, the spirit of it! The six reliefs which encircle the pulpit never overstep due bounds; the figures emerge from the surface as discreetly as flowers from the field, which lift their hearts to the sun without losing their place in the green. The over-tender charm of Mino da Fiesole praises like a woman Rossellino's lithe and vigorous youth; a union of gracious qualities is immortalized in marble. And in the out-of-door pulpit at the corner of the church Donatello has said his word of joy, has put it into the mouth of laughing children, who dance and sing out of the marble as though to praise the glad tidings which the people below in the square shall hear from this sunny post. The lovable Donatello, who lived without care and died without sorrow, and whose work gives us the repose of his soul and his time—a soul undoubting, unhesitating, at ease with itself; a time whose perfect poise, whose serene acceptance of its rôle, is proved by the high distinction of its art.

The church is filled with trophies of the great age, its tributes to the most sacred Girdle of the Virgin which is still enshrined at one of these altars—the "*sacratissima cintola*" which the Madonna gave to Saint Thomas upon her assumption of heavenly royalty. Ghirlandajo painted the incident over the great door. On the walls of the chapel which guards the relic Agnolo Gaddi told the story of its

recovery from Palestine. For ten centuries this venerable trophy was guarded in Jerusalem, until a nomadic merchant from Prato carried away not only the girdle but the fair damsel who held it in her keeping, whose heart was not proof against Tuscan wiles. It was one of those pious thefts by which mediæval Italy proved its valor and devotion, and sanctimoniously the godly thief lived out the tale. He installed both wife and relic quite impartially in his house, and obstinately kept the sacred zone under his bed in spite of violent protests from his guardian angels, who lifted him bodily each night from his couch and deposited him on the bare earth to enforce their precepts of humility. And when their arguments were ratified by a darker angel, he summoned the Bishop of Prato and devoutly bequeathed to him the wonder-working trophy before he passed away in the odor of sanctity. Verily men have changed but little in Prato, in spite of the strikes and the soldiers. The old story is as true to this sacristan as it was to the bishop of long ago, and we violate his loyal idolatry with our wilful smiles.

We wander through the streets of the quaint old town, dispute them with the encroaching militarism of a barbarous age. We ring up the porters of forgotten monasteries, whose two or three monks fight for their domain a losing battle against defacing time. We disturb the dust and silence of sleepy churches. In one of these an elusive dream takes form before us. Sangallo's Greek cross with its central dome is the type in little of the ideal which was forever escaping the architects of the Renaissance. With what longing, against what disappointments, they strove to realize it in enduring stone, strove to deck it with that splendor of precious marbles out of which Italy would build the very courts of heaven. Bramante and Michael Angelo wished to enclose in this form the vastness of Saint Peter's of Rome; but the dogmatism of custom and the pride of popes were stronger than their artistic force. Yet here in this little village a lesser architect had achieved it in miniature before the long agony of Saint Peter's had begun to break men's hearts. It is fine and pure and stately, this dream of the Renaissance; perfect in its completeness, its fulfilment. It has the beauty of law, of restraint, of repose, of harmonies controlled. Politely each member contributes to every other, carrying so happily its burden that the solidity of walls, the strength of pilasters, the crowning grace of frieze and dome become light as the air they enclose. It is just that the only note of color should be given by the Della Robbia reliefs; their purity and hardness and permanence fitly adorn the classic precision of the design.

Even the echoes have deserted this forgotten monument. The little bent old woman has shuffled out with her keys, and only a show of tawdry ornament on the altar reminds us that centuries have rotted

the taste of Italy since Sangallo raised this dome. With our backs to the tawdriness we resist the force of fact and try to throw away those centuries; but even in the effort we find ourselves analyzing lines and forms, our minds a-cold with the spirit of modern criticism. It was not thus that the first worshippers felt the beauty of this church. How futile is our prodding of the soul out of its little hour! Have the greatest men who have ever lived escaped their time for a single instant? Has poet ever sung, has painter ever sketched, has architect ever builded, that song or picture or building did not prove the age it was born in when the artist's very name had perished from his work?

We gave up with a laugh and went back to our soldiers, to the needs and terrors of an unregenerate day. Indeed, we were cruelly reminded of its need. My wise companion, knowing from harsh experience that there was nothing to eat in Prato, had drawn upon the richer larder of Florence, but the military occupation of the little village left us not one inch of ground in which to celebrate the feast. We were forced beyond the gates in search of an idyllic spot under some countryman's vine and fig-tree. But the road was a lane between high stuccoed walls, with iron gates inhospitably closed against us. Through them we could see the flower-strewn grass under silvery orange-groves; the knotted mulberry-trees festooned together with vines, like children clasping wreathed hands. We had glimpses of rolling fields of grain, of mounting hills; and still those pitiless walls curved inexorably on.

But just at the moment of despair came a break in the wall—a ragged break, incongruously patched with wire. Beyond it was nothing worth protecting or invading, but above it, when at the risk of our lives we had climbed the wall, what kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof! Here was our place of dreams, here was a smooth, broad floor to crouch on, a table spread to our liking. Here we were close to the genial sun, neighbors to the mountains; the fair land, with all its richness of honey and wine and oil, lay at our feet; the world, with all its woes and wars, passed by below us. We were glad that many centuries paid tribute to us; that Prato lay behind and Florence beyond and America across the sea. We were glad to be alive with our rude to-day, not dead with their beautiful yesterday. We accepted our own time, with all its struggle and peril and abasement, its searching, its kindness, its love of the exactitudes of truth. We accepted it?—nay, under the long-suffering sun and hills our indulgent mood lost its heroic pose and toppled over so that we laughed at it. Perhaps the age we were born into was too big for us. Perhaps in the final reckoning, when time speaks to eternity, voices of music may rise out of its chaos to confound our dull and inattentive ears, our minds busy with softer epochs, our souls afraid of the storm.

## THE SONG OF THE SLAUGHTERED

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

**T**HREE were the terrible things that spoke and the three were sore  
in sin,

One from the sea and two from the shore (and their skulls were  
caven in) ;

Then the eldest of all his voice brake over the world's rough rim,—  
Over the world's rough rind and rim, my heart, my heart went forth  
to him :

### I.

"Once was I father of four—good man of a goodlier wife;  
A ball in the brain makes all in vain,—hope, happiness, and life!  
Now, on the hearth of Hell I hear, and the hearing is half Hell's pain:  
'He died for his country, a hero—he sleeps with the nobly slain!'  
O! vain is the lie as a solace commanders and conquerors tell—  
Hell is my country, ye patriots, and no heroes have honor in Hell.  
But on Earth the blood of the slaughtered the crimes of the State  
atones,—

Lost, lost to me—as I to you—my Mary, my little ones!"

The red hands must be dead hands, the red face must be gray,  
Yesterday all red with life, white with death to-day.

What is a soldier's life?

No more than a soldier's wife,

For his red hands soon are dead hands, his red face soon is gray.

### II.

"And I was the only son of two gray-heads left behind,  
I, whose naked ribs make a moaning in the wind.  
Deep sank the sword of the foeman and the cords of my heart laid bare,  
But my parents' wound no steel can sound—misery, woe, and despair!  
I gat me to the battle with many—and many did die,  
Whilst they who scribble with pens see no wound and hear no cry.  
Where the sword or the shot slays one, the pen slays ninety-and-nine,—  
In the sight of men I was slain by the pen—father and mother mine!"

The red hands shall be dead hands, the red face shall be gray,  
Yesterday all red with life, white with death to-day.

And you with the only son,

Where is that only one?

Say his red hands now are dead hands, his red face now is gray.



## III.

"Much have ye lost, ye comrades, yet I have lost more than all—  
 The beloved whereof I was well beloved—wormwood and ashes and gall!  
 Ye have lost what ye once possessed and your memory slakes your pain,  
 But I have lost what I never possessed—O, surely 'twas mine to gain!  
 And let her wait and let her weep—she weeps not, she waits not alone;  
 On the enemy's side I made many a bride who shall no bridegroom own.  
 Ye makers of war and your masters, take the curse re-arisen in me!  
 Take the curse from the lips of my loved one, and the curse of the  
 millions to be!"

The red hands must be dead hands, the red face must be gray,  
 Yesterday all red with life, white with death to-day.  
     You on whom sorrow doth fall,  
     Judge three and be judges of all,  
 For the red hands must be dead hands, the red face must be gray.

## THE GRANDMOTHER'S STORY

## A MORMON EPISODE

*Third in the Series begun in the January number*

BY MRS. J. K. HUDSON

This story of Mormon life and experience is a true one. Nephi and his three wives are now living in Salt Lake City. The incidents were told the writer by the daughter of Nephi's second wife.

**E**VEN now that the title of this story has been decided upon, and it is settled that it shall be called Grandmother's Story, it seems unfair and unkind. It is even more Aunt Emma's Story, and some who read it will say that it is as much Aunt Judith's as Aunt Emma's. But as grandmother dominated every one with whom she was associated in life, so also now that she is laid to rest does she somehow insist that her title shall stand at the head of any recital of the tragedies that her strong personality helped to bring about.

She was of an old Philadelphia Quaker family. The stanchest of the stanch in uprightness of character, if not in Christian spirit, as that quality is interpreted by more modern and liberal thought; puritanical in her firmness and literalness, and yet a born Methodist in her proselyting instincts. It would no doubt add to the interest of her story if I could tell you of her life as a young woman, when she was called "Quarterly Meeting Jane" by the irreverent among her acquaintances; the quarterly meeting being the tribunal in Friends' society before which questions of dispute were settled. The appellation given to grand-



mother simply meant that when any question reached her it found a decided answer.

But since I am her granddaughter, and she was unlike most grandmothers and never talked of the past, being always absorbed in the busy present, I am unable to speak of her youth. I can only take up the narrative at the point where it has grown familiar from frequent repetition by my mother. My mother was Judith,—“The flower of the flock,” they said, which was as nearly a poetical expression as the Friends ever permitted themselves.

She always began by telling of the day when her father came home unusually early from his work because he had a presentiment that something was going wrong. And sure enough, when he reached the door he found that his fears were realized. The house was emptied of furniture, and the children stood in a row waiting for the mother to tie her “second best” bonnet strings in a bow knot of just the proportions becoming a matron of her mature age,—thirty-six and past.

She faced my grandmother like an eagle, my mother said, and fought for her “rights of conscience” with the determination that always before had carried the day. But for once the Johnny Bull in my grandfather rose up, and he commanded silence and obedience, and, strange to relate, obtained both. He was responsible, he said, for the bread and butter that must sustain the children as well as herself, and he would not submit to any such high-handed proceedings.

“The Lord will provide for my children and me,” said grandmother, “and we are called to Zion.”

“Thee would do well to remember, Quarterly Meeting Jane, that the Lord helps them that help themselves.” It was the first and only time that he ever called her by the opprobrious name, and he knew it was a mistake the moment the words were out of his mouth, but they could not be recalled. Her eyes flashed like stars, mother said, but she controlled herself with a mighty effort and simply remarked: “I will bide my time.” Then grandfather knew that he had lost the fight.

The furniture was redeemed from the second-hand men in Market Street, and the home went on, so far as the neighbors could see, as it had before. And they rejoiced that for once Friend Joshua had had his way. It would be better for the children, they said, if he would assert himself oftener.

But underneath there was a smouldering fire. The outward calm did not deceive grandfather. He had cultivated the impassive demeanor enjoined by Friends' discipline for many years himself, and had seen it grow in grandmother year by year. He felt it most in its reaction on the children, especially the younger ones. The only boy, and next to the youngest child, was a cripple, and had the large appealing eyes, my mother said, so often seen in the patient sufferer. The baby was a deli-

cate girl with fair hair and blue eyes, like her father's. These children my grandfather loved with a tender devotion that made him long to take them out into the green fields, and the wild woods along the Wissahickon, where they could all three romp and play in unrestrained freedom. But the steady toil necessary for the maintenance of so large a family, and the rigid rules of my grandmother, which forbade any indulgence on First-day besides meeting and visiting, made such outings rare. Occasionally, when they did occur, the older girls were never permitted to be of the party, and during the year or more that followed the episode of the sale of the furniture they never heard or overheard a word of controversy between their parents. Still, they were not surprised when it was announced that the family would remove to St. Louis, where there was a colony of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

Grandfather and grandmother had compromised on St. Louis, instead of going directly to Salt Lake as grandmother wished to do. But grandfather knew that it was but a step on the way. He pleaded the weakness of the younger children, when grandmother urged that the journey be undertaken at once, before the wrath of the Lord should be poured out upon them for the long delay she had weakly consented to. She acknowledged that she had thought of the children, and the stop at St. Louis was agreed upon. Immediately after arriving there grandmother took her place as an active member of the little Mormon settlement, and soon became a power and leader in their midst.

The elder who had charge of the Lord's people gathered at St. Louis in that early day was Brother Nephi, a young Englishman, possessed of a comely face and a most persuading tongue. He soon came to be more at home in my grandmother's house than in any other in the settlement, and would have been invited to be a permanent member of the family but for the want of room in the small house that my grandfather was obliged to take.

My mother was the eldest of the children. A sweet round-faced girl, who was like neither her father nor her mother. A girl whose happy manner might have deceived any careless observer into thinking that she knew nothing of the undercurrent of stress and surge in the life of her father and mother. Leaving the old home had been a source of real grief to her, and she shed many girlish tears of longing for her young friends. She thought they were bitter tears then, but all too soon she learned that they were only bitter-sweet.

The same qualities that had made her a general favorite with the young Quakers of Philadelphia quickly won the hearts of the people with whom she was thrown in St. Louis, and once won, my mother's self-sacrificing nature held her friends forever.

Because of her genial and happy nature it came about that she was

oftener out of the colony than others of the young women, as they were studiously called. And once or twice when she was visiting a new girl friend she had accepted an invitation to ride out to the Military Post. She was not quite certain that this proceeding would have been approved by her father and mother, particularly the latter, and her dutiful mind was uneasy because she had failed to speak of it after the first visit. She did speak hesitatingly of something she had heard concerning Jefferson Barracks, but grandmother quickly said, "There is nobody there but soldiers, and we are a peaceful people." So the subject was dropped, and my mother was too timid ever to suggest it again, although after the second ride to the Barracks she more than ever felt a daughter's filial impulse to talk with her father. This was all because a young corporal had been introduced to her, had looked at her twice, and said that he hoped he would see her again. It was as much to save her father as herself from censure that she disobeyed the impulse to tell him all about it, and thus at least extricate herself from the dreadful situation of having an acquaintance whom her parents did not know. And such an acquaintance, a young man and a soldier.

Good daughter that she was she suffered many pangs of conscience as the weeks and months went by and the friendship ripened into love. But the dilemma was sweet and she could not extricate herself from it. She told the young corporal all about the removal of the family from Philadelphia to St. Louis, and her mother's determination to go on to Utah as soon as possible; and the corporal told her much more than she had ever heard before of the Mormon people and their religion. It was strange and unreal and even terrible to her at times. But what young girl ever dwells long on the possible terrors of life with a lover by her side. My mother promised to be the corporal's wife, and he inwardly vowed that he would save her from the Mormons.

I am sorry to be obliged to hurry over those days that were the sweetest of my dear mother's life, but the crowding incidents of my grandmother's story make it necessary.

A day came when mother was called into her own room and solemnly informed by grandmother that she was to become the wife of Elder Nephi. Not at once, grandmother said, so that there was no occasion to look so frightened about it, and besides, it was an honor that she should covet. Her exaltation in the next world was assured as the wife of a good man like Elder Nephi, a missionary for Zion, and one of the Lord's own people. Mother did not say that she would prefer happiness in this world first; she probably did not even think it, for she knew that grandmother's word was law.

Dazed and hopeless under the blow that had been so cruelly dealt to her young hopes, she went out in the afternoon looking as if she had but just risen from a bed of illness. May be the thought had come to

her that she might meet her lover, and that he could help her. Certain it is that when she saw him coming towards her her heart leaped with joy and she waited eagerly for him to come near enough to speak. She quickly resolved to tell him her trouble, and for a moment the world looked bright again. But what was her consternation when he passed her by with not a word, or glance even. What could it mean? What had she done? She almost fell as she tried to walk on, but the corporal did not turn his head to see. That evening at the family supper table, to which the Elder Nephi had been invited, that individual informed my mother that he had met his young friend, corporal of B company, — regiment, that afternoon and asked for his congratulations.

“‘Congratulations for what?’ said the bluff corporal, as if he were about to fight me on the spot. ‘On my engagement to Miss Judith,’ I replied, as civilly as I could, for I saw that he was not pleased. He stared at me a full minute, as if he did not comprehend, and then strode off. I have not yet received his congratulations, but I have no doubt that I shall when he knows my Judith better and learns what a treasure I have won.”

With this he put out his hand as if to touch her. My mother actually screamed, and fled from the table. Grandmother's reproving eye followed her, but even she had not the heart to call her daughter back. Grandfather laid down his knife and fork and soon quietly left the house, the children said. He did not go to mother. She, poor girl, was crying herself ill in her own room alone. She saw it all now. Her lover believed that she had been false to him by promising to be the wife of Elder Nephi, at the same time she was betrothed to him. She must not only part from him, she must bear the terrible thought that he believed her to be unworthy of his love. Her trusting heart did not once suspect my grandmother of having discovered her secret until long after the — regiment was ordered away from Jefferson Barracks, and then she never knew certainly whether her friendship with the corporal was known or not. No confidences were exchanged between this mother and daughter.

While my mother was absorbed in her own grief, and taking little note perhaps of household affairs, grandfather came home one evening looking worn and weary, and sank into an easy chair as if he were too tired ever to rise again. But he had not more than rested his head a moment till he seemed to miss something, and started up anxiously, inquiring for Hetty. She was the little sister who had never been strong, and was then ten years old. Grandmother answered reluctantly that she had gone to spend the night with a friend. The information did not satisfy grandfather. That was plainly evident, though he said nothing in reply. He ate little at supper, and immediately took up his hat and went out without so much as a “by your leave” to grandmother.

She looked anxiously after him, my mother said, and seemed on the point of calling to him several times, but refrained, and after uneasy wanderings about the house took her seat at the window where she could watch the street. When she saw grandfather returning with a hurried step and a quick planting of the staff he always carried, her face took on the eagle look that all of her children knew so well, and she defied him at the door.

"What hast thee done with my daughter?" he cried, "Where is Hetty, my poor little Hetty? Tell me at once, before I lay violent hands on thee, Jane!"

"Well, then, if thee must know, Joshua, she has gone to Zion with the Lord's people, and I give thee warning now that my children shall all go as fast as I can send them. Brother Nephi was willing to take charge of her along with the others that have gathered to Zion through his holy influence."

"Oh, Jane, Jane! Thy baby girl, that little tenderling, how could thee send her off with strangers. Who will take care of her, who will give her a home when she gets to that far-off settlement! What will become of her?"

In order to understand grandmother's strange action it must be borne in mind that she was a religious fanatic of a type as deeply earnest as Isabella the Catholic. She firmly believed that the only hope of salvation for her children lay in obeying the command of the Mormon priest to gather to Zion, the newly consecrated region in the far West on the borders of Great Salt Lake. Especially did she believe that she was called upon to see her daughters settled in this promised land, and "sealed" to husbands who were of the faith to which she had become a convert.

Her unnatural joy in the knowledge that little Hetty was on the way to the goal she herself longed to reach seemed to overpower her feelings as a mother wholly, and she exhibited no sympathy with grandfather in his increasing sorrow. So far was she from regretting the departure of Hetty that, in a few weeks, she secretly sent away the crippled boy with another expedition. The quiet lad who always sat in the corner and read books was gone too from his accustomed seat one day when grandfather returned. Then the prematurely old man's heart broke, and he said they would all go to Utah, and go at once. His feverish haste to start upon the journey was watched with secret satisfaction by grandmother, for she firmly believed it to be the answer to her prayers. All this time my poor mother bore her sorrow alone. Her pure young heart did not break, but it had far better have done so, when hope left it. She never heard of the corporal again, and the one sweet dream of her life ended when she left St. Louis on the crowded little steamboat that carried another colony of recruits for Zion, up the



Father of Waters and the Missouri River to the trading post at Omaha. The journey across the plains cannot be described here, for this is a tale of souls that took little note of inanimate nature, however attractively she may have spread her beauties about them.

Some were ecstatic in their religious fervor and joy, looking far beyond the present to what was to be, and others were blinded by woe.

When the toiling band reached Salt Lake they found little Hetty a rosy-cheeked maiden, full of life and vigor that she had imbibed along with the air of mountain and prairie, but the crippled boy had died of weariness and homesickness on the way.

Since one must be sacrificed, grandmother said it were better so. Her daughters could not enter into the kingdom of heaven unmarried, while she hoped to save her only son by baptism for the dead, and the sacred Temple rites that would be performed by the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Brigham Young.

More terrible than all else that awaited my grandfather's family in Zion was the shock that my mother received, when, very soon after their arrival, Brother Nephi called upon them accompanied by his wife. Mother had repeatedly been given to understand that she was to be married to Brother Nephi immediately upon reaching their destination. Naturally, her first thought on seeing the elder's companion was that she had been thus relieved of a marriage from which she shrank with a mortal terror. But she was not long permitted to cherish this delusion.

"The honor of being sealed to an elder of the church as a plural wife, and thus carrying out the command of the book of Mormon, was to be hers," grandmother said, "and she was to be exalted far above her predecessor, especially if the Lord blessed her with many children to build up Zion, as he would if she were faithful and obedient and uncomplaining."

In a few days the elder's wife called alone and asked for my mother.

"Judith," said grandmother, Sister Emma wishes to see thee. Thee will find her in the sitting room. Do thy part becomingly."

"Sister Judith," began her visitor, "I have come to invite you—to come—to come—O, how can I say it—to come into our family."

My mother knew enough of the customs of the Latter-Day Saints to comprehend that this was the preliminary step to her marriage with Elder Nephi. But the woman's pitiful grief moved her tender heart to rebellion, and she assured the first wife over and over again that she would never consent to become a plural wife to Brother Nephi.

"But I thought you all wished it. I thought I had to marry him. I thought that you and my mother and the elder and everybody said it must be. Surely, my mother told me that you wanted me to be your husband's plural wife. That you earnestly wished Brother Nephi to live his religion, and that you knew he could not do that with but one



wife. I see now that she is mistaken. Do not grieve. I will never consent to be a plural wife to any one."

"O, do not say that!" exclaimed Aunt Emma. "You do not know what that means here. My husband is a good man and will be kind to you. It is settled that he will take another wife; he must, it is God's command. Promise me that you will marry him. I came for that. You must not say no. I have seen you and like you, and believe that we might get along together. Indeed, I would gladly share anything but my husband's love with you. Yes, it is better for both of us that the marriage take place without any delay or objection on our part. There is no escape, but, O, little did I think it was for this I crossed the ocean and made the long lonely journey from England. You cannot comprehend my feelings. You do not love Nephi as I do. That is one reason why I wish to see you marry him. It is a selfish reason I know, but I think it is natural too, and I believe it will be easier for both. Nephi and I knew each other when we were children, we grew up together, and long before the Mormon preachers came to our little village in dear old England I had promised to be Nephi's wife when we were old enough. His father had been converted to Mormonism when Nephi was a boy, and had his name changed from George to Nephi. While the meetings were going on, Nephi decided to go to America as a missionary and join the people of Zion. I promised to follow as soon as he could send me money enough to pay my passage. That was only three years ago. Now I am here, his wife, the mother of his child, and asking you to come and share my place. Can it be right? O, God, am I called upon to make this sacrifice? What have I done? Why must it be?"

But I must not prolong the description of this interview. My mother has told it to me many times, and I have lived the scene over and over again with her. The most wonderful part of her story of that dreadful day was always her sympathy with Aunt Emma. (It is natural for me to call her Aunt Emma, for that is the title by which all Mormon children address the plural wives of their father, if he have any.) Never a murmur for herself; always pity for the English girl who had crossed the sea to meet her promised husband, and whose cup of joy was so soon filled with the bitterest gall that a woman ever tastes.

Elder Nephi felt called upon to inform Aunt Emma that he had asked my mother to be a plural wife to him as soon as she reached Salt Lake, and in his over-weening conscientiousness he also confided to her that he had taken this precaution to secure to her a pleasant companion before their own marriage took place.

Having promised her that she should be his first wife he religiously kept his word.

Aunt Emma suffered as greatly for her unborn babe as she did for

herself, and prayed that it might be a man child. When the little one came she thanked God, and said that she hoped she might never be the mother of a woman who must bear what she had borne.

Of course the plural marriage was easier in a way for my mother than for Aunt Emma. My mother's lover was lost to her, and she had no feeling of jealousy towards her husband's first wife. But the feelings of the wife had nothing whatever to do with it, though the universal custom was observed by the first wife in extending an invitation to her companion "to come into the family."

And when the ceremony took place in the endowment house the first wife was present to comply with the requirement that she place the hand of the new bride in that of her own husband, which act alone could "seal" them to each other for "time and eternity." After that, it was Aunt Emma's duty modestly to retire to the background, while the bride and bridegroom received congratulations and returned home together.

During the succeeding years many children were born to the two branches of my father's family. Both boys and girls were ushered into the world, "by the blessing of God to become workers in Zion," my father said.

In the meantime, grandfather's tender spirit was freed from his earthly sorrows. Grandmother laid him to rest in a consecrated spot of ground and performed numerous costly rites for the repose of his rebellious soul, and then went on more vigorously than ever with her work of gathering to Zion the blind and wayward of the earth.

The demands of a rapidly increasing family, and my father's desire to give liberally of both his time and his means to the upbuilding of the church, made his struggle a hard one. Not even his wives doubted his sincerity of faith in the Mormon teachings. The word of the President, Brother Brigham, was, literally, both law and gospel to him, and beyond that there was no appeal for any one. Isolated as this community was, although it had in great measure become self-supporting, there were many poor people. Indeed, it would be more nearly the truth to say that all the people were poor except the heads of the church, who were also the tithe masters.

My father often came home depressed and gloomy. Neither of his wives knew what it was that weighed so heavily on his mind, but Aunt Emma in her great unhappiness thought that she knew all about it. When, by increasing jealousy of my mother, she was driven to desperate upbraidings and tearful bemoanings of her own fate, my father would say, in his calmly argumentative way so exasperating to a suffering and angry woman:

"Why, Emma, my dear, how can you feel so towards Sister Judith. She is the most patient and uncomplaining of women. She came into our family against her own will, as you well know, and I am but doing

my best to live my religion, our religion, and abide by the commands of the prophet."

"You need no longer call it our religion," retorted Aunt Emma one day, when my father was trying to quiet her in one of the attacks that recurred now more and more frequently and with increasing violence.

"Hush, hush, my dear, my wife. Do not say that. Neither your life nor mine will be safe if it is known that you utter such words. Nothing but our blood can atone for apostacy. Do not make it any harder for me to take care of you and protect you. And do not, I beg of you, blame Sister Judith, she is doing all that woman can do."

"O, Nephi, Nephi, my husband, has it come to this, that you will defend Judith against me, your real wife, your only wife in the sight of God. But I knew it all the time. I knew that her patience, her gentleness, her goodness that you are always holding up to me as an example, would win your heart away from me. It is nothing to you that she suffers in her silence, nothing that her calmness is due to indifference. I must learn to be like her if I would not be cast off—heroic as the gods and calm as the sphinx. O, why was I too not born a Quaker and trained to smother my heart in my bosom and give no sign."

These exciting scenes were very wearing upon all the members of my father's family, including himself. They were all rapidly growing old. It was true that my mother was the peacemaker. Both husband and wife told their griefs and perplexities to her, and appealed to her to lighten their burdens in any way she could. While she, poor heart, had none to whom she could turn for sympathy, until I, her oldest daughter, became a companion to her. Grandmother felt sure of her daughter's salvation through her husband and her multiplied children, and gave little heed to the affairs of this world except as they affected those of the next.

At the time of their greatest need my father appeared at home with a savage look on his face that even Aunt Emma could not comprehend. A glance showed her that something unusual had occurred, but in her fear that he had turned against her she hesitated to approach him. He passed alone to an inner room without greeting any one, even the children at his knees, as was his custom. Then Aunt Emma's great love for him overcame all else and she hurried to him, begging him to tell her what troubled him.

"Dear wife," he said, taking Aunt Emma in his arms, "I cannot see my way. I hardly know where to find bread for my dependent flock, and I have been counseled by Brother Brigham to increase my responsibilities. I would rather cut my tongue out than tell you, Emma, I have seen you suffer so much, but there is no other way; I must take another wife. Brother Brigham says that three is a quorum and two is not, and that therefore there will never be peace nor prosperity with less than three. You know that there is no appeal. I could not argue the ques-

tion, or present any reason why it did not seem wise for me to bring another sister into our home with its limited accommodations and resources, to say nothing of your feelings. Counsel from the President is a command, and I can but obey."

My father was by this talking against time, thereby postponing, as he thought, the outburst of injured love that would come from Aunt Emma as soon as she fairly understood this announcement.

But, instead, a strange thing happened. My father looked up when he noticed the ominous silence, and to his utter consternation Aunt Emma met his look with a smile, and said almost cheerfully, "Bear up, dear heart. Worse troubles than this might have come to us. I will call Sister Judith and we will talk it over and find a good wife for you."

If the heavens had fallen my father could not have been more amazed. And then his heart stirred within him. "Had she too ceased to care? Emma, his wife, his first love, the mother of his first born? Had Mormonism at last snapped the tense strings of affection that bound her heart to his, and made her indifferent to this proposed marriage?"

He could not tell. Her behavior was so unexpected that he was dazed—yes, and if truth be told, pained too. He was not quite done with the love of the heart he had wounded so many times that he could not well have wondered had it ceased to bleed.

Together the three talked the matter over and reasoned together. My father said that there had been so much marrying and giving in marriage that he did not know of a woman or a girl in the settlement who would be a fit companion for his wives.

It was Aunt Judith who came to the rescue as usual. She said that a Swedish woman who lived in the next block, and who had come with a recent company of converts, told her that she was afraid to let her daughter go upon the street for fear she would be seen and selected for a companion in a family where there were already a number of plural wives. "I know that polygamy is commanded of God," the woman said, "and I am willing to live the life myself, but I would save my daughter from it if I could."

As that was next to impossible under the conditions of the time, my mother believed that the girl's mother would readily consent to her marriage with so good a man as my father. At any rate, she would go and ask for him if that was what he and Aunt Emma would like. So it was arranged that mother should visit the Swedish woman, make the proposal for my father, and, if it were accepted, invite the young lady to tea that very evening, for father said the marriage must take place at once.

If my father found the girl agreeable he was to walk home with her, invite her to come into the family, and decide upon a time for the wedding.

It will shorten this long story somewhat if I pass over Aunt Lucinda's courtship, though it has its own peculiar phases, and simply tell you that she came to tea with us. I remember well her pink cheeks and her half-frightened look. Aunt Emma bore up bravely until the supper was over and my father started away with the fair young girl. She looked through the window after them a moment and then burst into violent weeping, sobbing like a child as if her very heart would break. Mother comforted her as best she could, her own eyes brimming with unshed tears meantime, and without a word expressing her sympathy by the touch of her dear hands. She alone of all the world knew just what were the emotions of Aunt Emma's mind. Her quick intuition showed her that the first thought Aunt Emma had in connection with the new wife was that she would divert father's attention from his second wife. She could see that the suffering woman grasped eagerly at the idea that it would be better to have her husband's affection divided between two others than concentrated upon one. My mother had known for a long time that jealousy of herself was eating the heart out of Aunt Emma's breast, but she was powerless to change the conditions in any particular. Her part was simply to bear and to suffer. That in time, as the mother of many of my father's children, she must have learned to love him, seems inevitable, for no man in all Zion bore a better character than he. No man, Gentile or Mormon, ever pointed to Elder Nephi to say he was a bad man. But through it all mother was loyal to Aunt Emma. I can remember now how as a child I used inwardly to resent the second place accorded to, or, rather assumed by, my mother. Aunt Emma was always first, and my mother was as gentle with her as if she were an injured child. I did not know what it meant then.

Yes, mother comprehended exactly how Aunt Emma felt towards the new wife, but there was a little spark away down in the wife's heart that even mother did not see. A little spark it was when its glow first shone before her straining vision, but it had grown so rapidly that even now, with the new girl-wife on her husband's arm, it flamed up in a great beacon light, and made even tears blessed.

In my father's conversation concerning the new wife Aunt Emma had detected a shade of resentment toward the tyranny of the Mormon Church. It was more in his tone than his words, but she caught it. Could it be that he would comprehend at last that they were desecrating the most sacred institutions of mankind, of Christendom, of civilization? She prayed that it might be so, and the prayer grew in her heart day by day.

The establishment of the "quorum" in my father's household did not bring the peace and prosperity so confidently predicted by the prophet. Even my mother's mediation could not adjust matters peace-



fully when Aunt Lucinda attempted to appropriate my father's attentions and affections upon herself, as the newest, and hence, she reasoned, the favorite wife.

Precedent was all around her for at least a temporary show of favoritism, and this she insisted upon strenuously. He must accompany her to Ward meeting, and especially must he escort her to Social Hall, where she could dance and make merry with the young people, and where Aunt Emma and my mother, if they were of the company, must keep in the background for the time being. The poor little girl did not plan this alone. She had plenty of advice from other plural wives who would gladly see both Aunt Emma and my mother humiliated from their somewhat exclusive position. And the child had nothing else. None of the legitimate joys of courtship and marriage were hers. She was simply a pliant toy which the various and awful influences of Mormonism warped at their pleasure.

Until—wce is the day. Never as long as I live shall I forget one hour of it. It was the day her first baby was born. She is one of the most devoted mothers I ever knew, and from the hour when she first looked upon her child and his she claimed my father as her own. She fought for her rights at every turn. She demanded that her son's birth be legalized by law. She wanted my father to sit by her side every moment he spent in the house, so that she could point out to him the charms of their baby boy. My mother says it was as pitiable a spectacle as she ever witnessed. Motherhood awakened in this young girl's heart the sacred fire of love, and she naturally turned to the father of her child for a response. And though he had nothing but a stone to offer, her fierce demand for her rights as a wife and mother, and the charming flattery of her devotion, won his affection before he knew it.

From that time Aunt Emma may be truly called a monomaniac. Hopeless melancholy took possession of her mind. Intervals of raving against my father, Aunt Lucinda, my mother, and the Mormon religion weakened her from time to time until she would go into a state of collapse that threatened her life. From this condition she was apt to awake in the most contrite state of mind, and always at such times she called for "Sister Judith." Putting her arms about my mother's neck she would beg her forgiveness and call her by the most endearing names. Then, again came dark periods of melancholy until reason was almost dethroned.

Poverty stared in at the door, but more children were born to these three mothers, until twenty-two were seated at one frugal table. What this household might have become, what my father and his children might have been forced to do under the stress of pinching want, thank heaven I was not compelled to see.

In the midst of the most desperate season of all my father secured an



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interest in a newly opened mine. The lead proved to be a rich one. The work prospered. We had enough to eat, and all of my father's wives and children had new clothes from the Z. C. M. I.—and then came Brigham Young's famous order to the church to close the mines, because their discovery was bringing Gentiles into Utah.

It is a long story and quite another one, that of the organization of the great movement of apostasy that then began. My father joined it, and lived through all the threats and persecutions that brave band of men and women suffered.

When the Mormon Church issued its famous manifesto against polygamy, in order to gain Statehood, my father was one of the men who promptly decided to abide by the new law. He immediately established each of his three wives in a home of her own. For his he chose Aunt Emma's, as he was in honor bound to do. But when Aunt Lucinda was informed of his decision, she rose up in her righteous wrath and demanded again that she be made the legal wife by a civil marriage ceremony. When, at last, she became convinced that this could not be she gathered her little children about her in an isolated country place and guarded them like a tigress, even from my father. She has grown to be a magnificently beautiful woman in her old age, with a proud bearing that my mother says must be a heritage from some ancestral Norse king who never knew defeat.

The wings of Aunt Emma's spirit still beat in the dark time when her husband "lived his religion," and stood high in the counsels of the church.

Grandmother has gone to her accounting. While she lived she never ceased to plead for the church, and she took an active part in all our family affairs until she saw the "quorum" established in my father's home.

This picture must stand imperfectly as her story. It would be still more imperfect as my mother's story,—that is written only in her heart;—or as Aunt Emma's, or Aunt Lucinda's. These three yet live in Zion. So does Nephi, no longer an elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.



## A LETTER TO ARTISTS: ESPECIALLY WOMEN ARTISTS

BY ANNA LEA MERRITT

**I**T is now twenty-seven years since I have lived by my brush. The great interest in art and the development of influential exhibitions and schools in America I have watched with keen interest and with the regret that I had not their aid in early life. Born in America, grafted on England, each country has a hand, and I would like to

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point out to my countrymen some defects that we see in the very special care with which art has been fostered in England. As a woman artist, I may consider it a little from the woman's point of view, but there has never been any great obstacle for women to overcome. Our work in England from the first has found its place in the general body of art work, and modern conditions affect men and women equally.

Here in England during the last fifteen years young women of the educated classes have increasingly been encouraged to earn their living. People who formerly felt it a dishonor not to provide for their woman-kind now let them do many things, but of all businesses *art* is the most popular and fashionable.

Therefore an excessive number of young ladies with very moderate ability come to art for a living.

In youth, of course, the prospect of independence and self-reliance is attractive. In later life we know the anxiety and ever-increasing responsibility, the strain of uncertainty inseparable from self-help, and feel that no young girl should lightly undertake such a career. Rather let us try to uphold the propriety, where possible, of letting others support them in return for their constant feminine helpfulness. What women can least endure is uncertainty about their means of living. They should know that there is no income so fluctuating as that of the artist, even of the fairly successful man. Expenses inseparable from good work are considerable. A young artist on leaving the schools cannot make any mark here in England unless sure of finding two hundred pounds a year for expenses of studio, models, and materials. Let girls consider this.

I speak on the practical, mercenary side of this subject because that is generally ignored and thousands of young people, with very mediocre ability and no means, study for this profession because they have read of fabulous sums given for a few of the greatest works and have no notion of their own qualifications for art or of the difficulties they must encounter, or of the outlay required to produce important work, even after attaining proficiency in technique.

The education of the art student both in England and in America is indeed made easy and inexpensive. It is the first launch into independent work that is difficult; of course, not for the few who have distinct gifts for art, but for the average student who can paint fairly well as he has been taught; or has learned (as one told me) well enough to teach!

If you lived in a rustic agricultural neighborhood in England it would surprise you to see how many of the farmers' daughters disdain interest in poultry or butter and ride miles on their bicycles to study "art" in one of the South Kensington branches. The fashionable character of the profession is the attraction to them. There may be

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successes among them; but alas for the trash which has been proudly showed me!

The less people know of art the more amazing they think any childish daub, such as children of educated parents produce in the nursery, and for such small reason a hopeful young carpenter is diverted to an art class. This is why we have two million six hundred thousand students in the art classes under South Kensington. Why not call them drawing and painting classes and leave art where it belongs? It is said that most of these pupils are training for applied art, but I have been so unfortunate as never to find one who aimed so low; I have seen some acknowledged failures from high art; one is a sewing-machine agent, another draws fashions for his dress-making mother. The artists' model very frequently tries to study. The disappointment and waste of time to many of these young people must be terrible. Do not be afraid of opposing the would-be artist: the born artist—and there is no other—will thrive on opposition. Under opposition and in contending with difficulties, provided only that he or she can command their own time and means for materials and models, they will develop individuality, the very pith and marrow of an artist.

The various art institutions in the United States are certainly providing admirable instruction at merely nominal cost. I hope that ultimately a limited number of liberal scholarships will be founded to tide the young artist over the first difficult years of independent work; but an Academy of Fine Art has still another duty: can it not work out some scheme for the general education of patrons—patrons in large numbers? Let there be patrons of great taste, and there will be pictures to suit them.

To this end, of course, there is no better beginning than the establishment of permanent galleries of both ancient and modern works, whereby the standard of excellence is made evident; but even more than this can be done.

The art professor of the university is probably an influence which has not been appreciated. A mind unbiassed by any particular school, but recognizing the multitudinous forms of fine art, might be able to interest the gilded youth in the art of the day and lay in him the foundation of judgment.

A scheme for the development of art which gives first and chiefly unlimited instruction at a price accessible to the humblest, which even goes far afield into the hedges and fields and sows ambition by the wayside, as in England, begins at the wrong end. First teach the people of means so that they shall recognize the fine in art, know its mark in the young beginner, know the true germ unnamed by any dealer or before the newspapers have blown it, and care for it enough to buy it. It is possible to train connoisseurship, partly by instruc-

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tion in the history of art, partly by observation of nature. It is on the observation of nature that Ruskin based his criticism of modern painters, and the keenness of his vision and beauty of his word-painting remain a lesson ever open to all who read. True connoisseurship is a gift almost as much as the painter's, and it also may be trained and developed. Above all, let the man who wants a picture feel that he may make his own choice and not fear to buy directly from the artist. Indeed, to the artist the sympathy of his patron will be of no less value than his money. Art cannot flourish where the artist cannot live, so it must depend upon the rich men of America whether we shall have the glory of a name in art. "Corporations have no conscience" is an old saying; let us add that they can have no art knowledge. If they want decorations or historical pictures for public buildings, there is no way for them to choose the artist save by reference to acknowledged authority. In so rich a country there should always be found a few gentlemen of cultivated and natural taste, such, for instance, as Mr. H. J. Marquand and Mr. John G. Johnson, whose judgment in a committee would be wise and independent and ought to be recognized by those who need direction in important public commissions.

It is perhaps too much the custom to ask artists to give judgment upon each other, the result of which is not perceived by any but artists. The public does not know of the cliques and rings—of the difficulty some have to get their work in fair places. In no other profession are individuals so much at the mercy of their successful rivals. These leading artists have friends, of course, whom they protect; they are thus obliged to sacrifice many others. In England there are five thousand and fifty exhibitors.

Probably the artist most intense in his own view is the least fit to judge of other work. He may see nothing in that which does not follow his own aim. A man of less force might take a wider view, as, for instance, the late Lord Leighton, who was remarkable for his appreciation of vastly differing aims, and as a connoisseur could not be surpassed. It would save a vast deal of heart-burning if some method of selecting pictures for exhibition and awards could be found which did not give artists unlimited power over the fortunes of their fellows. It speaks well for the average generosity of the guild that this method has so long been retained, and yet we know of the *new salon* and of the *new gallery*, and many complaints are whispered which it is not policy to noise abroad. Had we reliable connoisseurs, professors of art at the universities, directors of galleries, disinterested but qualified by knowledge,—these could save many heart-burnings and relieve all artists of the painful position of judging their rivals.

In America the patronage of native art used to be so exceedingly timid, though enormous prices were given for French pictures, that

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formerly young American artists had either to live abroad, so as to enter their native land under foreign colors, or open a studio to teach amateurs—almost exclusively lady amateurs. Perhaps this may ultimately evolve an appreciative purchasing class, but at present, like other painters, the amateurs are mainly interested in their own efforts, with a remarkable predilection for looseness of handling and whatever may be the newest fashion in color. The misfortune is we flatter them by involuntarily adopting a different standard of criticism in regard to their work. An artist of European distinction travelling recently in America remarked that everywhere he was supposed to feel deep interest in the works of amateurs. On every hand it was said to him, "My daughter would like to show you her painting; she could be a great artist if she chose." Very seldom was it asked, "Where can we see your works nearer than the Luxembourg?" We should really take our amateur painters seriously and tell them painful truths, as though they were of ourselves.

Is it possible that women are differently from men affected by all these modern circumstances?

Women artists have been fairly treated in the exhibitions; there was never any exclusion.

Recent attempts to make separate exhibitions of women's work were in opposition to the views of the artists concerned, who knew that it would lower their standard and risk the place they already occupied. What we so strongly desire is a place in the large field: the kind ladies who wish to distinguish us as women would unthinkingly work us harm.

The only complaint we have in England, and we never speak of it, is that no one of us has been elected to the Academy, even in an honorary degree, but when a lady comes whose art is unmistakably deserving of this distinction I do not believe it will be withheld. It would be a great encouragement to us all. It may be partly for want of this recognition and encouragement that women often fall short of the expectations formed for them.

But the inequality observed in women's work is more probably the result of untoward domestic accidents. Some near relative may be ill, and a woman will give her care and thought where a man would not dream of so doing, where no one would expect it from him. By many smaller things a woman's thoughts are distracted when a man's more easily keep on the course. Women who work must harden their hearts, and not be at the beck and call of affections or duties or trivial domestic cares. And if they can make themselves so far unfeminine, their work will lose that charm which belongs to their nature, and which ought to be its distinction.

The chief obstacle to a woman's success is that she can never have a wife. Just reflect what a wife does for an artist:



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Darns the stockings;  
Keeps his house;  
Writes his letters;  
Visits for his benefit;  
Wards off intruders;  
Is personally suggestive of beautiful pictures;  
Always an encouraging and partial critic.

It is exceedingly difficult to be an artist without this time-saving help. A husband would be quite useless. He would never do any of these disagreeable things.

Another feminine defect is a tendency to over-thriftiness and over-industry. For instance, in the spring, when our pictures are sent in, when the birds are singing, when "a young man's fancy (we are told) lightly turns to thoughts of love," to what does every true woman turn? To spring cleaning, of course. A man does not: he goes away.

We working women do not amuse ourselves, we are apt to be working always. Constant industry becomes plodding and monotonous. Some of us even make a dress occasionally. But this thriftiness is a great mistake, for ideas are begotten—and observaion is acute in moments of leisure—far from the tools of craft. Only look how incessant industry has injured one class of little people whom it has been too much the habit to extol: I allude to the busy bee. When we were children we all learned that little hymn about the busy bee and how she improves the shining hours. What a mistake to improve it! Well, for hundreds of years, even thousands, the busy bee has been drudging all day long, buzzing with self-adulation over its virtuous business,—with what injury to its art? In all these years it has made no improvement in the architecture of its waxen house; every cell is made exactly as it was in the beginning. There is no novelty, no invention. If it would only loaf about sometimes it might get a new idea: but bees are governed by a matron with a profound belief in organizing industry for others. Save us from the modern tendency to turn art into an organized industry. This is woman's tendency—to deny herself frivolity or rest, to work over-hard, to lose in consequence freshness and spontaneity, and to become like the miserable bee.

Art should be really all play—all recreation.

Re-creation is the truest description of art, which shares the joy of the universe and tries to re-create little portions of it, just to show her understanding of the Creator, and in this effort knows only joy and refreshment, never toil.

Not imitation but re-creation is genius.

Art in all its branches is a profession as open to women as to men. For women of exceptional ability there have always been interest and employment. In painting and in sculpture, in enamelling, in house



decoration, bookbinding, and that most enchanting art, landscape gardening, many succeed and gain cordial recognition. There ought to be a lady member in every firm of domestic architects, for mere men have a way of forgetting coal cellars and linen cupboards. Doubtless women would think of many improvements in domestic convenience while not overlooking the beautiful. Home-making is their specialty.

The characteristic virtues of women are the greatest obstacles to their success. Thriftiness, industry, altruism—these qualities are not art qualities. While there is a field for the truly gifted in every branch of art, young people simply wanting a respectable business should look to something else where competition is less keen. Organization of art study and exhibitions tending to destroy individuality work great injury, and finally the needed reward of high attainment is the opportunity of designing sculpture or picture in association with architecture or for special places. Without such association art lapses from the epic and can only fling out her thousand little lyrics to fly at random in a windy world.

## GREAT SALT LAKE

BY COLONEL HENRY INMAN

*Author of "The Old Santa Fe Trail"*

LESS than a hundred years ago the existence of a vast inland sea on the North American continent, excepting by vague rumors, was unknown to the world. The early Spanish voyageurs under the intrepid Coronado, while searching for the mythical Quivira, whose cities were supposed to be built of gold, were told of the existence of the Great Salt Lake by the Indians whom they met on their terrible journey across the desert waste of what is now Colorado and Kansas, but there is no authentic account that any of the noble retinue of Coronado, or the leader himself, ever stood upon its desolate shores and gazed upon its saline waters.

Two hundred years ago, in 1689, that a large lake of salt water existed somewhere amid the wilds of the region west of the Rocky Mountains appears to have been vaguely known, for in the month of May of the year above indicated the Baron La Hontan, who was Lord-Lieutenant of the French colony of Placentia, in Newfoundland, wrote an account of his discoveries in this region which was published in the English language nearly half a century later.

La Hontan was the unfrocked monk, Geudville, who had travelled extensively in Canada, and published the account of his voyages in a work entitled "New Voyages to North America" under the *nom de plume* of Baron La Hontan. It is a very open question among histori-

cal scholars how far the jolly soldier and *bon vivant* travelled west. He had served at various points in the then interior, and undoubtedly was at Fort Gratiot, Michilimacinac, Green Bay, and other places in the region of the Upper Lakes. It is the consensus of opinion among historians that he never got any farther than Green Bay. There is but little question of the character of the absolute fiction he attempted to palm off on his readers. His work is a literary curiosity, unexcelled in bibliography for its brazen assumption in trying to impose on a credulous age a story of fancied adventures and fictitious observation. He was a veritable Baron Munchausen, and is so regarded by all scholars.

A detailed map accompanies his imaginary voyage, on which is represented an imaginary river flowing through twenty-five degrees of longitude, with mountains, villages, and vast domains of Indian tribes whose very names have long since sunk into oblivion. The map was published in 1710 by a member of the Royal Society of England as a part of North America, and the alleged discoveries of Baron La Hontan excited even at that early day the spirit of enterprise and speculation, which is now a leading characteristic of the American people.

To Jim Bridger, the famous mountaineer and scout, is accorded the honor of having been the first white man who ever looked upon the brackish waters of the Great Salt Lake of Utah. Others have claimed to have seen it before that date, but they do not in their reports satisfy the demands of truth in the particulars of alleged discovery. The honor must and does rest upon Bridger. Bancroft is certain of this, and no more indefatigable searcher after truth can be found among all our historians.

Bridger's discovery of the Great Salt Lake was purely accidental. He first saw it in the winter of 1824-5 in deciding a wager, and the story comes down to us through such unimpeachable testimony that its reliability has never been doubted. A party of trappers under the command of the celebrated William H. Ashley one day found themselves on Bear River, in what is known as Willow Valley, and while lying in camp a discussion arose in relation to the probable course of the stream. A bet was made, and Bridger was sent out by the General to determine the question. He started in a canoe, and after paddling a long distance came out into the Great Salt Lake, whose water he tasted and found it unpalatable. Having made the discovery required by the terms of the wager, he retraced his lonely journey and reported the result to Ashley.

Upon Bridger's report of the vast dimensions of the strange body of salt water all became anxious to learn whether other streams did not flow into the lake, and if so there were new fields in which to try their luck in trapping beaver.

There is a pretty piece of fiction connected with one of the claimants to the discovery of the Great Salt Lake, namely, the famous Afro-

American, Jim Beckwourth, who was chief of the Crow Nation of Indians. Beckwourth says in his memoirs: "One day in June, 1822, a beautiful Indian maiden offered me a pair of moccasins if I would procure for her an antelope skin, and bring the animal's brains with it, in order that she might dress a deer skin." Beckwourth started out on his mission, but failed to find any antelope. He did see an Indian coming towards him, whose brains he proposed to himself to take to the savage maiden after he had killed him, believing that she never would discover the difference. He had thrown his rifle to his shoulder and was about to pull the trigger when he happily saw that his supposed Indian was General William H. Ashley, of the American Fur Company, who told him that he had sailed through Green River into the Great Salt Lake. It may possibly be true that Ashley did sail upon the Great Salt Lake before Bridger, but the story lacks confirmation; it has not that reliable indorsement which Bridger's claim possesses.

Bridger tells a curious tale in relation to the lake. He was full of strange experiences and anecdotes, and used to tell them so often that he really believed them. He said that in the winter of 1830 it began to snow in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, and it continued to snow for seventy days without cessation! The whole country was covered to a depth of seventy feet, and all the vast herds of buffalo were caught in the terrible storm and died, but their carcasses were perfectly preserved. "When spring came, all I had to do," declared he, "was to tumble 'em into the Great Salt Lake, and I had pickled buffalo enough for myself and the whole Ute Nation for years." He said on account of that awful storm, which annihilated them, there have been no buffalo in that region since.

The lake was first called Utah by Jedediah Smith, one of the coterie of celebrated trappers of the time of Ashley, and who was one of the party with the General when Bridger was sent out from their camp on the wager referred to. Smith also named the river flowing from the south into the lake Ashley, in honor of his leader.

The famous American author, Washington Irving, has given much to the world concerning the Great Salt Lake in his "Adventures of Captain Bonneville," but, appropriately, it should be taken *cum grano salis*, for, as Bancroft very truthfully says, "Irving humored the Captain, whose vanity prompted him to give his own name to the lake, although he had not a shadow of title to that distinction." Yet on Bonneville's map of the region the lake is plainly lettered "Bonneville's Lake." The first mention of the lake by Bonneville is rather a fanciful description, the members of his party having looked at it from near the mouth of Ogden River in 1833. It is not certain, however, that Bonneville was an eye-witness of the scene himself. His name was given to the great fossil lake of the Quarternary period, whose shore-line may be

seen through the neighboring valleys, of which the Great Salt Lake is but a bitter fragment! The outlet to this vast ancient body of water has been shown by Professor Gilbert to have been at a place now called "Red Rock Pass," a deep defile cut through the Wasatch Mountains. The lines formed by the old water-levels along the mountain sides affect the character of every scene.

General Fremont, when he looked upon the Great Salt Lake for the first time, on the 6th of September, 1846, compares himself to Balboa when that famous Spanish explorer gazed upon the Pacific Ocean. Fremont too claims that he was the first to sail upon its saline waters; but again, as in many of his statements, he commits an unpardonable error, for Bridger's truthful story of the old trappers who explored it in search of streams flowing into it, in the hope of enlarging the field of beaver-trapping, antedates Fremont's story many years.

Captain Stansbury, of the United States Topographical Engineers, made the first survey of the Great Salt Lake in 1849-50. Stansbury Island was named after him; Gunnison Island after Lieutenant Gunnison, of his command. Fremont's visit to the island now bearing his name was in 1843; he called it at that time Disappointment Island.

Captain Stansbury thus defines his sensations when he first viewed the bitter waters of the lake: "Although so near a body of the saltiest water, I felt none of that invigorating freshness which is always experienced in the vicinity of the ocean. The bleak and barren shores, without a single tree to relieve the eye, presented a scene so different from what I had pictured in my mind of this far-famed spot that my disappointment was extreme."

Many old maps dating from 1795 to 1826 have laid down upon them an inland sea or lake, together with many other strange rivers and creeks, which never had any existence excepting in the minds of their projectors, taken from the legendary tales of the superstitious trappers of the early day of the great fur companies, who had received them from the Indians with whom they came in contact at the rendezvous or in the mountains, who told of them in their crude manner of describing the topography of the country where they hunted and trapped.

The early emigrants to Oregon and California did not travel within many miles of the Great Salt Lake, their trail being far to the north of it, and but very meagre reports ever came from them concerning its existence.

In former geologic times the Great Salt Lake had a vastly larger area than at present. According to Professor Hayden's measurements, when he was at the head of the United States Geological Survey and made a special study of the probable dimensions of the original body of water, it comprised about eighteen thousand square miles, or a little less than that of Lake Huron. It then extended from north to south

for about three hundred and fifty miles, and in width was one hundred and fifty. Its average depth was not far from four hundred feet and the extreme depth one thousand feet. The ancient shore-lines of the original lake plainly appear on the sides of the mountains, and have an altitude above the present surface of the Great Salt Lake of nearly the fifth of a mile, so some idea may be formed what an immense ocean the primitive body of water must have been. In 1849, when the lake's surface was surveyed by Captain Stansbury's party, it had an area of seventeen hundred square miles, twenty-five years later it had expanded to twenty-three hundred and sixty square miles, but since then it has receded and is still doing so. The time will come in the distant future when it will be a huge salt plain, perhaps a century hence.

At present the Great Salt Lake, or properly sea, in its contour slightly resembles the human hand with the fingers together and pointing towards the northwest. The thumb forms that portion of the lake known as Bear River Bay, and the range of mountains which divide the thumb and fingers in Promontory Range. The large islands, which have already been named, numbering four, are situated in the palm of the hand. The lake is bounded on the east by the Wasatch Mountains; on the south and west, by the Oquirrh, Terrace, and other portions of the Desert Range. Seven streams empty their water into the lake, yet no change is perceptible in its saline density. The larger streams are the Jordan, Weber, and Bear, the two latter flowing from the northwest, their source far eastwardly in the Uintah Mountains. The Jordan flows from the southeast, rising in a large fresh-water lake thirty miles southward, which receives all the torrents pouring down from the mighty Wasatch Mountains. The lake has no visible outlet, and is the basin for all the water which flows from the mountain ranges surrounding. It parts with its surplus by evaporation, so its area rather than its level tends to constancy; and as the eastern shore increases, the water will rise, *pari passu*, and encroach on the western, and if no counteracting influence occurs, geologists say that the volume of water will be pushed to the western side of the desert. The general level of the lake is about four thousand two hundred feet above the Atlantic. The water contains a large amount of saline matter held in solution, which proportion varies inversely with the varying height of the surface, from fourteen and eight-tenths per cent. to twenty-two and four-tenths per cent. by weight. The lake slightly oscillates with the changes of the seasons, and it has an annual fall and rise of from fifteen to eighteen inches, highest during the middle of June and lowest in November. All the streams which find their outlet into the lake, flowing into it, as all of them do, where the shores are low, form great marshes, which are the habitat at certain times of the year of vast



flocks of birds, conspicuous among which are the coot, divers, snipe and ducks, geese, pelicans, and swans.

These low shores where the rivers empty themselves into the lake are not at all attractive; they are full of slime and alkali. Other portions of the shores are, however, beautiful in their grandeur, where clear water flows upon beaches of sand or pebbles rounded to spheres by the action of the ever-restless waves rolling upon the strand.

The terrible monotony of some of these depressed shores is really wearisome to the eyes,—nothing but a sort of grayish clay, with only a very few dwarfed, stunted bushes to relieve the eternal dreary sameness of the oppressive landscape. There is not much life even to disturb the utter solitude which reigns so supreme, only a few birds, usually pelicans, but they sail in squadrons high in air, as if they too were disgusted at the idea of alighting in such an uncanny spot.

From the western shore of the lake the great salt desert stretches, a picture of desolation indescribable, where in 1833 Captain Bonneville and his adventurous party almost perished from starvation and thirst. Other portions of the shore are unsurpassed anywhere in the world for the incomparable beauty of their surroundings. Particularly is this the case at Garfield Beach, one of the most noted and healthful watering-places on the continent, the Saratoga of the centre of the Rocky Mountain fastnesses. An English tourist thus records his sensations while gazing admiringly at the magnificent picture presented from this charming spot:

"Few persons, I think, realize how wonderfully, strangely beautiful is this inland sea. Where have I not seen sunsets, by land and sea, in Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, and where can I say I have seen more wondrous coloring, more electrifying effects, than in the Great Salt Lake of Utah? The magic change of sunshine, storm, and calm, beneath the thunder-storms of June, the gorgeousness of color painted on the clouds of autumn, the weird effects of the summer mirage. The strangeness of the desert places is miraculous, where no man comes, that are washed by the waves of this briny sea! There is a witchery about the wonderful mirage of this vast sheet of water which is far beyond the power of the artist's palette. The sky a golden-gray absolutely dazzling with light, while the islands and their reflections are a fiery, yet perfect blue. Gold-gray, gold-white clouds with distant water of the same tint as the sky which it appears to be. Close into the beach, the water is an exquisite green, resembling in its scintillations the changes of an opal when flashed in the sunlight; beyond the shore-line the ripples of the waves reveal the sapphire, caused by the faintest, gentlest touch of wind. When the heavens are flecked by the fleecy clouds of gold as the warm sun gilds them, then the water assumes a royal purple, shifting to all the iridescent colors of the rainbow. Another



beautiful effect, which is entirely local, is when, in the deliciously quiet hours of the summer twilight, the pale fairy-like tints are kissed by opposing currents of gently breathing breezes; then the entire surface of the lake shimmers and trembles like a robe of satin studded with pearls."

If the Great Salt Lake were situated on an open prairie, this richness of color would not, perhaps, produce such gorgeous effects of beauty. On every side are lofty mountains, which, although at varying distances, some many miles away, appear to rise from the very surface of the water. On their bare and serrated crests the eternal snow lies in great patches, thrown into deep shade by the towering summits. Some of these ranges of mountains, to be sure, are relatively close; some of them, entirely surrounded by the water, simply islands, yet each one has its own peculiar color,—from that of brown mother-earth to all the shades of blue and the other tints of the rainbow. At noon, when the sun blazes out at its best, the crests of these great ranges are distinctly seen, and the shadows tell where the mighty gorges or cañons are. In the darkness of night, or under the rays of the pale light of the mid-continent moon, which nowhere else shines so gorgeously, a perfect black outline of the whole range is marked against the sombre hue of the horizon.

The water of the Great Salt Lake is clear and transparent, with a bottom of fine white sand and a margin of incrustated salt. It is one of the purest and most concentrated brines in the whole world. Its waters give sustenance to no living thing; there is not the smallest insect or worm to frighten the most timid bather, and the bathing is the most perfect sea-bathing in the whole of North America or in Europe. No human body can sink in it. One may actually walk the water, no matter how deep it is. Your body will persistently rise up, the shoulders above the surface, or you may even sit down in it. Its wonderful buoyancy must be experienced to be realized. No knowledge of swimming is necessary; one may enter the lake without the slightest fear; all you have to do is to lie down and float. But to swim in it, that is another thing! When your hands are put under the water to take a stroke, your feet, like Banquo's ghost, will not down; it is impossible to keep more than one end of your body under the water at a time. You cannot swim, but if you are a man you may float on your back with your arms crossed under your head, and smoke your pipe or cigar with as much ease as if in your own room. The water is so salt that it cannot be swallowed without great danger of strangulation; a small drop in the eye too gives much pain.

But, in spite of all the dangers, bathing in the Great Salt Lake is refreshing and invigorating, notwithstanding that the body must be rebathed in fresh water afterward to remove the immense quantity of salt

which adheres to the skin. It is hard work to make any headway, even against the smallest waves. Nearly half a million people bathe in the Great Salt Lake every year; they come from all over the world, and tourists are beginning to realize that Salt Lake City and the magnificent surrounding presents the greatest scope of novelty, and is destined to be a leading watering-place. Salt Lake is nearer to New York than was Buffalo forty years ago. Newport, Saratoga, and Mount Desert will never be abandoned, but the Great Salt Lake, as the years roll on, is likely to become the most popular place in the whole interior of the continent.

The Mormons early utilized the water of the lake from which to get their supply of salt, and now the salt industry is very large in its proportions. The process of obtaining salt from the lake is very simple. The water is pumped out and evaporated in shallow beds on the shore; of course, all salt thus manufactured is unrefined material and must go through other processes before it is fit for the table or dairy.

The water of the lake cannot be utilized for irrigation purposes; if it could it would add millions to the wealth of the country. Only fresh water can thus be used.

The lake is easy of access both from Salt Lake City and Ogden, which borders on it. Salt Lake City is on the river Jordan, sixteen miles from Salt Lake, at its southern extremity, and is reached by rail, electric cars, and stages.

Whether the use of the water from the feeding streams is gradually reducing the volume of Great Salt Lake is an open question. The source of the supply of the great lakes of the eastern portion of the United States may be identical with that of Great Salt Lake. If so the water taken for irrigation from the streams running into Great Salt Lake would not appreciably affect its depth. The Mormons believe that the lake is fed by subterranean streams, and hence this theory of a common source.

## M. GALLERIA

BY JESSIE VAN ZILE BELDEN

*Author of "Fate at the Door"*

THE name "M. GALLERIA" in great white letters on the black trunks was so peculiar that Townley Lawrence spelled it aloud as he wondered why Vienna tradesmen could not use moderation in the size of their letters. They seemed to think strange names needed giant type.

His own hansom stood waiting in the court-yard of the Cecil, and it

was time to leave for the Southampton special; nevertheless, he tarried a moment to take a look at the passengers of the four-wheeler, although usually not curious about the affairs of other people.

"M. Galleria" must be one of two women, a pronounced blonde, rather showily dressed, or her companion, a little older and quieter person, who seemed to be absorbed in identifying the exact number of satchels and rugs which the porter was hurriedly piling on the extra seat.

All was bustle and confusion; the shrill whistle for cab or hansom, the constant arrival and departure, the adieux and au revoirs, all indicated the departure of a steamer train.

The four-wheeler drove off, and Lawrence sprang into his hansom, proceeding immediately to forget the episode of the last few moments.

He was rather glad to turn his face towards home, for an exacting business trip had made him somewhat pessimistic in regard to the pleasures of travelling, or, as he soliloquized: "O, oh! 'grizzling hair the brain doth clear.' I've gotten to the point where content is infinitely better than happiness and a quiet pipe is satisfaction. Townley, my boy, you're getting old."

He had in years past spent lazy days on the Nile, tasted the sweets of Bohemia in Paris, and, with English friends, sought distraction and good hunting in the Himalayas. His list of friends was a list of countries, and among the dearest and most cultured was a Parsee, a Zoroastrian of Karachi, whose home had been his for months while they together explored Sind.

One morning he awoke to find that Fortune had proved fickle, that his future depended upon his own endeavors.

That was ten years before.

Fate, being sometimes in good-humor, disguised in a business suit, led him into fair places, and although still actively engaged, Lawrence had now time and opportunity to remember and anticipate.

He had had little sorrow, none of the corroding care that eats out the heart, so he had kept a sunny disposition, and scarcely realized that there were depths in his being quite unexplored.

The train, filled with transatlantic travellers, sped on past the encampment of red-coats and through the lovely English country. The day was clear and the water rippled, like "innumerable laughter," beyond the tender waiting at the Southampton dock.

The little steamer, crowded with passengers, swung out and slowly passed the City of Chester, anchored in the harbor, a stately protest against the progress of luxury. Lawrence leaned against a post and watched the rather cosmopolitan crowd looking for friends, for seats, for luggage, and sundry, thinking how much irritability could be detected even by an outsider.

"Hello, Lawrence!" shouted a gruff voice, and Colonel Anderson, of Omaha, showed his delight by a hearty grip of the hand. Lawrence was not over-fastidious, but the loud voice of the Colonel made them conspicuous, so they gradually drifted to the stern of the boat, which was comparatively empty.

Just then the Colonel caught sight of the blonde of the Cecil.

"Well, well!" he shouted, "this is a pleasure. Did you get rid of that nuisance of a gondolier?" Then, turning to Lawrence, "Mr. Lawrence, let me present you to a friend I made in Venice, Miss Galleria."

Lawrence met the direct glance of the bluest eyes he had ever seen, which seemed for an instant to grasp and hold his own.

The girl's blond hair was blowing in little curls about her face, and with difficulty she managed to keep her large hat at the proper angle. "Awfully pretty," Lawrence thought, "but either rather bad form or not American." She had a bit of an accent, but her blond beauty seemed of the North, while the intense look of her eyes and something about her manner indicated a southern origin.

With a few commonplaces Lawrence left the Colonel to reminiscences and went to look for his luggage.

The *Augusta Victoria* was exasperatingly late, and the tender swung to and fro waiting the great ship's arrival. It was four in the afternoon before the tired and nervous people looked on the mass of faces leaning over the deck-rail of the liner.

At Cherbourg a few acquaintances of Lawrence's came on board, and it was not until the steamer was well out that he thought of looking up a chair. As he walked along the deck, with the steward as an objective point, he saw the Colonel beckoning to him from a sheltered place. "Here, Lawrence," he cried, "I thought of you when I got our chairs, and had four put here out of the draught. Better bring up your cushions and rugs if you travel with such fine-lady fixin's."

A slight feeling of revolt at being forced into a situation, no matter how pleasant, passed over Lawrence, which was forgotten as he saw the quick look of pleasure in Miss Galleria's eyes when he took the chair next hers. Madame, the aunt, was already preparing to go below, and with a ghastly attempt at cheerfulness predicted a lovely to-morrow.

Colonel Anderson was one of those men with an overflowing fund of good-humor, and with so generous and kindly a nature that it was impossible to feel offended even if his attentions were too frequent and insistent. His friendship with Lawrence, which with any one but the Colonel would have been mere acquaintance, and with Lawrence scarcely that, dated from a chance meeting in a New York office, and they had met at intervals since, but never on the plane of anything but a business footing, so the personal life of each was not known to the other. It did not occur to the Colonel that there was anything out of the way in

introducing a man of whom he knew so little, for it was characteristic of him to take each new acquaintance at his own valuation. He had been know to make mistakes.

As Madame, the aunt, had taken to her berth, and by the third day out the Colonel was more or less intimate with every one on board, it goes without saying that Lawrence and Miss Galleria saw somewhat more of each other than either had anticipated.

As circumstance had placed Lawrence's chair next to Miss Galleria's, it was a natural outcome that the long days and lovely evenings gave them opportunity, beyond the limitations of conventionality, of coming into each other's lives.

Love in its full meaning had never quite come to Townley Lawrence. Indeed, if he had been asked so personal a question and had been in a mood to answer, he would have said that he had passed the point when it could come to him if it had ever been possible, which he doubted. It was therefore with something of a shock that he realized one day that this girl had entered into and taken possession of a hitherto unexplored chamber of his heart.

Lawrence was a revelation to the girl, who had never come in contact with a man of the world in its best sense.

Her life had been spent on a large plantation in Cuba, and now, after a year of travel, she was on her way home.

The girl, full of emotion, responded to every mood like a well-tuned instrument, and it was scarcely to be wondered at that, with the moon shining on the waters and the steamer cutting its way so rapidly to the end of the episode, the Colonel telling stories in the smoking-room, the aunt still below, that unconsciously their hands should seek each other. No word was spoken, but as she rose to say good-night she suddenly swayed towards him and their lips met.

She passed the next day in a sort of dream. There was a look on her face like a radiation from within, and the ripple of her laughter made even a crusty old German with her *glück auf*.

Lawrence seemed silent and distrait, and she rallied him for being so gloomy. "Never mind," she said, "*your* brother won't be waiting on the hot pier scolding you for being a day late." It was the last night out, and as she said this Lawrence looked at her once as if he would impress her face upon his heart forever. "No," he said, "but I am fearful that my wife, who is not strong, may be worried."

A gray shadow came over the face of the girl as she watched, "with the absent spirit, that looks yet does not see," the distant lights of a steamer.

The sound of a guitar and the words of a Cuban lullaby came from the bow. Unconsciously she hummed the air, and with the sound realized for the first time in her life that a sudden, immediate, personal

readjustment must be made. Never before had she found it necessary to call on the strength and pride of her northern ancestry to protect her southern legacy of warm and passionate blood.

In the instant of revelation she knew she must act, and quickly. Speaking, so quietly that it would have taken a keener man than Townley Lawrence to have realized the depth of the wound, she said: "Yes, it was a pity she could not have come with you; and yet if she had been here I might not have so much to remember. Good-night, my friend," as she rose, "I will see you in the morning."

"Thank God," said Lawrence under his breath, as he lighted his cigar, "that I am the only one hard hit."

He did not see her again until just as the steamer touched the pier, and she waved a good-by to him quickly, turning away to wish the Colonel *bon voyage*.

The blue-black of the summer sky with its myriad stars hung over the hill of San Juan and covered with a merciful darkness the grim and silent forms at the edge of the trail.

A belated bird would occasionally dart out from the trees, and with a whirl of wings disappear in the distance.

A curious, heavy odor of powder, mingling with the breath of night flowers, hung heavy in the air. No sound save the rustle of leaves in the night wind came to the two figures approaching from the direction of Ducro. The taller of the two occasionally swung a lantern from side to side, and his companion would shrink against him as the light uncovered a uniform. A light cloak with a hood concealed the woman, and as she neared a clump of trees she stopped.

"This is the place of my dream, Gregorio," she said. "Here, under these three palms, we shall find him."

Just then the moon came out from a cloud and shone down on the figure of a man, lying as if he slept.

Death had touched him gently, and the brown hair curled on his forehead where the Rough Rider's hat had pressed it close.

The aim of the guerilla had been swift and sure from his perch in a tree, and only the hole in the coat showed where the bullet had pierced the heart of Townley Lawrence.

Softly on the night air came the sound of a distant bell tolling midnight. A rifle-shot rang out clear and penetrating.

The woman threw back her hood, uncovering a golden glory, and her blue eyes were strangely dry as she knelt on the ground, gathering in her arms the form of the man while she rocked to and fro crooning a Cuban lullaby.



## BOOKS OF THE MONTH

**Andromeda.** By  
Robert Buchanan.

Mr. Buchanan's latest work is "An Idyll of the Great River"—the Thames. The scene is laid primarily in the Lobster Smack inn, in the loneliest part of Canvey Island, at the mouth of the Thames. "Canvey Island exists still," writes Mr. Buchanan, "and so, curiously enough, does the Lobster Smack; and even to-day . . . Canvey is practically *terra incognita*, and its one house of public entertainment as solitary and desolate as ever. Flat as a map, so intermingled with creeks and rivulets that it is difficult to say where water ends and land begins, Canvey Island lies, a shapeless octopus, right under the high ground of Benfleet and Hadleigh, and stretches out muddy and slimy feelers to touch and dabble in the deep water of the flowing Thames."

Not a pleasant spot, in truth. Yet here we find, at the opening of the tale, William Bufton and Charles Somerset, artists and Bohemians, in search of the picturesque. And here comes shortly Andromeda Watson, returning to the Lobster Smack, her only home. She, a parentless beauty of nearly twenty, secretly married to a sailor some years older than herself, inevitably falls desperately in love with Somerset. The situation is complicated by the return of the sailor-husband, after his supposed death. The situation so barely outlined is managed with Mr. Buchanan's usual mastery, and a very interesting novel is the result. From the Lippincott Press.

**John Ruskin.** By  
M. H. Spielmann.  
Illustrated.

It is too early as yet to estimate, with even approximate accuracy, Ruskin's influence upon his day and generation. It is too early to tell whether or not his protests against wrong in high places and low; his pleadings for righteousness in art, in economics, in morals, in life itself; his fulminations—if the word be not too discordant with the spirit of the utterance—against the hard and sordid in our daily life;—it is too early, we say, to assign to these things their proper value, too early to decide as to whether his plans, albeit good and beautiful in themselves, were or were not too visionary ever to be more fully realized than they have been. Yet the impossible must be undertaken, for the words of John Ruskin once uttered, words whether of tongue or pen, will not down, and they demand as careful consideration to-day as yesterday. Careful consideration, if his plans are to be realized,—some of them he saw realized; for this he was truly thankful,—careful consideration, if they are to be rejected as impracticable.

Fortunate indeed are those who may make their estimate from a personal knowledge of the man and his work. Fortunate indeed are those of us who, without that personal knowledge, may yet find some such help as this "sketch of his life, his works, and his opinions," as known by a personal friend of Ruskin's. The phrase quoted outlines briefly the general scope of the book, which does not in any way pretend to be, or aim to be, a biography. In fact, the biographical features—the multiplicity of dates and such-like encumbrances, usually to be waded through—are delightfully conspicuous by their absence, for which the reader breathes with all the more freedom. Instead of such matter,—most of which can be found in the encyclopædia nearest the hand,—are the illuminating details that go to make up the man as seen by those who

lived with him, taking account more of events than of dates, and thinking of his life as a whole rather than as a succession of days. Scraps of interesting correspondence are interwoven; a particularly notable series is that concerning some of Cruikshank's work. As a side-light on Ruskin's own writings, supplementing the man's words by a vision of the man himself, the book is particularly valuable. From some such combination must the majority of us learn to know our Ruskin.

In the book—Lippincott—is also published a paper from Ruskin's pen, entitled "The Black Arts" (for which title he suggested "A Reverie in the Strand" as a substitute), written in 1887 as the first of a series for the *Magazine of Art*, of which Mr. Spielmann was Editor. The illustrations are mainly portraits of Ruskin at various dates between 1822 and 1886, with fac-similes of letters, reproductions from his note-book, pictures of places made famous by his presence, etc.

**Lubrication and Lubricants.** By Leonard Archbutt and R. Mountford Deeley. Illustrated.

The authors here present to the scientific public the first comprehensive work upon Lubrication,—that is to say, lest the statement seem too sweeping, the first work in which the subject is adequately treated, in the light of present knowledge, from the point of view of both the chemist and the engineer, the first profession being represented in the person of Mr. Archbutt; the second, of Mr. Deeley. The subject is—as they state—not unrepresented in our technical literature, but no one volume heretofore brought out has filled exactly the need they have designed the present book to supply. Yet they recognize that, when so much upon the subject remains to be learned, relating to the chemical constitution and physical properties of lubricants, and also regarding the manner in which they act, under certain circumstances, in reducing friction, a truly complete work cannot be written. Still, any authoritative and scholarly work—and the book is both—which shall gather together into convenient and accessible form the mass of data upon the subject, is welcome and will prove valuable to the technician, as well as interesting to the layman of scientific tastes.

A brief *résumé* of the contents shows four chapters devoted to the theory of lubrication,—friction, the viscosity of liquids, superficial tension, etc.,—five chapters devoted to the nature, properties, and testing of lubricants, and two chapters (these the last) dealing with the practical application of lubricants to machinery for the purpose of reducing friction and wear. There are ninety-six tables on various branches of the subject, and the illustrations number one hundred and twenty-three. A copious Index completes the work, which is a Griffin publication, brought out by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

**Thoughts on the Services.** By the late Rt. Rev. A. Cleveland Cox, D.D. Revised Edition (Enlarged), by the Rt. Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead, S.T.D. With Portrait.

The first edition of this useful and valuable little book appeared in 1860, since which time it has been a standard work among Episcopalians, for whom it was primarily written by a prominent Bishop (now, unhappily, deceased) of that Church, as well as among those who, while technically outside the fold of the Church, were still in sympathy with her aims and observances. But great changes—let us say, rather, developments—have taken place in the Liturgy since the book was written—we may well quote the words of Dr. Whitehead upon this point, however:

"It would be strange, indeed, if fifty years had brought no changes in the customs and usages of the Church tending to make the former editions of this little book somewhat out of date. And when those fifty years have been the most active and progressive in all our history, characterized by a wide-

spread interest in liturgical and ritual matters, and by a marvellous development of the churchly spirit, in architecture, music, and life, we might well expect that many changes would be necessary in order to harmonize the past and present. The Prayer-Book has been revised and new features introduced into our worship. The Lectionary has been considerably altered, rendering most inappropriate some of our author's references. A large and varied Hymnology has succeeded to the metrical Psalms and selected Hymns of former days."

It is to meet this development that this revised edition has been prepared. Chapters have been added on the Services other than the Sunday and Daily Offices, and several of Bishop Coxe's Christian Ballads have been inserted. *Thoughts on the Services*—from the Lippincott Press—will commend itself now, as formerly, to those religiously and devoutly disposed. The frontispiece is a portrait of Bishop Coxe, with fac-simile autograph.



**Sovereign Ladies of Europe.** Edited by the Countess A. von Bothmer. Illustrated.

Truly it is hard work, that of governing a nation,—one should say, perhaps, of administering the affairs of a nation, since no civilized monarch of to-day—except, possibly, the Czar—governs in the true sense of the word. Nor is the task made any the more easy by the constant misconstructions to which the occupants of high places are particularly subject, or by the continual outward show, the numerous functions, and the splendor with which Royalties are unavoidably connected. Yet there is another side to the shield: the life of Royalties is not all outward show, and the home element appeals as much, if not more, to many a harassed Royal personage as it does to ourselves. This fact, not so well known as it should be, is well demonstrated in *The Sovereign Ladies of Europe* (Lippincott), a series of sketches of the sixteen Royal women most prominent in Europe to-day. These are: Victoria of Great Britain, Alexandra Feodorovna of Russia, Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany, Queen Regent of Spain, Queen of Portugal, Margherita of Italy, Olga of Greece, Augusta Victoria of Germany, Queen of Saxony, Charlotte of Württemberg, Wilhelmina of Holland, Sophie of Norway and Sweden, Queen of the Belgians, Elizabeth of Roumania, the late Empress of Austria, and the late Queen of Denmark. With the one hundred and fifty-three illustrations, portraits, views of palaces, etc., the book is interesting, as well as valuable in correcting popular misconceptions.



**The Final Goal.** By Bessie Dill.

**The Master-Beggars.** By L. Coxe Cornford.

With these two volumes—the December and January issues—the Lippincott series of *Select Novels* fully recovers itself from the havoc wrought by the fire, and again takes up its heretofore unbroken line of successful works of fiction, continued now for so many years. *The Final Goal* is laid in Scotland, but there is not—here we congratulate ourselves—much of the dialect to contend with, when plain English will express as well the author's meaning. For the rest, it is based upon and derives its name from Tennyson's lines:

"O yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
For pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood."

Whether or not good is always the final goal of ill, must be settled for himself by each individual reader. It is so in the book, and logically so. The tale is readable and interesting, two qualities not always present in the fiction of to-day.

*The Master-Beggars* is of quite another character,—the fact illustrates well the versatility of the Series,—dealing with the formidable *Gueux* (or “Beggars”), the confederated nobles and other malcontents who opposed the introduction of the Inquisition into the Netherlands by Philip II. of Spain. Representing the national feeling of the country, they long maintained—until overwhelmed by superior force—a vigorous contest against the despotic proceedings of Philip and his advisers. The tale opens in the spring of 1568, about two years and a half after the formation of the society, and introduces the bold Count de la Marck, under whose leadership “the Beggars of the Sea” seriously harassed the Spanish fleet, capturing supplies, seizing several fortresses, succouring besieged coast towns, and finally—by the capture of Briel in 1572—beginning the war which terminated (1648) in the independence of the Netherlands. The tale is fascinating, considered as plain history, unadorned by the art of the novelist; as a novel, based upon that plain history, it is doubly fascinating.

Both books are to be had in paper and cloth bindings.



**A Text-Book of  
Ore and Stone  
Mining.** By C. Le  
Neve Foster. Il-  
lustrated.

Recognizing from actual experience the impossibility of superseding practical teaching at the mines by any text-book, efficient though it may be, Mr. Foster yet places himself upon record thus: “Books and lectures . . . serve to explain the principles of the art, to solve difficul-

ties which perplex the beginner, to suggest matters which he should observe, to tell him of things beyond his ken, and to supply him with a system for arranging his ideas methodically.” And as he is Professor of Mining at the Royal College of Science (with which is incorporated the Royal School of Mines) in London, his opinion may be accepted as authoritative.

He divides his work into seventeen chapters, dealing with the Mode of Occurrence of Minerals, Prospecting, Boring, Breaking Ground, Supporting Excavations, Exploitation, Hauling or Transport, Hoisting or Winding, Drainage, Ventilation, Lighting, Descent and Ascent, Dressing, Principles of Employment of Mining Labor, Legislation Affecting Mines and Quarries, Condition of the Mine, and Accidents,—a complete and exhaustive treatment of the subject, with seven hundred and sixteen illustrations, all rendered accessible by the Index. The work is a worthy addition to Lippincott’s scientific publications.



# WALNUTS and WINE

Wagner  
in  
Texas

INNES, the bandmaster, has more music than humor in his composition. In earlier days Innes was billed to give a band concert in a little Texas town, a small place, but serving well to break the jump between two largs cities. His programs were made up entirely of selections from the great composers, and he refused to change the program for this occasion, though the manager of the "Opera House" suggested that the boys be given something lively. When Innes came out on the stage and saw his audience his courage almost failed him. The boys were crowned with wide sombreros, and had bright bandanas draped about their collarless necks. Their cheeks bulged with quids of tobacco, and they kept up a rattle of spurs and a shuffling of heavy boots on the floor.

Innes began his concert bravely with something of Chopin's, which was listened to politely enough, and was even greeted with faint applause, plainly intended as encouragement, rather than approbation. A Schubert composition followed. This the boys heard restlessly, and a few grunts was all that rewarded the band. The death song of Tristan from Wagner's opera was the third number. All seemed to be going well when pianissimo in the most beautiful part of the song was well under way. Then a husky voice called out in the tone of one much bored:

"Say, Bill, gimme a chaw!"

The band wavered in their allegiance to their leader, a distinct toot, as of one struggling with laughter, appearing in the music of the trombones and the French horn.

Before the concert had progressed much farther, the boys began to make their musical tastes distinctly known.

"Hi, ole hoss, give us 'The Yeller Rose of Texas,'" pleaded one.

"Say, pardner," asked another, "ain't the 'Arkansas Traveller' in your bunch?"

"What's the matter with 'Berry Me Out on the Lone Prairie?'" demanded the third.

Mr. Innes confesses to wiping his beaded brow and wishing sincerely he had been buried out on the lone prairie before he had attempted to interpret Wagner to a cowboy audience.

*Caroline Lockhart.*

A  
Test of  
Hymen

"PEGGY," I said one afternoon, when her brother, with most unbrotherly consideration, had taken himself out of the way, "how does one measure love?"

"One doesn't," she answered; "nor two, either," she added, laughing. "Real love can't be measured. Its value increases in proportion to one's inability to ascertain it. But why do you want to know?"

"I don't," I answered.



"Then why did you ask?"

"To see if you knew. My interest in love lies in your knowledge of it. For myself, there is little left to learn. I have explored its hills and valleys, basked in its unnatural sunshine, and borne its more unnatural storms; indeed, I know all but the way out of it."

"Which you wish to find?" she asked, rather sadly.

"Yes, though I would follow only one of the several ways, the one no man can go alone."

"In which direction," she inquired, "does the path you seek lie?"

"Toward heaven I think, yet I am not sure if to reach it I must travel up or down. This seems strange, doesn't it? But no more so than when I fell in love I felt I had been climbing, or rather flying up to——"

"If you are so anxious," she said, interrupting my poetic flight, "to go back, why not return the way you came?"

"Peggy," I exclaimed, in mock amazement, "is the path that led to trouble the way out of it? Have you never been there that you know so little?"

"In trouble often, but that is not, at least not always, the same as love. But why," she continued, still seriously, "are you concerned about my heart's experience or lack of it?"

"For the best reason," I answered. "It affects my own. You see, Peggy, I am trying to find out—in a roundabout fashion I admit—if when you led me into love's labyrinth you also followed, and, if so, you will come with me deeper, and thus perhaps get out——"

"I don't understand."

"No need to, dearest, when you listen to love. But I'll make an extra and unusual effort, and express a lover's sentiments with sense. What I want to know is simply this: will you help me to make an experiment in hearts? In other words, will you marry me, Peggy, and so test the world's cruel theory that to enter the bonds of Hymen is the best way to escape those of love?"

*E. Scott O'Connor.*



### "LATER NEWS"—PER CONTRA

*By Joel Benton*

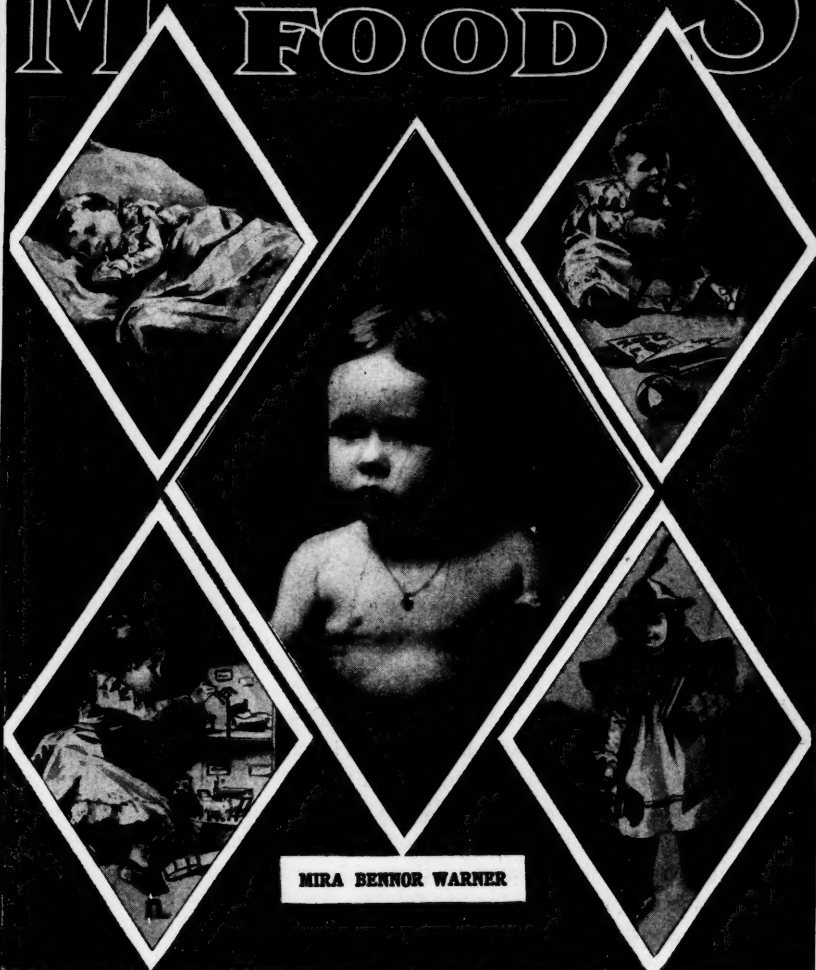
[A DOCTOR in the British *Medical Journal* now asserts that in the act of kissing we only encounter beneficent organisms. He says "the advantages of kissing outweigh its infinitesimal risk, for it provides us with microbes useful for digestion."]

I thought the upshot would be this,  
That some one would defend the kiss,—  
That when a lovely girl you see  
Worth your thrilled heart's idolatry,  
No owlish Board, however wise,  
Can stop the kissing exercise.

I hold that Nature knows what's best  
For us, to make our food digest.  
Although I've no dyspepsia,  
I'm bound to cure it when I may,  
And ban each fogy who dismisses  
The prophylactic power of kisses.



# MELLIN'S FOOD



MIRA BENNOR WARNER

## From one of "Our Loving Friends:"

I enclose you a picture of my baby, and you can see what a plump child she is. I tried different foods and sterilized milk, and nothing agreed with her but Mellin's Food. Baby is over a year old and has never been sick even when cutting her eight teeth. I feel so grateful for having the food to use that I wanted to send you one of baby's pictures. I always call her a Mellin's Food baby and highly recommend it to every one.

MRS. CHAS. A. WARNER, Putnam, Conn.

Send for our "Portraits of Mellin's Food Babies."  
Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.

## A Trust Paradox

*By Edmund Vance Cooke*

LONG ere the modern trust had been

This ancient trust began;

And you may own a share therein,  
Like many another man.

For though it is as strict a trust

As any trust can be,

It never could, would, should, or must  
Become monopoly.

And many a man takes stock therein,

To scatter it abroad;

For aeons long its name has been  
The Ancient Trust in God!



THE French writer chosen as the third annual lecturer of the "Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard" to speak before Harvard University, in 1900, is the poet Monsieur Henri de Régnier. M. de Régnier will deliver eight lectures on "French Modern Poetry," beginning March 1.

Among the places he will visit besides Harvard, we can cite: Adelphi College, of Brooklyn; Alliance Francaise, New York; Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, Brown University, Bryn Mawr College, Cercle Français de l'Alliance, Boston; University of California, University of Chicago, Columbia, Cornell, Mount Holyoke, Packer Institute, of Brooklyn; University of Pennsylvania, Princeton, San Francisco, Vassar, Wellesley, Wells, Williams, Yale University, etc.

M. Henri de Régnier was born at Honfleur, near Havre, France, on December 28, 1864.

His first verses were published in November, 1885, under the title of "Les Lendemains." This was followed, the year after, by another work, "Apaisement." This début was not unnoticed, but it was only in 1887, with the publication of a collection of sonnets, entitled "Sites," that he attracted the attention of the literary world. M. de Régnier belonged to the group of young poets that received the name of "Decadents" or "Symbolists," this last name being permanently attached to those who recognized Paul Verlaine and Stéphane Mallarmé as leaders.

From 1887, M. de Régnier's works appear in quick succession. The titles of these various poems are as follows: "Episodes," 1888; "Poèmes Anciens et Romanesques," 1890; "Tel qu'en Songe," 1892; "Aréthuse," 1895. All these works, which were published in small éditions, were reprinted by the Société du Mercure de France in three volumes, "Premiers Poèmes," "Poèmes," "Les Jeux Rustiques et Divins," which contain besides "Aréthuse," a number of new poems which are considered among the best written by M. de Régnier.

M. de Régnier is a versatile writer. In addition to his poems he published, in 1895, a series of stories, "La Canne de Jaspe," and another one in 1899, "Le Trèfle Blanc." He contributed, both in verses and prose, to the most



## Wheat Food,

Made from the choicest grain in the world, hard Spring wheat grown in Minnesota and the Dakotas, is

## Pillsbury's Vitos,

the ideal wheat food. All grocers sell Pillsbury's Vitos. Ask yours for book of Pillsbury's Recipes—Free.

Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills Co., Ltd., Minneapolis, Minn.  
Makers of Pillsbury's Best Flour and Pillsbury's Oats.

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important magazines or reviews of the avant-garde or new movement. He contributes to the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and to the "Revue de Paris," and also to several important papers literary articles over his signature which are highly appreciated.

The French Academy awarded him this year the Prix Vitet for his works, and M. Gaston Boissier, the Secretary of the Academy, expressed himself in the following manner in his official report:

"M. de Régnier is one of the leaders of that new school which pretends to do no less a thing than modify the form and the spirit of French poetry. The enterprise is a daring one. Everybody recognizes that M. de Régnier has very rare poetical gifts; abundance and richness in images; amplitude and harmony of the period, a grace both provoking and natural that makes him admired even of those his boldness displeases."

M. de Régnier was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1897. He married the second daughter of José-Maria de Heredia, of the French Academy, the renowned author of "Les Trophées," and he is in consequence of this the brother-in-law of M. Pierre Louÿs, the author of "Aphrodite" and "Chansons de Bilitis."



#### A BACHELOR'S DREAM

*By Adella Washer*

Out on the porch amid the scent  
Of honeysuckle rich with bloom,  
I sit and watch the coming night,  
The fireflies dancing in the gloom.

The moon drops down behind the hill,  
The shadows deepen on the floor;  
I wander through the yesterdays  
With one that walks with me no more.

I see an old house long and wide,  
And hear the night winds whispering low  
Across the fields of rustling corn,  
And cotton white as drifted snow.

The porch is hung with tangled vines,  
That hide the lovers sitting there,  
Who dream and plan with happy smiles,  
For future days so sweet and fair.

I slip a ring upon her hand,  
She leans on me with loving trust;  
Ah me, how long the years have been,  
Since that slim finger turned to dust.



FROM CELLAR TO ATTIC  
**SAPOLIO** WORKS,  
THERE'S NOT A SQUARE INCH  
THAT SAPOLIO SHIRKS.



## Walnuts and Wine

And yet sometimes it seems to me  
 But yesternight, and once again  
 I sit by her, and hear once more  
 The darkies singing in the lane.

I hear again her happy voice  
 Upon the night air softly fall,  
 And dreaming of the life I planned,  
 I wonder why I lost it all.

Lose! No I did not lose it all,  
 She waits for me somewhere; and yet  
 Whene'er I dream of those old days,  
 My faded eyes with tears are wet.



**A Legal** A JUDGE who occupied the bench in one of the civil courts for  
**Quibble** many years tells this as one of the best repartees heard in his  
 court. It was uttered in the contest over a certain will, when the  
 husband of the deceased was on the stand. During the cross-  
 examination of this witness a leading civil lawyer asked the witness sternly:

"Did the transaction take place before you married the dead woman?"

The witness, who was a small man with a shrill voice, piped out indig-  
 nantly:

"No, sir, she wasn't dead when I married her."



**Little** His eyes were blue and sparkled; his mouth was rosy and smiled;  
**John** and as he entered the crowded car on the suburban train he  
**Bottlejohn** looked about him with the joyousness of one to whom all the  
 world is young, and all the woods are green. A lady-in-waiting  
 was in attendance, and having deposited him in an unoccupied place beside  
 me, she seated herself near at hand. He sat down contentedly, but I saw a  
 shade of disappointment creep over the fair little face, and I thought I divined  
 its cause.

"Would you like," I said softly, "to sit beside the window?"

My conclusion was evidently correct; the smile shone out with renewed  
 brilliance.

"Oh, fank you; fank you," he replied; and, amidst polite protests from the  
 lady-in-waiting, we exchanged seats with a satisfaction that I think was as  
 much mine as his.

The ice thus broken, my travelling companion showed a disposition to  
 converse. He told me his name, which was John; and his age, which was five;  
 also the names, ages, occupations, and personal characteristics of a large and  
 interesting family connection. After this the conversation diverged to imper-  
 sonal matters, such as the signs on freight cars, the sizes of smoke-stacks, and  
 the comparative merits of cog-wheels. On all these subjects my companion  
 was well informed, whilst I, being grossly ignorant of them by reason of my  
 sex, sat humbly at the feet of Gamaliel.



1900

# 36<sup>th</sup> Annual Statement of the TRAVELERS

## Insurance Company.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1900.

Chartered 1863.  
(Stock.)

*Life  
and  
Accident  
Insurance.*

**James G. Batterson,**

President.

**SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM,**  
Vice-Prest.

**JOHN E. MORRIS,**  
Secretary.

**H. J. MESSENGER,**  
Actuary.

**EDWARD V. PRESTON,**  
Supt. of Agencies.

**J. B. LEWIS, M.D.,**  
Surgeon and Adjuster.

**PAID-UP CAPITAL - \$1,000,000**

### ASSETS.

Real Estate	\$2,049,222.72
Cash on hand and in Bank	1,810,269.96
Loans on bond and mort., real estate	5,981,842.52
Interest accrued but not due	245,983.39
Loans on collateral security	1,497,175.51
Loans on this Company's Policies	1,305,307.27
Deferred Life Premiums	310,997.04
Premis. due and unreported on Life Policies	259,449.36
Government Bonds	789,016.96
County and municipal bonds	3,114,997.64
Railroad stocks and bonds	7,819,225.19
Bank stocks	1,258,674.00
Other stocks and bonds	1,288,350.00

Total Assets **\$27,760,511.56**

### LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 3% per cent., Life Department	\$20,406,734.00
Reserve for Reinsurance, Accident Department,	1,500,369.22
Present value Installment Life Policies	783,193.00
Reserve for Claims against Employers	586,520.26
Losses in process of adjustment	219,833.02
Life Premiums paid in advance	33,178.11
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department	100,000.00

Total Liabilities **\$23,739,827.61**

Excess Security to Policyholders, **4,020,683.95**

Surplus **\$3,020,683.95**

### STATISTICS TO DATE.

#### LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force	\$100,334,554.00
New Life Insurance written in 1899,	17,165,686.00
Insurance on installment plan at commuted value.	
Returned to Policyholders in 1899,	1,522,417.06
Returned to Policyholders since 1864,	16,039,380.95

#### ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1899,	15,386
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	339,636
Returned to Policyholders in 1899,	\$1,227,977.34
Returned to Policyholders since 1864,	23,695,539.94

#### TOTALS.

Returned to Policyholders in 1899,	\$2,750,394.40
Returned to Policyholders since 1864,	39,734,920.89

PHILADELPHIA OFFICE: S. E. Cor. Fourth and Chestnut Sts.

1900

At length we neared our destination, and my little companion's natural courtesy apparently led him to make some further acknowledgement of what he conceived an obligation.

"I have enjoyed myself berry much sitting at your window," he remarked, "and I know a very pretty piece of poetry that I would like to say for you."

And without pausing for an answer he began to recite the history of a certain Mr. John Bottlejohn, whose love affairs occupied a number of verses. He proceeded fluently until he reached the concluding lines; then he hesitated, faltered, and finally came to a dead pause. I am myself familiar with the adventures of John Bottlejohn, and I was about to prompt him when he recovered himself with the *savoir faire* of one who is equal to any social emergency.

"I have forgotten that verse," he said, with a confiding air, "but I know another one that is berry nice, and I will say that for you instead:

A rose is red,  
A violet blue;  
Sugar is sweet,  
And so are you."

The train slackened speed as he spoke, and when he ceased I was conscious of suppressed amusement in our immediate neighborhood.

"Broad Street Station," shouted the conductor. "All out for Philadelphia."

We rose from our seats, and before I could exchange farewells with my travelling companion his lady-in-waiting had taken him in charge. He made me a charming bow, in obedience to her command; but he accompanied it with a smile and a wave of the hand which I shall always believe were in response to the promptings of his own heart. Then he vanished into the bustling crowd, and I saw his face no more.

I had never seen him before; I shall never see him again. Yet often, when my memory wanders, his gracious little figure rises before me out of the dusty commonplace of my daily life, and I murmur to myself, softly, the words of his own song:

"Little John Bottlejohn,  
Pretty John Bottlejohn,  
Won't you come back to me."

*Caroline Latimer.*

Cap'n  
Sewell's  
Repartee

"BUT some day I'll run afoul of her in the rud, and I'll have an answer ready that will heave her to pretty short, I guess," said Cap'n Sewell to the summer boarder, who sat in the stern of the boat by special favor.

The Cap'n was pushing his skiff over the shoals on the mussel beds, using a long fish-spear as a pole. Every now and then he darted his spear and shook off a flounder into his bait-box, for the Cap'n hauled many lobster-traps and needed much bait.

"It's all on account o' that George Albert White gittin' himself run acrost by an ox-sled one winter years ago, when he was a boy," continued the Cap'n.

Now Bobby's  
Like Papa  
in the new  
"LION  
BRAND"  
SHIRTS  
FOR LITTLE  
FELLOWS.



The shirt-waisted boy looks with envy on his "LION BRAND" clad playmate. These shirts, a new idea in child clothing, give a dressy effect that mothers have long sought, without the "dressed-up" feeling, at which the little fellows rebel,—and the use of suspenders permit a freedom of motion they need. Made in white, percale, white embroidered, and white hemstitch bosoms. Sizes, 5 to 12 years, with straight standing, tip point standing, and high band fold collars to fit.

Shirts cost 75 cents; collars, 10 cents. Your dealer will get them for you, if he hasn't them in stock, or we will send, prepaid, one shirt and collar on receipt of \$1.00. Mention style and age wanted. Address

"George Albert was a-ridin' on the tongue to the old sled, and old George, his father, was a steerin' of the oxen when George Albert fell off and the sled went over him.

" "George Albert; oh, George Albert, be you dead?" yelled the old man as soon as he could heave the critters to.

" "Oh, no, father, I ain't dead," answered George Albert, as spry as could be.

" "Yes, you be, George Albert. You be tew dead. Don't tell me yew ain't dead," sung out old George, mad at bein' sassed.

"Wall, arter thet, George Albert grew broad and sideways and bad. He come to be the plague of the Pint. He used to be allus a-tormentin' on old Uncle Richard thet kept the post-office then. One day Uncle Richard got his mad up and hobbled out to whar George Albert war makin' a rumpus.

" "George Albert," he quavered, 'I've told you time and ag'in, and now ef you don't make a straight course out o' here I'll throw you over the ridge-pole of the t-a-avarn.'

"He used to use my wharf to tie his old sloop to when he growed up, but he stole my shucked bait out'n my fish-house and tuck my rullocks and burned a boat I had hauled up, meanin' to timber up ag'in. Last year he stole the towels which my boarders left down in the fish-house, and I warned him off for good.

"Last Sunday thar was George Albert's old sloop hauled up at my wharf ag'in as ef nothin' hed happened. You needn' think it tuck me long to head down the rud for the Whites. Aunt Marthy, George Albert's mother, came to the door. She said George Albert wa'n't to home, so I left a message about thet sloop. Aunt Marthy spunked up an' got mad.

" 'My,' sez she, 'the Sewells are gittin' up, it seems to me. And on the Lord's Day tew, a-fightin' and a-quarrellin'. I allus knowed yew ain't no respect fer the Sabbath ever sence yew made that vige tew the Grand Banks in Cap'n Tainter's vessel. "Be sure an' go to meetin' every Sunday," sez your mother. Cap'n Tainter said arterwards thet ye never put your foot inside a church, and yew were at the Banks three months. My, but the Sewells air gittin' up sence they took summer boarders.'

"Afore I could git my answer ready," said Cap'n Sewell sadly, "she was out o' hearin'. But I'm all ready fer her now. Ef she throws thet Bank vige in my face ag'in, I'll try her with George Albert's whalin' vige when he came back so poor the Whites nigh went on the town.

" "How much did George Albert make a whalin' on shares, Aunt Marthy?" I'll say when I run afoul of her next, 'I heard thet his share o' the ile was what they hed left arter they strained it through a ladder,' I'll say. 'They do tell me, Aunt Marthy, thet when George Albert came to settle with the Cap'n at the end o' the cruise the Cap'n sings out,

" "Thar's two and ought you owe fer stores,  
And naught that ought to be yours.  
Ought and ought makes ought;  
Thet's all you've got;  
Shove up another man." "

"And," said the Cap'n triumphantly, "Aunt Marthy'll pound to pieces right thar in the rud arter thet answer."

*Caroline Lockhart.*

